


Time's Telescope
For
1830


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ADVERTISEMENT.

Time's Telescope, after a reign of sixteen years, enters upon its seventeenth with confident hopes of deserving and obtaining a continuance of the favours it has so long received. The utility of such a work it would be needless to expatiate upon, after the reception it has met with from the public, and the encomiums passed upon it by men of science, critics, and the public press in general.

It has been the sedulous endeavour of the Editor to vary as much as possible the contents of this from all former volumes, and he believes that scarce a single passage will be found that has appeared in any previous page of *the Telescope*.

In the Poetical Department appear many of the most talented writers of the day ; and several of no mean abilities, whose names have not hitherto graced this Work.

Our Astronomical Friends, we feel assured, will derive much gratification, as well as information, from the portion of the volume devoted to that science, the whole of which has been furnished by Mr. J. T. Barker, whose able papers on “ Celestial Phenomena,” in the *Literary Gazette*, have obtained universal approbation.

The numerous wood-cuts interspersed throughout, while they add to the pleasing appearance of the volume, contribute also to its value by recording some scenes of interest to the lovers of literature and science.



TIME'S TELESCOPE

FOR

1830.

A FEW WORDS ON TIME.

Time destroyed

Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

We waste, not use our time! we breathe, not live!

Time wasted is existence, used is life;

As with money, part with time sparingly,

Pay no moment but in purchase of its worth;

And what it's worth ask death beds,—they can tell.

YOUNG.

A few words on time may not be an inappropriate commencement to our volume. A year well begun, generally ends well, and our readers, by observing this rule, and acting up to it, may find our axiom a true one; at any rate they can be no losers by the trial. Theophrastus says, "Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mispend it are the greatest of all prodigals." "Whatever," observes Dr. Johnson, "we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time, and the flux of life; the day and night succeed each other; the sun also rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets, and the moon every night changes its form: the day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as a representation of life; the morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood; the evening is an

emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life ; the night shows the winter, and the winter the end of life : thus time goes on, and so does our life, and yet so little do we consider the effects of time, that we are continually surprised at the alterations it makes.

“ Let us also reflect upon the shortness of our life ; when we have deducted all time absorbed in sleep, appropriated to the calls of nature, spent in dress and visiting, torn from us by disease, or lost in weakness and languor, we shall soon find that part of our duration very small in which we enjoy health and are actively employed : of these very few years we should be so frugal as to let no moment slip without being well employed in devotion, necessary business, or the improvement of the mind.

“ He that hopes hereafter to look back with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes ; for this purpose he must be determined to guard against those who would make him as idle as themselves : life is continually ravaged by invaders ; one steals from us an hour, and another a day ; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into unnecessary business, another by lulling us into foolish amusements, and the depredation is continued till some, having lost all their time, they have no more to lose. The story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time ; which was, that whenever any appointment was made with him, he expected that not only the hour but the minute might be fixed, that so he might not lose the smallest portion of time.

“ An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto “ that time was his treasure ; ” an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, if no part of it be suffered to lay waste by negligence, or laid out for show rather than use.”

The pious and learned Dr. Blair observes, "Time is a sacred trust committed to us by God, of which we must give an account hereafter. Part of it is intended for the concerns of this world, and part of it for the next; if we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which does not belong to it.

"The best way to improve time is to do every thing in order. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life; but where no plan is laid, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review. The bulk of men profess highly to value time as the measure of their continuance on earth, and yet, with respect to separate parcels, they squander it away. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, may be justly said to redeem it, and in one short space to prolong it, as he lives much in a short space."

Pursuing these reflections further, we may quote the following from the Rev. Mr. Hewlett's Sermons:—"Avoid idleness as the bane of happiness, and the great corrupter of the soul. Cultivate industry, and diligently improve the small portion of time allotted to human life, from almost every motive that can interest and engage the heart of man; from a regard to cheerfulness and health;—from the natural desire of knowledge, the love of excellence, and the enviable distinction of power; from the benevolent wish to communicate happiness and relieve misery; and lastly, from an earnest desire of fulfilling the measure of duty required of us by the Almighty Father, and of 'so passing through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.'"

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled, and curled, and white with hoary hairs,
 "Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
 I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,—
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins:—"Time!" he replied;
 "I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!" and he died.

I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years:
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare!"
 And bade us for *eternity* prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
 And they replied (no oracle more wise,)
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"

I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak;
 It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"—

Of things inanimate, my dial, I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply:—

"Time is the season fair of *living* well
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."

I asked my Bible; and methinks it said,
 "Time is the *present hour*—the past is fled;
 Live! live to day! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself, at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past:
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
 "By heavens," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er:
 Time *was*," he said, "but Time shall be no more!"

Marsden.

In reply to the question—*What is Time?* Dr. Young says:—"Time is the stuff that life is made of." And the Rev. Mr. Colton says:—"Time is the most indefinable yet paradoxical of things: the past is gone, the future is not come, and the

present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like a flash of lightning, at once exists, and then expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the great discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest current. It gives wings to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend to truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror, of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends."

Zeno says:—"Man seems to be deficient in nothing more than a right improvement of time;" and certainly, if people would pay a little more attention to the right use of so valuable a com-

modity as time, it would much lessen the sum of human misery and want. "If a person were to throw a purse of money, or a single guinea, into a river, he would be looked upon as foolish, and if he were thus to continue to throw away his property, he would be justly thought a madman; but a man that throws away his time, his health, his peace, and his soul, acts a part much more absurd and hurtful."—(*Toplady's Works.*)

When Lord Nelson was leaving London, on his last but glorious expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner party at his house; and his upholsterer having waited upon his lordship with an account of the completion of the goods, was brought into the dining room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that every thing was furnished and packed, and would go in the waggon from an inn at six o'clock. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord, I shall be there punctually *at six.*" "A *quarter before six*, Mr. A.," returned Lord Nelson, "be there a *quarter before six*; to that *quarter of an hour* I owe every thing in life."

The great French chancellor d'Aguesseau, employed *all* his time. Observing that Madame d'Aguesseau always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, he composed a work entirely in this time, in order not to lose an instant; the result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three large volumes quarto, which went through several editions.

Dr. Doddridge, in his Family Expositor, has this note:—"I will here record an observation, which I have found of great use, and to which I may say that the production of this work, and most of my other writings, is owing,—that the difference of

rising at five and at seven in the morning, for the space of forty years (supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour,) is equivalent to the addition of ten years in a man's life."

Dionysius, the Sicilian, employed his time so well, that, being asked by one who wanted to speak with him, if he were at leisure, answered, "Heaven forbid that I should have any leisure time."

There is a dial in the Temple with an inscription that quaintly tells the reader not to waste his time : The words are—" Begone about your business."

With these anecdotes we shall close our "Few words on Time." If we have only awakened reflection in the minds of some of our readers, we have not laboured in vain, for when the mind is brought to reflect, it must improve ; and, as Jeremy Taylor says, " In every action reflect upon the end ; and in your undertaking it, consider why you do it."



JANUARY.

This word is derived from the Latin *Januarius* a name given to the month by the Romans, from Janus, one of their divinities, to whom they attributed two faces; because on the one side, the first of January looked towards the new year, and on the other towards the old one. The word *Januarius* may also be derived from *Janua* gate, in regard to the month being the first, which is, as it were, the gate of the year. It was introduced into the year by Numa Pompilius,—Romulus's year beginning in the month of March. The Christians heretofore fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the superstition of the heathens, who, in honor of Janus, observed the day with feasting, dancings, masquerades, &c. Some are of opinion that Janus represented the sun, and say that he is double-faced, because he opens the day when he rises, and shuts it when he sets. He is supposed to have been the first who invented crowns, ships, and barges, and who coined money of brass. He is represented with a staff of white thorn in one hand, and a key in the other; and is the most ancient of the gods.

Remarkable Days.

I.—CIRCUMCISION.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

This day commemorates the circumcision of our Saviour on the eighth day after his nativity. It is a ceremony in the Jewish religion first annexed by God as a seal to the covenant which he made to Abraham and his posterity, in the year of the world 2107.

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

- I stood between the meeting years
The coming and the past,
And I ask'd of the future one,—
“Wilt thou be like the last?”
The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day?
Thank heaven! I have no prophet eye
To look upon thy way!
For Sorrow like a phantom sits
Upon the last year's close.
How much of grief, how much of ill,
In its dark breast repose!
Shadows of faded hope flit by,
And ghosts of pleasures fled:
How have they changed from what they were,
Cold, colourless, and dead.
I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
On worse than nought employ'd.
Oh vanity! alas, my heart!
How widely hast thou stray'd,
And misused every golden gift,
For better purpose made!
I think on many a once-lov'd friend,
As nothing to me now;
And what can mark the lapse of time,
As does an altered brow?
Perhaps 'twas but a careless word
That sever'd friendship's chain;
And angry pride stands by each gap
Lest they unite again.
Less sad, albeit more terrible,
To think upon the dead,
Who, quiet in the lonely grave,
Lay down their weary head.
For faith, and hope, and peace, and trust,
Are with their happier lot:
Though broken is their bond of love,
At least we broke it not.

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one,—
“Wilt thou be like the last?”

There came a sound, but not of speech,
That to my thought replied,—
“Misery is the marriage-gift
That waits a mortal bride:

“But lift thine hopes from this base earth,
This waste of worldly care,
And wed thy faith to yon bright sky,
For happiness dwells there!”

L. E. L.

On this day presents are very commonly sent to friends and acquaintances, the custom of which was probably adopted from the Saturnalia, which were feasts instituted in honor of *Saturn*, and kept at Rome on December 17th, or the sixteen calends of January. They continued about a week, during which there were frequent and luxurious feastings amongst friends, and presents were sent mutually. But as the heathens imagined the sending presents at this season was unlucky, and an omen of the success of the following year; and as some Christians appear to have entertained the same notion, several holy men, and some general councils, forbade any such custom, because the observance of it out of any such design or view, was superstitious and sinful. The practice itself, however, is innocent, if not praiseworthy. For as Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, says:—“If I send a new year’s gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgotten, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts.”

Dr. Drake says:—“New year’s gifts were given and received, with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other’s

doors, in the form of a song ; but more generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the seasons."

Wassailing, or going about with a bowl of spiced ale, is an ancient custom still kept up in some parts of the country. The bowl contained a mixture of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted apples, and was carried from house to house on new year's eve, by a party of either men or women, who danced and sung for either meat, drink, or money. This practice, however, is now almost obsolete. In Ritson's *Ancient Songs* is the following *Carrol for a Wassel-Bowl*, which presents a good picture of the custom.

A jolly Wassel-Bowl,
A Wassel of good ale
Well fare the butler's soul,
That setteth this to sale ;
Our jolly Wassel.

Good Dame, here at your door
Our Wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let we in,
With our Wassel.

Our Wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good Wassel.

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house.
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our Wassel.

But here they let us stand
All freezing in the cold ;
Good master, give command.
To enter and be bold,
With our Wassel.

Much joy into this hall
With us is entered in,
Our master first of all
We hope will now begin,
Of our Wassel.

And after his good wife
Our spiced bowl will try,
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we espy
For our Wassel.

Some bounty from your hands,
Our Wassel to maintain ;
We'll buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain
With our Wassel.

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight,
That something may be seen
In our Wassel.

It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind
God bless our master's heart !
For here we comfort find
With our Wassel.

And now we must begone
To seek out more good cheer ;
Where bounty will be shown
As we have found it here,
With our Wassel.

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still ;
We hope, and ever shall,
For this your great good will
To our Wassel.

The origin of the Wassel-Bowl is thus given in *The Antiquarian Repertory* :—" This annual custom," says Geoffrey of Monmouth, had its rise from Rouix, or Rowen, or as some will have it, Rowena, daughter of the Saxon Hengist ; she, at the command of her father, who had invited the British king, Vortigern, to a banquet, came in the presence

with a bowl of wine, and welcomed him in these words, 'Louerd King, wass-heile;' he in return, by the help of an interpreter, answered, 'Drinc heile!'

Leigh Hunt, speaking of new year's day, says:—"Every day, from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Day, and often till Candlemas, was, more or less, a repetition of the same enjoyments. At court, and in the houses of the principal noblemen, a temporary merry officer was created, who was jocosely called the Lord of Misrule, and whose business it was to invent and manage the entertainments, and see that they were in proper spirit. In these upper circles, the inmates and visitors all repaired of a morning into the great hall to breakfast; various sports and gambols took place among high and low, between that meal and dinner: the dinner was in the highest style of hospitality, with music and other household pomps; and so was the supper, before and after which there were revels, dances, or masks, interspersed with singing—almost every decent person in those days being something of a singer, and able to take his part in a catch or glee."

In the year 1589, on new year's day, Sir Francis Drake presented Queen Elizabeth with a fan made of white and red feathers, with a gold handle, enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl; within that half-moon, another garnished with sparks of diamonds, and a few seed pearls on one side, having her majesty's picture within it; and on the other side was a device with a crown over it.

The following *Animated Sketch of Sports on New Year's Day in the New World*, will be found a pleasing contrast to the revels of our own quarter of the world at this season of the year. It is from the pen of Mr. J. K. Paulding, one of the most amusing of American writers.

"Winter, with silver locks and sparkling icicles, now gradually approached, under cover of his north-

west winds, his pelting storms, cold frosty mornings, and bitter freezing nights. And here we will take occasion to express our obligations to the popular author of the 'Pioneers,' for the pleasure we have derived from his happy delineations of the progress of our seasons, and the successive changes which mark their course. All that remember their youthful days in the country, and look back with tender melancholy enjoyment upon their slippery gambols on the ice, their Christmas pies, and nut-crackings, by the cheerful fireside, will read his pages with a gratified spirit, and thank him heartily for having refreshed their memory with the half-effaced recollections of scenes and manners, labors and delights, which, in the progress of Time, and the changes which every where mark his course, will, in some future age, perhaps, live only in the touches of his pen. If, in the course of our history, we should chance to dwell upon scenes somewhat similar to those he describes, or to mark the varying tints of our seasons with a sameness of coloring, let us not be stigmatized with borrowing from him, since it is next to impossible to be true to nature, without seeming to have his sketches in our eye.

"The holydays,—those wintry blessings, which cheer the heart of young and old, and give to the gloomy depths of winter the life and spirit of laughing jolly spring, were now near at hand. The chopping-knife gave token of goodly minced pies, and the bustle of the kitchen afforded shrewd indications of what was coming by and by. The celebration of the new year, it is well known, came originally from the northern nations of Europe, who still keep up many of the practices, amusements, and enjoyments, known to their ancestors. The Heer Piper valued himself upon being a genuine northern man, and, consequently, held the winter holydays in special favor and affection. In addition to this

hereditary attachment to ancient customs, it was shrewdly suspected; that his zeal in celebrating these good old sports was not a little quickened, in consequence of his mortal antagonist, William Penn, having hinted, in the course of their controversy, that the practice of keeping holydays savoured not only of popery, but paganism.

“ Before the Heer consented to sanction the projects of Dominie Kanttwell for abolishing sports and ballads, he stipulated for full liberty, on the part of himself and his people of Elsingburgh, to eat, drink, sing, and frolic, as much as they liked, during the winter holydays. In fact, the Dominie made no particular opposition to this suspension of his blue-laws, being somewhat addicted to good eating and drinking, whenever the occasion justified; that is to say, whenever such accidents came in his way.

“ It had long been the custom with Governor Piper to usher in the new year with a grand supper, to which the Dominic, the members of the council, and certain of the most respectable burghers, were always bidden. This year, he determined to see the old year out, and the new one in; as the phrase was, having just heard of a great victory gained by the bulwark of the protestant religion, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus; which, though it happened nearly four years before, had only now reached the village of Elsingburgh. Accordingly, the Snow-ball Bombie was set to work in the cooking of a mortal supper; which, agreeably to the taste of West Indian epicures, she seasoned with such enormous quantities of red pepper, that whoever ate was obliged to drink, to keep his mouth from getting on fire, like unto a chimney.

“ Exactly at ten o'clock, the guests sat down to the table, where they ate and drank to the success of the protestant cause, the glory of the great Gustavus, the downfall of popery and the quakers, with equal

zeal and patriotism. The instant the clock struck twelve, a round was fired from the fort, and a vast and bottomless bowl, supposed to be the identical one in which the famous wise men of Gotham went to sea, was brought in, filled to the utmost brim with smoking punch. The memory of the departed year, and the hopes of the future, were then drank in a special bumper; after which the ladies retired, and noise and fun became the order of the night. The Heer told his great story of having surprised and taken a whole picket-guard, under the great Gustavus; and each of the guests contributed his tale, taking special care, however, not to outdo their host in the marvellous,—a thing which always put the governor out of humour.

“Counsellor Lanfanger talked wonderfully about public improvements; Counsellor Varlett sung, or rather roared, a hundred verses of a song in praise of Rhenish wine; and Othman Pffegel smoked and tiddled, till he actually came to a determination of bringing matters to a crisis with the fair Christina the very next day. Such are the wonder-working powers of hot punch! As for the Dominie, he departed about the dawn of day, in such a plight, that, if it had not been impossible, we should have suspected him of being, as it were, a little overtaken with the said punch. To one or two persons, who chanced to see him, he actually appeared to stagger a little; but such was the stout faith of the good Dominic’s parishioners, that neither of these worthy fellows would believe his own eyes sufficiently to state these particulars.

“A couple of hours’ sleep sufficed to disperse the vapours of punch and pepper-pot; for heads in those days were much harder than now, and the Heer, as well as his roistering companions, rose betimes, to give and receive the compliments and good wishes of the season. The morning was still,

clear, and frosty. The sun shone with the lustre, though not with the warmth, of summer, and his bright beams were reflected, with indescribable splendor, from the glassy smooth expanse of ice, that spread across, and up and down the broad river, far as the eye could see. The smoke of the village chimneys rose straight into the air, looking like so many inverted pyramids, spreading gradually broader and broader, until they melted away, and mixed imperceptibly with ether. Scarce was the sun above the horizon, when the village was alive with rosy boys and girls, dressed in their new suits, and going forth with such warm anticipations of happiness, as time and experience imperceptibly fritter away into languid hopes, or strengthening apprehensions. 'Happy new year!' came from every mouth and every heart. Spiced beverages and lusty cakes were given away with liberal, open hand; every body was welcomed to every house; all seemed to forget their little heart-burnings and disputes of yore; all seemed happy, and all were so; and the Dominie, who always wore his coat with four great pockets on new-year's day, came home and emptied them seven times of loads of new-year cookies.

"When the gay groups had finished their rounds in the village, the ice in front was seen all alive with the small fry of Elsingburgh, gamboling and skating, sliding and tumbling, helter skelter, and making the frost-bit cars of winter glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. In one place was a group playing at hurley, with crooked sticks, with which they sometimes hit the ball, and sometimes each other's shins: in another, a knot of sliders, following in a row, so that, if the foremost fell, the rest were sure to tumble over him. A little farther might be seen a few, that had the good fortune to possess a pair of skates, luxuriating in that most

graceful of all exercises, and emulated by some half a dozen little urchins, with smooth bones fastened to their feet, in imitation of the others, skating away with a gravity and perseverance worthy of better implements. All was rout, laughter, revelry, and happiness; and that day the icy mirror of the noble Delaware reflected as light hearts as ever beat together in the new world. At twelve o'clock, the jolly Heer, according to his immemorial custom, went forth from the edge of the river, distributing apples, and other dainties, together with handfuls of wampum, which, rolling away on the ice in different directions, occasioned innumerable contests and squabbles among the fry, whose disputes, tumbles, and occasional buffetings for the prizes, were inimitably ludicrous upon the slippery element. Among the most obstreperous and mischievous of the crowd was that little fellow Cupid, who made more noise, and tripped up more heels, that day, than any half a dozen cotemporaries. His voice could be heard above all the rest, especially after the arrival of the Heer, before whom he seemed to think it his duty to exert himself, while his unrestrained, extravagant laugh, exhibited that singular hilarity of spirit, which distinguishes the deportment of the African slave from the invariable gravity of the free red man of the western world.

.. "All day, and until after the sun had set, and the shadows of night succeeded, the sports of the ice continued, and the merry sounds rung far and near, occasionally interrupted by those loud noises, which sometimes shoot across the ice like a rushing earthquake, and are occasioned by its cracking, as the water rises or falls."

The following little trait of amiable feeling, from the French of the Countess de Hautpoul, may perhaps tend to awaken corresponding sentiments in the minds of some of our younger readers. They

may rest assured, that a year commenced with the kindly feelings of Matilda, will close with a pleasing satisfaction to the head and heart of every one following in her course.

“The three daughters of the Countess de Bleville rose at an early hour on new year’s day, and, full of the pleasure which they anticipated from it, each of them gave vent in conversation to her feelings on the subject. ‘To-day,’ said Eugenia, ‘I shall embrace our dear mother, and shall express to her my respect and my tenderness.’ ‘To-day,’ exclaimed Caroline, gaily, ‘she will caress us, while she gives us our new year’s gifts’—‘and will pardon our faults and bless us,’ added the mild Matilda. ‘May heaven,’ said with one voice all these affectionate children, ‘preserve to us our beloved mother, and grant us the grace to imitate her virtues, and to contribute to her happiness.’ A pious silence succeeded this short and fervent prayer; but soon, with the natural lightness of youth, the thoughts of the three sisters reverted to the charming trifles which they expected to receive on that day, and they endeavoured to guess what they should be gratified with by the generosity of their parent. They recollected their last new year’s gifts, and gave themselves up to all the delights of hope. ‘Our new year’s gifts will be much handsomer this year,’ said Caroline, ‘for we are a year older, and a year is a great deal. For example, our grandfather sent each of us a present of a guinea; now, that we are grown up, I dare say he will give us two.’ ‘Two guineas!’ cried Matilda; ‘our grandfather is not rich;—he has a great many grandchildren; and we ought not to wish for what must certainly compel him to submit to some privations.’ ‘That is very well thought of you,’ replied Caroline, looking at her sister rather sarcastically; ‘besides, you are in no need of money; for you have some, and you make no use of it. You must have a little treasure of your own. For a long time you have learned your lessons so well that you always receive your week’s allowance; for my part, it is as much as I can do to get one week out of four. Eugenia is not luckier than I am; and we have therefore had our purse in common, and spent it together to the last sixpence. You did not choose to be of our society; you are a great deal richer than we are, and especially a great deal more economical.’ The poor girl felt all the bitterness of this reproach; she was grieved by it, but she made no answer.

“Matilda, the youngest of Madam de Bleville’s three daughters, had at first seemed to have but little taste for study; she

was supposed to have neither readiness nor memory. All at once, however, her disposition changed, she became so attentive—so laborious, that, having overtaken her sisters, she would have surpassed them, if a modest feeling had not restrained her zeal. Every week Matilda received the reward which was given when the governess was satisfied with the progress of her pupils; but she constantly put by this little sum, and would never purchase any of the rural dainties which her sisters proposed to buy in their walks round Bleville. She also denied herself all the other little gratifications which are so naturally wished for at her age, and of which she was, in fact, equally as fond as her sisters were. Nobody could conceive how it happened that she had acquired at once so much aptitude, and so much self-denial. Madam Dubreuil, a woman of real merit, whom the countess had chosen to assist her in the task of educating her daughters, was at first delighted with the happy change which had taken place in Matilda; but she began, at times, to fear that it had its origin in that love of money which can only have birth in a low mind, incapable of any noble and generous sentiment. Matilda patiently bore the jokes of her sisters and her young friends on her avarice; they wounded only her self-love, and that the amiable girl sacrificed with firmness; but, having guessed the half-conceived suspicion of Madam Dubreuil, her heart was deeply wounded by it. She often thought of opening her mind to her mother, but a sort of bashfulness, which is natural to benevolence, prevented her; and in these internal combats, in which delicacy was triumphant, Matilda acquired energy, and proved that it is not possible to do good without making sacrifices, and having a firm and constant will.

“While the three sisters were waiting the getting up of their mother, Matilda’s nurse arrived: she was a country-woman, who lived in the village of Bleville. Notwithstanding the bounty of the countess, Genevieve was poor, because she had a numerous family; and, as her dress betrayed her poverty, it was not without blushes and confusion that she visited the castle. She nevertheless carried her present to the child whom she had nursed: it consisted of butter, cream, and new laid eggs. Matilda received it with expressions of the warmest gratitude, and took her nurse to her room. There, opening a chest of drawers, she drew out a piece of pink-checked cotton, a mob-cap trimmed with lace, a neckerchief, and an apron; and, embracing her nurse, she told her that they were all for her. The surprise and pleasure of Genevieve may be easily imagined; the head bailiff’s wife would not be finer than she would. Her pleasure was, however, sadly dashed, when Matilda entreated her to keep it a

secret by whom the present had been made. The honest nurse shook her head, and was going to reply, when the voices of Eugenia and Caroline were heard : they were calling their sister to go with them to the countess. The three children were still pressed in the caressing arms of their affectionate mother, when Genevieve, who was likewise admitted to have the honor of wishing her a happy new year, entered, and paid her respects in her country manner. The countess listened to her with interest, and answered her tenderly : but what a crimson blush spread over the cheek of Matilda, when, in spite of her prohibition, Genevieve opened her apron, showed all the presents she had received, and asked if she might accept them. The timid and generous girl hid herself behind her sisters, and the sweet confusion which covered her face enchanted her mother. ‘ Yes, accept them, my good Genevieve, accept them,’ said the countess, who could scarcely restrain her tears ; ‘ and you, my child, come to my arms,—come, and be pressed to my heart. You have not only performed an act of gratitude to the person who nursed you, but you have perseveringly laboured that you might be able to perform it : you have borne privations, and have endured raillery, and even suspicion. Bless you, my child, and may you always preserve such feelings ! I guessed your secret ; and it was in order to facilitate the execution of your plan that I allowed the little pedlar to be admitted the other day, and that I pretended to have my attention occupied on something else, while you were making your purchases. Nothing escapes the vigilant eye of a mother, and happy is she, who, like myself, can discover in the heart of her children no secrets but those of virtue ! This day I shall always consider as one of the most delightful days of my life, and your new year’s gift to Genevieve is at the same time a new year’s gift to your mother.’ ”

On this day, in Japan, all the priests walk in procession to the emperor’s palace, where they renew their oaths of allegiance, which, however, is not looked on as a sufficient security to the prince, who has always a confidant in waiting, that obliges them to swear the following sacred oath :—“ I call heaven to witness, and all the gods of the sixty-five provinces of the empire, that I will be a loyal subject to my sovereign.” All these oaths are ratified by the person swearing, opening a vein and letting out some of his blood, and if it should happen afterwards

that he is found perjured, then his life must make an atonement.

It was formerly a custom on this day to perform a new year's ode, written by the poet laureate, before their majesties; this, however, has been discontinued since the year 1790.

We shall, therefore, in lieu of the ode, introduce *The Poet's New Year's Gift to a Young Lady.*

Whilst others costly presents send
 To usher in the new-born year,
 Accept the tribute of a friend,
 And oh! incline a gentle ear
 To what his muse, unskill'd, may say,
 In this, his artless, simple lay.
 Through the abyss of space, once more,
 The earth's huge orbit's course hath run;
 Another year is oped, before
 We deem'd its race were well begun:
 So day succeeding day glides by,
 And years revolving, quickly fly.
 With judgment bless'd beyond thy years,
 With mirth and soul-enlivening glee;
 With beauty crowned beyond thy peers,
 What shall a poet wish for thee?
 What can the muses wish for more,
 Thus blest with every needful store.
 May all a mother's tender care;
 May all a parent's boundless love;
 May every fervent, ardent prayer,
 Wafted with sighs for thee, above,
 Sink in thy heart, and, resting there,
 Render thee heaven's peculiar care!
 Sweet maid! may the all bounteous Lord
 On thee his blessings ever pour;
 Through life's rough path may he afford
 Strength to thy soul, that when the hour
 Of death is past, thou, too, might sing
 Anthems of praise to heaven's high King!

1.—1308.—WILLIAM TELL.

On this day the celebrated Swiss patriot, after having shot the tyrant Geisler, joined an association against the power of Germany, to whom they were

then subject. This association previously consisted only of Furst, Erni, and Stauffacher. The three patriots met nightly in the field of Grutli, and laid the foundation for that independence of Switzerland, which was finally ratified by the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, after a continued struggle of more than three centuries.

TO A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Whence art thou, flower? From holy ground
Where freedom's foot hath been;
Yet bugle-blast, or trumpet sound,
No'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd;
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost:

But where the sunny hues and showers,
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrents foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

Atlantic Souvenir.

4.—HANDSEL MONDAY.

In some parts of Scotland, on the first Monday after New Year's day, there is a custom observed of making merry by a holyday with feasting and drinking, which is called Handsel Monday. Sir John Sinclair mentions this day in an account of one William Hunter, a poor collier, who had nearly lost the use of his limbs through an inveterate gout and rheumatism, but who recovered them the morning after having joined in the festivities of a "Handsel Monday."

5.—TWELFTH-DAY EVE.

This was formerly kept with some ceremony, but has long since grown into disuse. Brand says, "It is

observed in the ancient Romish calendar, where it is called the eve, or vigil of the Epiphany." Rudge, in his History of Gloucester, speaking of a custom still prevalent at Pauntley, a village on the borders of Gloucester, says:—"On the eve of Twelfth-day, all the servants of every farmer assemble together in one of the fields that has been sown with wheat. At the end of twelve lands they make twelve fires in a row, with straw; around one of which, made larger than the rest, they drink a cheerful glass of cyder to their master's health, and success to the future harvest; then, returning home, they feast on cakes made of caraways, &c. soaked in cyder, which they claim as a reward for their past labors in sowing the grain."

6.—EPIPHANY.—TWELFTH DAY.

The Epiphany, is a christian festival, otherwise called the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, observed on this day in honor of the appearance of our Saviour to the three magi, or wise men, who came to adore him, and bring him presents. The feast of Epiphany was not originally a distinct festival, but made a part of that of the Nativity of Christ, which being celebrated twelve days, the first and last of which were high or chief days of solemnity, either of these might properly be called Epiphany, as the word signifies the appearance of Christ in the world. The kings of England and Spain offer gold, frankincense, and myrrh, on the Twelfth-day, in memory of the offering of the wise men to the infant Jesus; the former makes the offering by proxy, in the chapel of St. James's palace. This festival is called by the Greeks the feast of lights, because our Saviour is said to have been baptized on this day; and baptism is by them called illumination.

This day is kept in many parts as a conclusion to the Christmas holydays. "It has been observed in

the kingdom," says Dr. Drake, "ever since the reign of Alfred; in whose days," he adds, quoting from Collier's Ecclesiastical History, "a law was made with relation to holydays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour were made festivals."

Twelfth Day, as it was kept by our ancestors, was much the same, in its specific character, as it is now. A king and queen were created at hazard by means of a bean and a pea, or other lots, stuck in a cake, which the company broke up; and a court being formed by their majesties, the characters were kept up till midnight.

On this day the Carnival commences at Rome. Mr. Best, a catholic gentleman, in a series of letters to a friend, thus describes these festivities:—

Rome, February 5, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Have late tourists given descriptions of the carnival at Rome? I am, from the reasons I have already mentioned, unable to answer to myself this question; and shall, therefore, send you a short account of this *gay* season. It was not, however, the first of the sort that I witnessed: walking, two years before, on the terrace of Nice, to view the ugly, ill-sustained masks below, I heard an Irish lady ask the person she was walking with, "Don't you think they are the greatest fools on earth?" "Why, madam," replied the gentleman she addressed, "I was going to make a very unpolite speech, but what do you think of *us* who are looking at them?" Though perfectly agreeing with this cavalier, I have again been a spectator of some of these rejoicings, and wish to make you participate in the *ennui* they cause; though it is not necessary to descend to the festivities of masquerading, to be convinced that man is more to be pitied in his pleasures than in his misfortunes, according to the sentiment of Pascal.

The space of time, known by the appellation of carnival, is included between the sixth of January—the feast of the Epiphany, or Twelfth Night—and Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. But the masquerading, and other public amusements of the people, do not commence till a few days before Shrove Tuesday. At Rome, the scene of these follies is the Corso,—the *rendezvous* of all the world, masked or unmasked, in carriages or on foot. On one of the days of last week

I proceeded to the Piazza del Popolo, and took my place in the file of carriages. *Two hours after* I had *nearly* reached the Piazza di Venezia at the other end of the ugly, ill-built street of the Corso, a distance of three quarters of a mile. The pleasures of this drive were derived from the crowds of people who, disguised in various manners, paraded up and down the street; for the most part in perfect silence, and none of them in the least endeavouring to support the character proper to their garb. Boys ran through the crowd and offered for sale large papers of *bonbons*—sugar-plums—made of sweetened lime: all actors in the scene bought of these *bonbons*, and threw them, with greater or less force, at their passing friends and acquaintance. As these sugar-plums are not small, and as furious battles—in which they replace other shot—are often carried on, particularly by the English, eyes are sometimes knocked out, and less material damage is often given and received. In the mean time children run between the wheels of the carriages, and the feet of the horses, and collect into other papers the *bonbons* that whiten and conceal the pavement. But it is a positive fact, that, without the English—who are, by most foreigners, thought to be so grave, so serious, and so thoughtful—this *bonbon* pelting would, long since, have been discontinued: the Romans patronize it but little, while the English carry it on, with all the fury and boisterousness of school-boys to the very great annoyance of most of the Italians.

Meanwhile I had, as I have said, almost attained the Piazza di Venezia: the cannon of S. Angelo resounded—all understood the signal; and when, a few moments afterwards, a second gun was fired, the crowds settled themselves on chairs or benches raised along the sides of the Corso; and the carriages turned down the nearest by-lanes, and reached, by different paths, the houses, from the windows of which they—that is, those they contained—intended to view the remaining sport. Amongst the carriages, I had observed the state coach of the senator, Principe A., and that of Cardinal V., the only cardinal present, one of the two cardinal-deacons, who, despised and laughed at by the Romans, are seen in every society by the English, and are, by them, readily, but unjustly, received as samples of all the sacred college.

After a large body of troops, preceded by a good band, had passed down the Corso, had cleared away the remaining masks, and had placed sentinels on each side of it, twelve or fourteen small, ugly horses, galloped past the window at which I was placed: as they proceeded along, the crowd shouted, and, together with the spurs, *petards*, and other ingenious and barbarous contrivances,—described, I believe, by Bry-

done, in his relation of the Sicilian horse-race,—urged them on to the goal, and deterred them from attempting to bolt down the side streets. Immediately after they had passed, the ranks of people closed over the paved race-ground; but a few seconds after, they again opened, on perceiving the gradual approach of another *race-horse*, which was proceeding more leisurely and quietly down the Corso.

Amongst all these details I had forgotten to mention that none of the horses carried riders; a particular, which, from custom, and from having never witnessed any races a l'*Anglaise*, I beheld as a matter of course.

A few days after, having previously taken my share of the amusements of the Corso, I hired a seat in the Piazza del Popolo, from which I might see the horses start. Board partitions were placed to keep apart the more furious; and a cord, behind which they were to stand, was drawn, at breast height, across the street. Thirteen were brought forth ready *garnished*, with spurs, &c., and an indescribable scene of confusion ensued. The plunging and kicking of the horses, and the shouts of the grooms who swung at their necks, continued till, at the sound of trumpet, the cord fell, and they all set off more regularly than could have been anticipated. Some minutes after, a rocket arose from the Piazza di Venezia, and a cannon from S. Angelo answered it; thus proclaiming when, and by which of the animals, the race had been won.

Before the races, but after the clearing away of the crowd, the French ambassador paraded the Corso in his state carriages; a privilege, the exercise of which he ought to have enjoyed on *Jeu di Gras*, but which, on account of the rain, had been deferred till the *Saturday* following,—for on Friday no masquerading was allowed; as, at Rome, that day of the week is kept in the same manner as Sundays are said to be observed in England. No masks are seen, no theatres or balls are held on Fridays.

On every other day the sort of amusement I have described was regularly repeated; but all was finished and quiet at six o'clock. On *Mardi Gras*, however,—the last day of the carnival,—the sport was protracted until eight in the evening. It then consisted in the illumination of the windows on the Corso, and in the assembling of the people in that street: each person bore in his hand a lighted taper, and each endeavoured to extinguish those of his play-fellows. This fun, occasioned, however, one or two very ridiculous and *innocent*, at least in their consequences, duels between foreigners, who did not understand the joke.

Such are the popular amusements of the carnival; for the *gens comme il faut*—an epithet now re-established in French

phrascology, and which, taken in its literal meaning as the commencement of a designation, the remainder of which is suppressed as unnecessary, might be heard with indifference by the most democratic ears,—for the *gens comme il faut pour ces choses là* there were given a few masked balls, in which scarcely any characters were supported,—most of the ladies going in fancy dresses, and men in dominos, which they immediately laid aside. Other evening parties were numerous and well attended. But all such *fêtes* are now at an end; the “magician has put on our foreheads the marvellous dust, and has pronounced over us the magical words,” which have put to flight the illusions of carnival, and made us consent

“To live for forty days on ill-drest fishes,
Because we have no sauces to our stews.”

The last line does not, however, apply; as English fish-sauces are now to be found in every Italian capital. And as meat is allowed by all *cures*, to whom a certificate of ill health, signed by a physician, is presented, the facility of obtaining such permissions may be imagined; as, also the facility with which they are abused.

All the English travellers are now preparing to depart for Naples, to pass there the time of Lent; and the Romans are unable to conceal the joy they feel at their departure. This sentiment is curious; but I have perceived the same to be prevalent in every part of Italy. Adieu.

Transalpine Memoirs, Vol. I, Page 109—116.

In France, the ceremony of drawing Twelfth-cake is somewhat different to the customary mode in England. The following animated sketch, translated by Mr. Jerdan from the French of the celebrated M. Jouy, furnishes a pleasing picture of a twelfth-day among our Gallic neighbours.

“I have often wished that the prejudices of a people should not be confounded with their customs: the former cannot be avoided with too much perseverance; but it is seldom that any thing is gained by the destruction of the latter. Every prejudice is born of a vice; every national habit takes its rise from a virtue. The demonstration of this truth would make this discourse a chapter of morality, but

Trop de morale entraine trop d'ennui.

“ Too much morality brings with it too much *ennui*; I leave, therefore, the principle to itself, and pass on to those feasts in the course of the year, which I count among the number of old customs, whose venerable authority I see, with regret, grows weaker every day.

“ This taste was implanted in me from my earliest youth, by one of my maternal uncles, the prior of Armentières, who spent with my father all the time which he did not pass at his priory, that is to say, about eleven months and a half in each year. He had an apartment on the second floor, of which his library occupied the greater part. On a sort of table, *à la Tronchin*, on which he wrote, I still see, in a little cabinet of ebony, a calendar for his own use, which he made up himself at the beginning of every year, and inscribed according to the order of their dates, with the feasts and birth-days of all his relations, friends, and even acquaintances.

“ On the arrival of such a day we were sure to receive a bouquet of flowers, for the most part accompanied with a piece of poetry, or a couplet, in the form of a compliment. That, which he did for others, he exacted for himself in so absolute a manner, that he disinherited one of his relations for having neglected to write him a letter on the opening of a new year. My uncle, although he exaggerated the importance of these and similar duties, had ideas on this point not far removed from sound morality. I remember in a little comedy, which he composed on this subject, one of the persons of the drama abused this submission to childish customs.

Tous ces grand mots ne m'en imposent guère ;
C'est à l'abus, d'abord, qu'on déclare la guerre ;
Mais l'usage y tenait : on le laisse déchoir,
Et l'usage détruit, entraîne le devoir :
Voilà, Monsieur, comment avec de telles phrases
De la société l'on sape enfin les bases.

“ How many examples did he not cite to us of

quarrels made up, and lawsuits between relations terminated by these unions of families, which custom formerly prescribed, and which now hardly seem to be tolerated.

“ Twelfth day, Shrove Tuesday, St. Martin's day, were all then domestic feasts, at which young people found those pleasures and enjoyments for which they are now obliged to look elsewhere. My uncle, the prior, was acquainted with all the minute ceremonies of these feasts, and applied his whole attention to their observance. On such days he invested himself with full authority as master of the house; ordered the repasts, took charge of the invitations, appointed the place of every body at table, and observed that every thing was done according to his rules.

“ Of all our family feasts that of Twelfth day was in his eyes the most important, and therefore it was always celebrated with peculiar pomp. The remembrance which I yet retain of it, never permits me to read without sentiments of the most lively emotion, the charming description which M. de Chateaubriand has given us of this ancient festival, at which I have so often assisted. The family was numerous, the parlour for the company was large; I alone am left of all those who partook the good cheer!

“ ‘ Unsophisticated minds,’ says the author of the *Genius of Christianity*, ‘ can never recollect without sympathy those hours of relaxation, when the family assembled round the cake, which suggested to the mind the presents of the magi. The grandfather, during the rest of the year secluded in the retirement of his apartment, appears on this day like the divinity of the paternal hearth. His grandchildren, who have for some time past thought of nothing but this festival, climb his knees, and awaken again in him all the memory of his youth. The countenances of all exhibit gaiety; the hearts of all

are light; the room for the entertainment is decorated, and, in honor of the day, every one appears dressed in his newest habiliments. Amidst the jingling of glasses and bursts of joy, the lots of this ephemeral dignity are drawn, and a sceptre is gained which weighs not too heavy for the hands of the monarch. Sometimes a little trick is practised which, redoubling the mirth of the subjects, and exciting the complaints of the young sovereign alone, elevates to the throne the daughter of the host, and the son of a neighbour lately arrived from the army. The young pair blush, as if their crown embarrassed them; the mothers laugh, and the grandfather, with a full goblet, drinks to the new queen. The curate, who is at the feast, receives for the purpose of distribution, with other assistance, the first part, called the *Poor's Piece*. Old games, and a dance, at which some aged domestic supplies the place of musician, prolong their pleasure; and the whole family, nurses, children, tenants, servants, and masters, mix promiscuously in the mazy wanderings of the ball.

"I could not deny myself the pleasure of bringing before my readers this lovely picture, full of gracefulness and truth, though at the hazard of a comparison, of which I feel all the disadvantage.

"I was reading, a few days since, the passage which I have just cited to a Mr. Fergus, a scholar more estimable than orthodox, with whom I had formerly studied, and who did not approve of M. de Chateaubriand's having given to christianity the honor of an institution, evidently borrowed from the Greeks and Romans.

" 'What the devil,' said he, knitting his large black eyebrows, 'does he talk to us of the magi and their presents for, when discoursing on a custom, whose profane origin is so well known to us? Who is there that is not acquainted with the amusement of the *King of the Bean*, derived to us from

the Romans, when the children, during the *Saturnalia*, drew lots for the part of the king of the festival? This custom of the *bean*, to trace it still higher, goes back to the Greeks, who made use of beans in the election of their magistrates. We have transplanted to the beginning of January a feast which the ancients celebrated towards the end of December, in the winter solstice, and which the Romans, if we may believe Lucian, Strabo, and Vossius, had borrowed from the Persians. The election of this temporary king was made at table, as with us; but after having been treated, during the short term of his reign, with all the respect and regard due to his rank, the ephemeral monarch was hanged, to terminate the feast. It is proper, however, to add, that he was chosen from among the class of slaves, and still oftener from among the criminals.'

" 'I know very well,' answered I to my learned friend in *us*, 'that by dint of learning, the charm may be taken from every thing; but I must own that one of the best written discourses of the King of the Bean, would never amuse me half so much as one of those domestic meetings which have latterly become too unfrequent.'

" 'Among the company you keep,' interrupted M. Fergus; 'for my own part I have only to choose among three parties to which I am invited for this evening, to draw twelfth cake, at one of which I can answer that you will be extremely well received, if you like to accompany me.'

" He mentioned M. Bruno, another old school-fellow, with whom I was some time a boarder at M. Doppi's, Rue Mazarine. We left the school together, myself to go to college; M. Bruno, to follow the profession of his father, a linen-draper, at the Golden Fleece, in the Rue des Marmozets. We had not seen each other for more than twenty years, but I had always dealt with him, and I knew he

retained some friendship for me. I did not hesitate, therefore, to take Fergus at his word.

“It was four o’clock before we arrived at this dean’s of the ancient shrievalty. We found the good old man in a room over the shop, which a fashionable merchant of the Rue Vivienne would be in these times ashamed to call his anti-chamber. He was seated by the fire-side in a large arm-chair, of *Utrecht* velvet; a little child on his knees, and two others seated on the ground, who displayed to grand-papa their punchinellos, their Chinese monkeys, and their leaden soldiers, which they had received as new year’s gifts. A young girl of sixteen or seventeen assisted an old servant to lay the cloth. M. Charles Bruno, the younger son, was reading a newspaper, in a loud voice at the window, while an old aunt cut slips of paper of various colors, to put round the bottom of the candles. The Nestor of the city merchants received me with open arms, and presented me in the most friendly manner to his family, by whom I was greeted in the same affectionate style. It may very well be believed, that in the conversation which followed in the chimney-corner between the three old schoolfellows, M. Doppi was not forgotten, and that the phrase, *Do you remember?* occurred more than once in our discourse. The rest of the company came in order; the first was M. Boutard, son-in-law of M. Bruno, and one of the most famous lace-makers in the Rue des Bourdonnais; he brought with him two of his children. M. Boutard is a very proper man, and has no other fault than that of a little too much vanity, on account of the attention he pays to the church of St. Opportune, of which he is the eldest churchwarden. The Abbe Dailot, nephew of the patriarch, and vicar of St. Magloire, came next; he was followed by M. Melchior Bruno, captain of the veterans of the barracks Notre Dame des Victoires, who gave his arm to Madame Boutard and her

daughter, a little brunette of the most lively figure.

"Dinner was served; we waited only for M. Daumont, an old clerk of M. Bruno, and a most intimate friend of the family. Mademoiselle Françoise Bruno, the aunt, begged her brother to sit down to table. according to the old axiom:—*That waiting prevents one from eating, but eating does not prevent one from coming.* Her advice was followed. The grandfather's arm-chair was placed at the head of the table, the back to the fire. Every one stood by his chair, while the father of the family said grace, and seated themselves as soon as he set them the example. A small table for the children, of which aunt Bruno had the direction, had been prepared in one corner of the room.

"Daumont came in just as the soup was removed; he announced himself with a loud laugh, with which I observed he always preceded his jokes, 'I see you have waited for me as the abbé waits for his monks,' said he, shaking the hands of the company round, without omitting myself, though I was a stranger to him. The abbé answered him by a *tarde venientibus ossa*, which produced some mirth.

"The tureen being carried away, a twelfth cake was brought before Madame Boutard, who did the honors of the table, on which she bestowed her benediction, tracing there the sign of the cross, and then cut it into eighteen parts. The youngest of the company came forward, which gave the vicar an opportunity of putting in a *surgat junior*, of which, he seemed to take himself a good part. The cake was covered with a napkin, and the dish having been turned round two or three times to prevent all idea of fraud or favor, the child distributed the portions. The first drawn was that for the poor; this was immediately given to the vicar, with the alms which every one hastened to subscribe: the grandfather was served second; in respect to my age, and being a stranger, I had the

third part, in which was discovered *the bean*. My election to the sovereignty of the feast was announced by a round of applause, to which succeeded reiterated exclamations of *vive le roi*. I was respectfully invited by my new subjects to make choice of a companion, who should share with me the splendour of my exalted dignity. I cast my eyes on Mademoiselle Rose Boutard, who seemed, however, to be less sensible of the honor of enjoying a throne, than displeased at quitting her seat by her young cousin Bruno. The dinner was gay, even a little noisy, and the cries of—‘the queen drinks—the king drinks!’ resounded through the whole repast. The precaution which the wise Fergus had taken, to bring half a dozen of excellent Bourdeaux wine with him, (a precaution which nobody valued more highly than the captain,) succeeded in putting friend Daumont in high spirits, and the vicar took care not to lose so fine an opportunity as, when he emptied his glass to his uncle’s health, to tell us ‘*bonum vinum lætificat cor hominis.*’ During the dessert, according to custom, we proceeded to choose the great crown officers, and every body admired my penetration, when I chose M. Boutard my minister of finances—Daumont, master of the household—Captain Melchior, commander in chief of my armies—Abbé Daillot, my grand almoner, and Madame Bruno, maid of honor to the queen. These appointments being complete, the grand almoner, the minister of the finances, and the master of the household, roared out a bacchanalian song; after which the queen and her little cousin sung under my royal nose a duet, so tender and passionate, that, with a prince less mild than myself, the singers would have fared but badly.

“Coffee was served in the chimney corner:—some neighbours came in to join the family, and I took advantage of the preparation for a *Loto* table, to slip from the company, fully resolved to return

on the following Sunday, to visit my happy subjects, and close my peaceable reign."

Masquerades in England are, on a small scale, similar to the Carnivals. On this day, 1724, the Bishop of London preached a sermon against Masquerades, which made such an impression, that orders were issued for the discontinuance of these scenes of folly and vice. After a lapse of many years, they were again introduced, but as they are only the resort of dissipation they never can become popular among sober-minded Englishmen: The following account of their introduction and progress in this country, is from a small volume entitled "*A Companion to the Theatres.*"

"This species of entertainment, in the present day, is far from flourishing. It is in England like a puny exotic. The first masquerade given in this country upon the foreign plan, was by the queen of Charles I. It was on a Sunday, when, in front of the banqueting-house at Whitehall, a scuffle ensued between the soldiers and the people, in which six of the latter were killed. This made the queen very unpopular, and raised a violent opposition to masquerades for nearly a century. The most splendid English masquerade on record was provided at the Opera House in 1717-8, by that celebrated caterer, Mr. Heidegger. It was allowed to be more magnificent than had been known in Italy, Venice, or any other country, and was thus described in *Mist's Weekly Journal*, February 15, 1718:—"The room" says the writer, "is exceedingly large, beautifully adorned, and illuminated with 500 wax lights; on the sides are divers beaufets, over which is written the several wines therein contained,—as Canary. Burgundy, Champagne, Rhenish, &c., of which all are at liberty to drink what they please; with large services of all sorts of sweetmeats: there are also two sets of music, at due distance from each other, performed by very good hands. By the vast variety

of dresses, (many of them very rich,) you would fancy it a congress of the principal persons of all nations in the world,—as Turks, Italians, Indians, Polanders, Spaniards, Venetians, &c. There is an absolute freedom of speech, without the least offence given thereby; while all appear better bred than to offer anything profane, rude, or immodest; but wit incessantly flashes about in rapartees, honor, and good humour, and all kinds of pleasantry. There was also the groom-porter's office, where all play that please; while heaps of guineas pass about with so little concern in the losers, that they are not to be distinguished from the winners. Nor does it add a little to the beauty of the entertainment, to see the generality of the masqueraders behave themselves agreeable to their several habits. The number when I was there, on Tuesday, last week, was computed at 700, with some files of musqueteers at hand, for the preventing of any disturbance which might happen by quarrels, &c.,—so frequent in Venice, Italy, and other countries, in such entertainments. At 11 o'clock, a person gives notice that supper is ready, when the company pass into another large room, where a noble cold entertainment is provided; the whole diversion continuing from nine o'clock till seven the next morning. In short, the whole ball was sufficiently illustrious, in every article of it, for the greatest prince to give on the most extraordinary occasion."

"The masquerades formerly given at the Pantheon were very celebrated. In 1783, Delpini, the famous clown, got up a grand masquerade there, in celebration of his present majesty (then Prince of Wales,) attaining the age of majority. The tickets were all sold at *three guineas* each, but Delpini was a loser by the speculation. About six years since, the king sent the poor *artiste* £200; but the latter part of Delpini's life was passed in sickness, misery, and

suffering. In the same year, Garrick attended a masquerade at the Pantheon, as king of the gipsies, a character which, according to local report, he rendered *inimitable*, by his spirit and humour. Masquerades, carnivals, and fancy-dress balls, are given, upon special occasions, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, when the whole theatre is formed into a saloon, by flooring over the pit level with the stage, which has a most imposing effect. The admission is from one to two guineas. There are annually, at the Italian Opera House, three masquerades, and the same number at the Argyle Rooms, in Regent-street. They are *numerously* attended; but in their motley assemblages we miss the *character* and spirit, the gentlemanly ease and fashion, of the times of Killegrew and Heidegger.

“ Venice is, however, the city for masquerades; and in Paris a carnival is still held fifteen days previous to Ash Wednesday. In 1790, it was prohibited; but on its restoration, for some years, nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of the costumes displayed on these occasions. Thousands of masked persons then paraded the streets; but the entertainment has now lost its charms, and the masks are few and unmeaning. Masked balls were introduced in 1716; and a Carmelite friar (good soul!) invented machinery for elevating the floor of the pit to a level with the stage. They now commence about the end of January, and continue on fixed days throughout the carnival. The charge to the most splendid is only six franks; to others, three franks; and these balls are given at almost every theatre in Paris.

“ Masks were very common among the ancients, and were more particularly used by the performers at their theatres. It is uncertain whether the Egyptians understood theatrical amusements; but remains of their monuments prove them to have

been accustomed to conceal their faces with masks. They were originally made of the bark of trees, then of leather, subsequently of wood, and lastly of paper, varnished. The mask was likewise worn in several ancient religious ceremonies, and fêtes of the heathen deities, as also in the *Saturnalia*. Female masks were likewise worn by boys, who formerly played women's parts on our stage."

6.—THE HALSEWELL WRECKED.

On this day, one of the finest East-Indiamen was wrecked near St. Adelm's head, a famous sea mark, consisting of a bold cliff rising to the height of nearly 300 feet. A short time before the ship went to pieces, the captain called the second mate into the cuddy, where his two daughters, two nieces, and three other young ladies were clinging round him for protection, and on being told that it was impossible for the ladies to escape, he nobly resolved to share their fate; and addressing his daughters, and folding them in his arms, said, "then my dear children, we will perish together."

St. Adelm's head is near Encombe in Dorsetshire,



at which place, Lord Eldon has a splendid residence,

in a delightful situation opening to the Bristol Channel. The mansion is built of Purbeck stone, and the grounds are extensive and tastefully laid out.

7.—ST. DISTAFF'S DAY.

The day after Twelfth-day, formerly so called because it was celebrated in honor of the distaff held in the hand, from whence wool is spun by twirling a ball below. On the conclusion of the Christmas holydays, or day after Twelfth-day, the men amused themselves by burning the flax and tow belonging to the women, who in return sluiced the men with pails of water. Herrick alludes to this custom in one of his poems:—

Partly work, and partly play,
Ye must on St. Distaff's day :
From the plough soone free your teame
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow ;

Bring in pailles of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men :
Give St. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sports good night.
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

8.—ST. LUCIAN.

This is the first Saint in the English Calendar. There are two of this name, and some doubt exists as to which belongs to this day. Alban Butler in his *Lives of the Saints* affirms, that the St. Lucian of the Protestant Calendar came from Rome to preach in Gaul, where he suffered death about 290. The other Saint stands in the Romish Calendar on the preceeding day, and according to Butler, corrected the Hebrew version of the Scriptures for the inhabitants of Palestine, during some years he was separated from the Romish Church, but he afterwards conformed to it, and died after nine years'

imprisonment, either by famine or the sword, on this, or the preceeding day, in the year 312.

There is no doubt, however, that St. Lucian was in reality Lucius, the last King of Britain, tributary to the Roman power, who was dignified with the title of Saint for having embraced the Christian religion, although holding his crown under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. In the "*Beauties of England and Wales*" is given the following account of this prince: "The zeal of Lucius, who was celebrated as the first Sovereign that embraced Christianity, is enveloped in a mass of legendary fable; and so improbable are the transactions ascribed to him, that not only the relation of his conversion to the christian faith has been denied, but also the fact of his very existence rendered questionable. On this head, however, it has been observed, that hardly any point in our national history is more positively, unanimously, or circumstantially asserted, not less by the Britons themselves, than by the Saxons, and other antagonists of the British writers.* Notwithstanding this evidence, it must be acknowledged, that truth and fiction are so intimately blended in the records which relate to Lucius, that every attempt to separate them is, perhaps, impossible.

"The extended sway attributed to this King at a period when the greatest part of Britain was completely subjected to the Romans, is probably, of all the events of his history, that which renders it the most disputable. After his own baptism, and that of his Queen, and greater part of his subjects, by Faganus, or Fugatius, and Duvianus, who had been sent from Rome, for the purpose, by Pope Eleutherius, he is stated to have founded churches in each

* To quote the authorities on this occasion, would be almost equivalent to making a list of all our ancient authors, and other ecclesiastical writers, who treat of the period in question.—*Dr. Milner's History of Winchester.*

of the twenty-eight cities, which subsisted in Britain prior to the Roman Conquest, and which had subsequently, according to Dr. Milner, 'been the chief seats of the Flamines, or Pagan priests; settling upon the Christian priests, the revenues that the former had before enjoyed.'

" 'With respect to the hierarchy to be established,' continues Dr. Milner, who supports the history of Lucius to its full extent, 'it seemed best to Lucius and his prelates, that the same should be observed, which before had obtained amongst the Flamines, according to which, London, York, and Caerleen, became Metropolitcal Sees: hence our city of Venta,* though the particular object in the regard of Lucius, and probably the capital of his dominions, was, indeed left destitute of that pre-eminence, to which, as the chief city of the west, it was otherwise entitled; but, in return, it was honored with certain distinctions peculiar to itself. Instead of causing one of the Heathen temples in it to be purified, and consecrated, for the purpose of a Christian church, as he did in the other cities,† he built our cathedral from the ground, upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which has never since been equalled; and he bestowed upon it the right of sanctuary, with other privileges.‡ Moreover as in this city had been the chief school in the Island of the Pagan Flamines, so Lucius annexed to the cathedral here a *Monastery*, as our historian § calls it, or rather a community of clergy, living together

* The ancient name of the city of Winchester.

† "Templis Deorum a Paganosa purificatis superstitione uni Deo ejusque sanctis ecclesius dedicantes."—*Rudborne's History*.

‡ This Cathedral is affirmed by Rudborne, on the authority of Moratius, to have been 200 paces, or upwards of 600 feet in length, and ninety-two paces in height.

§ Rudborne.

in common. When the cathedral was completed, it was consecrated in the name of the Holy Saviour; and a religious bishop, by name Denotus, was vested with the spiritual authority and jurisdiction belonging to it.'

"The improbabilities of this account, circumstantial as it is, are sufficiently obvious to render it extremely disputable, even to those who are but slightly acquainted with the state of Britain at the period here spoken of; and several judicious authors regard it as altogether fabulous. The ambiguity which attends the time of the deaths of Lucius, as well as the place of his burial, has also been advanced as an argument against the credibility of the events recorded in his history; and it is certain that the obscurity in which these circumstances are involved, is calculated to excite considerable suspicion. A king who had become so famous as Lucius must have been, were the account true that Christianity was established throughout the Island by his means, could hardly have descended to the grave so obscurely, as to leave the period of his decease unascertained, or the place of his interment undecided. Winchester, as well as the other British cities, has been assigned as the scene of the latter; but the German writers report, (according to Milner) 'that a little before his death, either resigning his crown, or being dispossessed of it by the Romans, he went abroad, and preached the gospel in Bavaria, and in the country of the Grisons.'

With the termination of the government of Lucius, the authority of the British Princes in this part of the island is said to have ended. During the latter part of the persecution carried on against the Christians by Dioclesian about the end of the third, or beginning of the fourth century, the cathedral and monastery attributed to Lucius, are said to have been levelled with the ground, and all the ecclesiastics slaughtered or dispersed.

9.—1829.—FREDERICK VON SCHLÆGEL DIED,
ÆTAT. 57.

This eminent writer and lecturer was born at Hanover, in the year 1772, and was apprenticed to a merchant at Leipsig, whilst his brother, A. W. Von Schlegel, was highly distinguishing himself at Gottingen. Frederick, however, evincing a decided distaste for the mercantile profession, returned upon his father's hands, and was permitted to follow the natural bent of his genius, which led him, during his sojourn at the universities of Gottingen and Leipsig, to devote himself to the study of languages with exemplary ardour. He entered the lists as an author at a very early age, attracted the attention of the public by the novelty of his opinions on subjects connected with ancient literature, and acquired no little note by his critical labours in the field of ancient and modern poesy. His first attempts, the *History of Poetry among the Greeks and Romans*, which appeared in 1792; and the *Greek and Romans*, which followed in 1797, were very favourably received. At a later period, particularly after his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, his favourite pursuit was ethics and romantic literature, in which departments his *Prelections on German History* and *History of Literature*, are highly creditable to his attainments. His public lectures on Modern History, and on the Literary Annals of all nations, delivered in 1811-12, created a deep sensation throughout Germany, as combining a high degree of literary attainments with much originality of perception. His manner of viewing and treating these subjects, no less than his dramatic compositions and poems, afforded abundant aliment to the new school of the *romantesque* in that country, soon after its foundation had been laid in contradistinction to the "classical school," and through the chief instrumentality of his brother. An over-wrought impression of the pre-eminent genius and glory of

the middle ages strengthened the principles his mind had already imbibed; and, though himself the son of a Protestant clergyman, he scrupled not to pass over to the Roman Catholic religion, within the exclusive pale of which he conceived the regeneration of that golden epocha to be placed. Having prevailed upon his wife, a daughter of the celebrated Jewish deist, Mendelsohn, to follow his example, he had associated himself with Gentz and other converts to the same opinion, and in the year 1808 transferred his residence to Vienna, where he was appointed to the situation of Counsellor of Legation in the Imperial Chancery of Prince Metternich; and for several years conducted the affairs of Secretary to the Austrian Envoy at the Diet of Frankfort, where the fervour of religious feeling does not appear to have rendered him a less useful tool in promoting the machinations of his princely patron. In 1819 he was allowed to retire from official avocations, and zealously embarked in labours calculated to promote the interests of the faith to which he had attached himself: his days were now absorbed by religious studies and speculations, and the fruits of his investigations were exhibited in the lectures he had begun to deliver at Dresden a few days before his decease, in that city.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the intelligence of his death so deeply affected his fellow-labourer and bosom friend, Adam Muller Von Naterdorf, that he died of grief the day after the tidings reached Vienna.

10.—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

SABBATH EVENING.

By Frederic Meller.

List! there is music in the air;
 It is the sabbath evening bell,
 Chiming the vesper hour of prayer,
 O'er mountain top and lowland dell.

And infancy and age are seen
Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest ! the light
Still lingers on the moss-grown tow'r,
While to the drowsy ear of night
Slowly it marks the evening hour.
'Tis hush'd ! and all is silent there,
Save the fervent voice of pray'r.

And now far down the quiet vale,
Sweet hymnings on the air float by ;
Hushing the whip-poor-will's sad wail
With its own plaintive melody.
They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains
That swept at night o'er Bethlem's plains.

And heads are bowed, as the low hymn
Steals through that gray and time-worn pile,
And the altar lights burn faint and dim,
In the long and moss-grown aisle.
And the distant foot-fall echoes loud,
Above that hush'd and kneeling crowd.

And now beneath the old elm's shade,
Where the cold moon-beams may not smile,
Bright flow'rs upon the graves are laid,
And sad tears shed unseen the while.
The last sweet gift affection brings,
To deck the earth to which it clings.

How beautiful those simple flow'rs
Strewn o'er that silent spot still sleep ;
Still wet with summer's gentle showers,
As if they too could feel and weep !
They fade and die ! the wintry wind
Shall leave no trace of them behind !

The bright new moon hath set ; the light
Is fading on the far blue hills ;
And on the passing breeze of night
The music of their thousand rills
Comes echoing through the twilight gray,
With the lone watch-dog's distant bay.

The crowd hath pass'd away ; the pray'r
And low-breath'd evening hymn are gone ;
The cold mist only lingers there,
O'er the dark moss and mould'ring stone.
And the stars shine brightly o'er the glen,
Where rest the quiet homes of men.

Atlantic Souvenir.

12.—1829.—GLASGOW THEATRE BURN'T.

While rehearsing *Blue Beard*, the performers discovered the house to be on fire, and in a few minutes the whole building was enveloped in flames, so that in about two hours it was one burning mass of ruins. No cause is assigned for the accident. The proprietors had insured the theatre for £5500; but the manager, whose loss was about £1500, was uninsured.

Dr. Cleland, in his "*Annals of Glasgow*," thus describes the building:—"The theatre in Dunlop-street having been found inconvenient, and too small for the accommodation of the public, a magnificent one has been erected on the west side of Queen-street, on the principle of transferable shares of £25 each, from designs by Mr. David Hamilton. This building is 158 feet long, and 70 feet wide, calculated to contain 1500 persons, or £250 per night, being of greater extent than any of the provincial theatres. The east front of the building is composed of an arcade basement, supporting six Ionic columns 30 feet high, with corresponding pilasters, entablatures, and appropriate devices. The centre, or principal vestibule, which leads to the boxes by a double flight of stairs, is separated from the corridors by a screen, interspersed with Corinthian columns, which gives the entrance a very impressive effect. The spectatory is of an elliptic form, displaying two tier of boxes, slips, and galleries; the proscenium is 30 feet wide, enriched with antique ornaments; and the stage balconies are done up in superior taste. The building and scenery cost upwards of £18,500."

13.—ST. HILARY

Was born at Poitiers, where he became bishop, and defended the Catholic doctrine against the Arians, for which he was persecuted by their party,

and ultimately banished into Phrygia in the year 356. After undergoing many sufferings (according to Butler) he returned to Poitiers, resumed his episcopal power, worked many miracles, and died on the 13th of January 368: other authorities say that he died during his exile; the former, however, is the most accredited account.

13.—FEAST OF LANTERNS.

In China this is a celebrated festival, held from the 13th to the 16th of the first month; so called from the immense number of lanterns hung out of the houses and streets, which it is said are no less than two hundred millions. On this day are exposed lanterns of all prices, whereof some are said to cost 2000 crowns. Some of the grandees retrench somewhat every day out of the regular expences of their table, dress, equipage, &c. to appear the more magnificent in their lanterns. They are adorned with gilding, sculpture, painting, japaning, &c. and their size is extravagant, some being from 25 to 35 feet diameter, representing halls and chambers. Two or three such machines together would make handsome houses; so that in China they are able to eat, lodge, receive visits, hold balls and act plays in a lantern. To illuminate them, they light up in them an incredible number of torches or lamps, which at a distance have a beautiful effect. In these they exhibit various kinds of shows to divert the people. Besides these enormous lanterns, there is a multitude of smaller ones, each about four feet high and one and a half broad.—*Platt's Book of Curiosities*, p. 621.

15.—1829.—THOMAS SANDERSON DIED, ÆTAT. 70.

This unfortunate man, the son of the Rev. Mr. Sanderson, of Sebergham, Cumberland, was born in 1758. Having received a classical education, he subsisted as a schoolmaster until the period of his

father's death, when, becoming possessed of a small property, and having an aversion to the bustle of the world, he retired to a humble dwelling on the romantic banks of the river Lyne. Here he pursued his studies, and being fond of literary pursuits, commenced author, by contributing various pieces in prose and poetry to the Cumberland Packet, then the only paper in Cumberland. On the establishment of the Carlisle Journal, he occasionally contributed to that, and in 1800, published a volume of "*Original Poems*"; some of which possess considerable merit. The following, from the volume, although not the best, presents a faithful picture of the author's peaceful and humble mind:

Heaven! while Ambition's sons aspire
To reach the heights of wealth and power,
O let me to the vale retire,
Where quiet twines her silent bower.
There let my humble heart receive,
The bliss that peaceful life affords;
Another's pleasures let me give,
To gratulation's lively chords.
Or 'mid the shade of human days,
With kindred sadness let me roam;
Catch the long sigh misfortune pays,
And make Compassion's cell my home.
Hence in each tender feeling tried,
My lowly lot I'll prize the more;
And thoughtful o'er life's ocean glide,
Till silent rest the dashing oar!

His longest prose work is, *An Essay on the manners and customs of the Cumberland Peasantry*, prefixed to the last edition of Robert Anderson's Poems. He was nearly related to Brown, the African traveller; memoirs of whose life he had nearly completed. This and the arrangement of a quantity of pieces in prose and verse had long occupied his attention, and having sat up late on the night of the 14th of January, he is supposed to have left

some sticks burning in the grate, which fell out and ignited a pile of faggots laying in one corner of the cottage: these soon communicated to the building, and when the door was forced open, the unfortunate occupant was found laying on the floor almost surrounded by flames; a farmer with difficulty dragged him out, but as life seemed extinct, and the body dreadfully scorched, it was left on the green, and every exertion used to arrest the progress of the flames. On returning to the green, however, the body had disappeared, and on searching, Mr. Sanderson was found leaning against a tree, whither he had crawled on returning animation. His first exclamation was, "For God's sake let me have a bed to die on; I shall not be long in this world." He was then taken to a farm house and put to bed, where he expired the next day. His manuscripts were very numerous, he anxiously enquired after their fate, and when told they had fallen a prey to the flames, he said, "Then all is lost." His manner evinced a deep concern for the fate of his literary fame.

Mr. Sanderson lived alone in a small cottage. His character was marked by many harmless eccentricities; but his talents, and mild and peaceful disposition, gained him the respect of all who knew him. He was passionately fond of rural scenery and no inducement could prevail upon him to quit the delightful scenes amongst which he luxuriated on the banks of the Lyne.

18.—ST. PRISCA,

A Roman lady, early converted to Christianity; which refusing to abjure, she was horribly tortured and beheaded in the time of the Emperor Claudius, in the year 275.

18.—1829.—SIR WILLIAM CURTIS DIED, *ÆTAT.* 77.

This well-known citizen was the son of a biscuit baker at Wapping, who supplied the greater part

of the shipping with sea biscuit. Early bred to business, the subject of this memoir, under the example of a very industrious parent, was led to calculate its various and extensive benefits, and to consider it as a duty and a pleasure. Being strong, robust, and active, he was by nature fitted for the bustle of the world, and his foresight and promptitude always led him to avail himself of first opportunities. From his original business, he first diverged into the pursuit of the Greenland and South Sea fisheries; and when his wealth had considerably accumulated, engaged in the banking-house latterly known by the firm of Curtis, Robarts, and Curtis.

In the year 1785 he was chosen Alderman of Tower Ward, and in 1789-90 served the office of sheriff. A dissolution of parliament occurring in 1790, he put up for the city, and came in at the head of the poll. In 1795, while filling the civic chair, he was honored with a baronetcy. After having represented the city of London for twenty-eight years, during five successive parliaments, he suffered the mortification of being rejected in the election of 1818: he was, however, returned for Bletchingly. In 1820, at another election, Sir William was again returned for the city; but on the dissolution of parliament in 1826 he declined his re-election for the city, and was returned for Hastings: the following year he retired from the House of Commons altogether, and lived principally at his residence at Ramsgate, where he died, greatly regretted by the inhabitants.

In his public character, Sir William Curtis presented a complete specimen of a loyal, patriotic, munificent, and socially benevolent citizen. Born and educated near the city, and early acquainted with commerce in a variety of its branches, he became a very active and serviceable Member of Par-

liament. He was not a polished orator, and he would have scorned the affectation of one: plain, simple, and energetic in the delivery of his sentiments, he trusted to the substance of what he had to say to command attention. His politics were once expressed in the brief sentence, "*I fear God and honor the King.*"

Dr. Johnstone, in his biography of Dr. Parr, says, "As a party man, Sir William Curtis had risen to eminence among his fellow citizens, and to high reputation as an Englishman. By a popular election, in the most populous and most commercial city of the most enlightened country of the civilized world, he was chosen to represent the liverymen of London in parliament; and for thirty-six years, with the exception of one parliament only, he continued their representative. By activity in business, his deep searching sagacity, and his native powers of intellect, he gained their confidence and deserved it. With manly boldness he avowed his opinions, and his constituents were never deluded by false colours or hypocritical pretences. During the whole of his political life he was a tory in principle and practice; and with a firm step and unaltered steadiness, he supported the measures of the government during the perilous times of the French war."

Only six days previous to the death of Sir William, his younger brother, the Rev. Charles Curtis, died at Solihull, Warwickshire, of which place he was rector, as well as of St. Martin's, Birmingham.

19.—1829.—MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA QUITS IRELAND.

On this day the Marquis resigned his Vice-regal dignity in Ireland, in consequence of some misunderstanding in the Cabinet on the question of

Catholic Emancipation. He had held his office less than a year, but in that short space had gained the confidence of the people, and rendered greater service to Ireland than any previous Lord Lieutenant. On quitting Dublin the principal shops were shut, and at an early hour the streets were thronged with all classes of society. He embarked at Kingstown, amid the cheers of assembled thousands.

20.—ST. FABIAN.

Fabian was a bishop of Rome from the years 239 to 253, and suffered martyrdom under the Dioclesian persecution.

20.—ST. AGNES' EVE.

This night was formerly much venerated by young maidens who wished to know when and who they should marry. It was required that on this day they should not eat, which was called fasting St. Agnes' fast. This custom, however, is now almost unknown, and probably, very little would have been recollected in the nineteenth century, had not the talented and unfortunate Keats made it the subject of one of his sweet and original poems. The following are a few stanzas from it.

St. Agnes' Eve? Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

* * * * *

They told her how upon St. Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven, with upward eyes, for all that they desire.

her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasp'd her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

21.—ST. AGNES.

PRAYER TO ST. AGNES.

From the Latin, by Bishop Patrick.

Agnes, who art the Lamb's chaste spouse,
 Enlighten thou our minds within ;
 Not only lop the spreading boughs,
 But root out of us every sin.

O, Lady, singularly great,
 After this state, with grief oppress,
 Translate us to that quiet seat
 Above, to triumph with the blest.

St. Agnes, according to Butler, suffered martyrdom about the year 304, when only thirteen years old. Rabadeneira relates, that she was to have been burned, and was put into the fire for that purpose, but the flames refusing to touch her, divided on each side, burnt some of the bystanders, and then quenched ; her persecutors then resorted to the sword, and cut her head off at one blow. According to St. Ambrose, her riches and beauty excited the young nobles of Rome to vie with each other in endeavouring to gain her in marriage. Her answer invariably was, that she had consecrated herself to a heavenly spouse, who could not be beheld by mortal eyes. Her suitors, finding all their arts unavailable, accused her to the governor as a Christian, under an idea, that threats might effect more than persuasion. The governor used mild expostulations, and threats of vengeance, but

each were alike useless: she persisted in repeating, that she could have no other spouse than Jesus Christ; and finding even tortures useless, she was condemned to die: which sentence she received with complacency and even delight. The spectators wept, to see so beautiful and tender a virgin led to execution; but she bowed her neck to adore God as she received the stroke of death. Her body was buried at a small distance from Rome, near the Normentian road. A church was built on the spot in the time of Constantine the Great, and was repaired by Pope Honorius, in the seventh century. It was in the hands of canon regulars, standing without the walls of Rome, until the year 1797.

Her legend says, that in eight days after her death, she came to her parents arrayed in white, attended by virgins with garlands of pearls, and a lamb whiter than snow. From this circumstance she is generally represented with a lamb by her side. From this arose the custom formerly observed on St. Agnes' day, of bringing two white lambs to the altar, upon which they were laid while the offering was sung. These consecrated animals were afterwards shorn, and palls made from their fleeces, which the Pope sold to the Bishops at great a price.

‘But where was Agnes at that time?—who offer’d up, and how,

The two white lambes! where then was masse, as it is used now?

Yea, where was then the Popish state, and dreadful monarchee?

Sure in St. Austen’s time there were no palls at Rome to see.’

There are many superstitions still attached to this day. Among the *Aubrey MSS.* at Oxford, are some of a very curious character, and illustrative of ancient customs: the following extract may not be inappropriately introduced here.

Speaking of charms to dream by, he says, "The women have several magic secrets handed down to them by tradition for this purpose; as on St. Agnes' night, 21st of January, take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a pater-noster, or our father, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry. Ben Johnson in one of his masks, makes mention of this:—

‘ And on sweet Agnes’ night
Please you with the promis’d sight;
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.’

"Another method used by love-sick girls, was, to sleep in a county not their usual residence, where they knit the left-legged garter round their right-legged stocking, leaving the other garter, and other stocking untouched; in this way they then repeated the following lines, knitting a knot at each comma:—

‘ This knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet;
That I may see
The man that shall my husband be;
How he goes and how he wears,
And what he does all the days.’

"The next dream upon the subject, represented the gentleman to the lady's ardent gaze, bearing a badge of his occupation.

"A lady acknowledged (to Aubrey) that she had practised the incantation, and was favored with a vision; about two or three years after, as she was one sunday at church, up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit; she cried out presently to her sister, this is the very face of the man I saw in my dream: he became her husband. Sir William Soames' lady did the like.

"Another way, is to charm the morn thus:—at the first appearance of the new moon after new year's

day, go out in the evening, and stand over the bars of a gate or stile, looking on the moon, and say,

‘ All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee,
I pray thee good moon reveal to me
This night who my good husband must be.’

you must presently after go to bed. I knew two gentlewomen that did thus when they were young maids, and they had dreams of those that married them.”

21.—1793. LOUIS XVI. BEHEADED.

The 21st day of the month proved singularly ominous and fatal to the French Monarch; on the 21st of April, 1770, he had been married: 21st of June, 1770, the fête on account of his nuptials was celebrated, when 1500 persons were trampled to death: on the 21st of January, 1782, the festival on the birth of the dauphin took place: on the 21st of June, 1791, he began his flight to Varennes: on the 21st of September, 1792, royalty was abolished in France; and on the 21st of January, 1793, he was beheaded, by means of the guillotine, on the Place Louis the Fifteenth.

22.—ST. VINCENT.

St. Vincent was a deacon in the Spanish church and born at Osca, now called Huesca, in Granada. He suffered martyrdom during the Dioclesian persecution in the year 304, by being laid on burning coals: the body was afterwards thrown into a marshy field, where, Butler affirms, it was defended by a crow from wild beasts and birds of prey.

It was formerly a practice to notice whether the sun shone on this day; and there is an old latin distich recording the injunction which may be thus Englished:—

Remember on St. Vincent's day
If that the sun his beams display.

Dr. Forster supposes this command to have arisen from a supposition, that the sun would not shine ominously on the day whereon the saint was burnt.

23.—1829.—THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP STANSER DIED,
ÆTAT. 68.

The Right Rev. Robert Stanser, late Bishop of Nova Scotia, died suddenly at his residence at Hampton. "He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, LL.B. 1789; and after nearly thirty years of laborious service as a missionary from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in the province of Nova Scotia, North America, was consecrated in the year 1816 bishop of that province, at the urgent and unanimous desire of the whole community. The highest and the lowest, churchmen and dissenters, on that occasion, were all anxious to testify to his worth, and to evince their affection for him. But short indeed was the period allowed him for exertion in the high station he was chosen to fill; for the diseases contracted in a severe climate from exposure and fatigue, under circumstances very far different from those now in existence, began too soon to prey upon his frame, and rendered him incapable of attending to his arduous charge; in consequence of which, his Majesty, in the year 1825, was pleased to allow him to retire, and in humble seclusion he passed the remainder of his life. Devoid altogether of pride, possessing a benevolent heart, of endearing and affectionate manners, he lived beloved and respected, and died sincerely lamented.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse to sin:
Such peace on Virtue's path attends,
That where the sinner's pleasures ends,
The good man's joys begin.

See smiling Patience sooth his brow !
 See bending angels downward bow !
 To lift his soul on high ;

While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God
 Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave, and hell,
 Those horrors which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;
 For he who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast ;
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And heals his soul with rest.

O grant, my Saviour, and my friend,
 Such joys may guild my peaceful end,
 And calm my evening close ;
 While loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
 With steady confidence I fly
 To HIM from whence I rose.

23.—1806.—RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT DIED.

This eminent statesman commenced his parliamentary career early in life, having taken his seat soon after he came of age. He had not long been a member when he was attacked by Sir Robert Walpole, and taunted with his youth, to which Pitt replied in a speech which might be regarded as a model for young men to imitate. It is worthy preservation, and will justify insertion on this day.

“ Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man is a

reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining;—but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he advanced in age has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gestures, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

“In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain, nor shall any protection shield him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age

restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake in their plunder.”

25.—CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

Paul, originally named Saul, was of the tribe of Benjamin, a native of Tarsus, in Cilicia, and of the sect of the Pharisees. He was first a persecutor of the Church, afterwards a disciple of Jesus Christ, and apostle of the Gentiles. Bishop Pearce conjectures that he changed his Hebrew name Saul to the Roman name Paul, from respect to his first Roman convert, Sergius Paulus (Acts, xiii. 7). He was a Roman citizen (Acts, xxii. 27, 28), because Augustus had given the freedom of Rome to all the freemen of Tarsus, in consideration of their firm adherence to his interests. It is probable that he laid the foundation of those literary attainments, for which he was so eminent in the future part of his life, at his native city of Tarsus; and he afterwards studied the law of Moses, and the traditions of the elders, at Jerusalem, under Gamaliel, a celebrated Rabbi.

Paul imbibed a most violent hatred against the Christians; and, when Stephen was stoned, he held the raiment of his murderers, and afterwards set

out for Damascus to imprison the disciples ; but a supernatural vision converted his rancour into zeal for the faith. After this he became a distinguished preacher of Christianity. His eloquence was so great that it made Felix tremble, converted Dionysius the areopagite at Athens, and drew from Longinus expressions of admiration. The Epistles of St. Paul are models of pathetic remonstrance and close reasoning. He endured great labours and sufferings in the cause of Christ, and was at last put to death, by Nero the emperor, probably in the year 65. Dr. Paley observes, "that in Paul we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other respects of sound judgment, who had devoted his life to the service of the Gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead ; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment and the same dangers ; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next ; spending his whole time in the employment ; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety ; persisting in this course to his old age ; unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion ; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions ; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was St. Paul."

The Epistle to the Romans was placed before the other Epistles of St. Paul, not because it was first in order of time, but because of the dignity of the imperial city, to which it is directed, or because of the excellence of the matter which it contains. This Epistle was written from Corinth, the capital city of Achaia in Greece, A. D. 58, being the fourth year of the emperor Nero, just before St. Paul set out

for Jerusalem with the contributions which the Christians of Macedonia and Achaia had made for the relief of their poor brethren in Judea (Rom. xv. 25, 26, Acts, xx. 1). It was transcribed, or written as St. Paul dictated it, by Tertius (Rom. xvi. 22); and the person who conveyed it to Rome was Phœbe (Rom. xvi. 1), a deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea. St. Paul, when he wrote this Epistle, had not been at Rome (Rom. i. 13, xv. 23); but he had heard an account of the state of the Church in that city from Aquila and Priscilla, two Christians, who were banished from thence by the edict of Claudius, and with whom he resided during his first visit to Corinth.

St. Paul's design in this Epistle was to heal certain disputes which then prevailed among the Christians at Rome, and divided the converted Jews and Gentiles. The Jews claimed a superiority over the Gentiles, on account of their birthright, and the promises made to their fathers; while the Gentiles contended for the merit of their philosophers and legislators, and bitterly reproached the Jews with their infidelity towards God, and a violation of his laws.

To settle these contentions, St. Paul applies himself to restrain the presumption of both parties. He shows that neither of them could pretend to any merit, or had any reason to glory, or boast of their vocation, which proceeded purely from the grace and mercy of God. He asserts there is but one God, who is the God and Father of all mankind, both Jews and Gentiles; and that under the Gospel there is no difference between Jews and Gentiles. The argumentative part of the Epistle reaches to the twelfth chapter, from which, to the end, the apostle proceeds to enforce that disposition and those duties which are suitable to the Christian profession.—*Platt's Self Interpreting Testament*.

This day formerly was believed to have an influence on the whole year, and the popular belief is thus noticed in an old book, called *Willsford's Nature's Secrets*.

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kinds of grain:
If clouds or mists do dark the skie,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdoms oft.

Gay, too, notices these prognostics in these lines:—

Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul, nor Swithin, rule the clouds and wind.

Dr. Forster says, "that the festival of St. Paul's conversion has always been reckoned ominous of the future weather of the year, in various countries remote from each other."

Bourne says, "How it came to have this particular knack of foretelling the good or ill fortune of the following year, is no easy matter to find out. The monks, who were undoubtedly the first who made this wonderful observation, have taken care it should be handed down to posterity; but why, or for what reason, they have taken care to conceal. St. Paul did indeed labour more abundantly than all the apostles; but never that I heard in the science of astrology: and why this day should therefore be a standing almanack to the world, rather than the day of any other Saint, will be pretty hard to find out."

Many churches have been consecrated to the memory of St. Paul, but no architect ever did so much honor to the Apostle as Sir Christopher Wren, in the erection of the magnificent cathedral in London. This structure was begun in 1675,

and completed in 1710, at the cost of a million and a half sterling.



25.—1829,—WILLIAM SHIELD DIED, ÆTAT. 80.

Shield, who, as a composer, may be said to have been peculiarly English, was born in the village of Swalwell, in the county of Durham, and was first taught to modulate his voice and practice the violin, when he was only six years old, by his father, a Singing Master; and subsequently received a few lessons of thorough bass, in his infancy, from the celebrated Avison, of Newcastle. At the death of his father, he was bound by indenture to Edward Davison, boat-builder, in South Shields; and, during his apprenticeship, led the Newcastle Subscription Concerts, where he repeatedly played the solo parts of Geminani's and Giardini's concertos. His first attempt in composition, was setting the music to an ode for the opening of the Freemason's Lodge, at Sunderland, written by a gentleman at Hull, lately deceased. Having produced an admired specimen of sacred music, when the new church was to be consecrated at Sunderland, he was requested to compose the anthem, which was performed by the then excellent Durham choir, to an immense congregation. At Scarborough, in the fashionable spa season, he was the occasional leader of the con-

certs, and the constant one in the orchestra of the theatre, for which he composed many songs, written by the late ingenious pastoral poet Cunningham, who was an actor in Bates's company at that period. At one of the concerts, he was importuned by the late eminent professors, Fischer and Borghi, to fill a vacant seat in the orchestra of the Italian Opera House, which gratifying offer was most readily accepted, and that great musical general, Giardini, placed him in the rank of the second violins; but the following season the late excellent leader, Mr. Cramer, removed him to the principal viola, at which post he remained eighteen years, in the course of which time he produced upwards of twenty operas for Colman's and for Covent-garden Theatre: of the latter he became the Musical Director, and was also appointed one of the Musicians in Ordinary to his Majesty. His engagements comprised Bach and Abel's concerts, the Professional Concerts, the Ladies' Friday concert, the grand Sunday concerts, and the Wednesday concert of Ancient Music; from the latter of which he withdrew, as the necessary attendance at the Monday's rehearsal interfered with his Theatrical duty; but Lord Sandwich, who was the influential friend of Mr. Harris and Joah Bates, commanded his return to a duty which he always performed with profitable pleasure, and at last relinquished with mortifying regret. Shield had the good fortune, about this time, to travel from London to Taplow with the greatest of instrumental composers, Haydn; and considered that he gained more important information by four days' communion with that founder of a style which has given fame to so many imitators, than ever he did by the best directed studies in any four years of any part of his life. In the summer of 1791 he accompanied his extraordinary countryman Watson, to Paris; from which city he proceeded to

Italy with several agreeable foreigners, who like himself, were anxious to prove their taste by being auditors and spectators of operatical performances in Turin, Milan, Bologna, Piacenza, Parma, Lodi, Modena, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. There he remained stationary until he became familiar with the object of his journey; after which he returned with the courier to Turin, and thence returned in 1792, to resume his situations in London.

Soon after this period he published his well-known "*Introduction to Harmony*." At the death of Sir William Parsons, in 1817, His Majesty appointed him Master of his Musicians in Ordinary.

His dramatic compositions were very numerous, and eminently successful, among which were—*Rosina*, *The Poor Soldier*, *The Farmer*, *The Flitch of Bacon*, *Hartford Bridge*, *The Woodman*, *The Travellers in Switzerland*, *Robin Hood*, *Abroad and at Home*, *Fountainbleau*, *Lock and Key*, *Netley Abbey*, *Two Faces under a Hood*, &c. He also composed excellent songs, particularly *The Thorn*, *O bring me Wine*, *The Wolf*, *By the deep Nine*, *The Post Captain*, *Old Towler*, *Tom Moody*, *The Prince and Old England*, and a most erudite Treatise on Harmony.

To the merits of Shield as a composer, the following testimony appeared some years ago in "*The Quarterly Musical Review*."—"Late as he appeared, he struck out for himself a style of writing, pure, chaste, and original. His great prominent characteristic, however, is simplicity. No composer has ever woven so few notes into such sweet and impressive melodies, while the construction of the bass and harmony is alike natural, easy, and unaffected. We cannot open one of his Operas without being instantly captivated with this quality of his music. In such delightful little entertainments as *Marian and Rosina*, his airs breathe all the freshness,

and purity, and beauty of rural life, though the more ornamented and difficult parts are carried far beyond the common style of bravura. Shield appears to have been singularly fortunate in the great compass and agility of the female singers for whom he wrote his airs of execution. In Marian there is an hautboy song of amazing extent and much complication. In most of his works where he introduces bravuras, we find passages combining the difficulties of execution, in a manner which, if not absolutely new, lays considerable claims to novelty, and full of the same ingenious cast of expression that is discernible throughout all the parts of his style. Perhaps no writer is so remarkable for songs containing so much that is strictly national. After Purcell, we consider Shield to be the finest and most perfect example of really English writers. Ballads, in all the different modes of sentiment and description, abound in his Operas. Sea and hunting songs, the rural ditty, the convivial song and glee, the sweet sentimental ballad, are so frequent, that indeed, with the occasional interposition of songs of execution, they may be said to make up the customary and continual alterations from air to air. It will strike the observer as singular, that the later composers for the stage should have made so little use of the minor key. Shield has applied it in a most beautiful manner. In the course of our study and analysis of his compositions, we have been led from time to time to regret the incessant appetite for novelty in the public, which calls for such continual change of food, and that can lure as 'from this fair mountain,' but too often 'to batten on a moor.' Yet, nevertheless, the taste of our own age bears us out in the belief, that as much of Mr. Shield's music will descend to posterity, carrying with it the intrinsic marks of English genius, as of any other writer since the days of Arne."

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHIELD.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

SHIELD, all thy friends will on thy memory dwell,
 For all who knew thy merits loved thee well ;
 And, searching thro' thy life, full well they know
 A host of friends were thine, and not one foe.
 Tho' pure thy taste, and tho' thy genius bright,
 Yet Science led thee with her guiding light ;
 Nor were thy sweetest and thy noblest strains
 Attain'd without due toil and studious pains.
 The magic charm of music fix'd thy mind,
 Yet was still to various arts inclined ;
 Painting and sculpture gain'd thy fervid praise,
 And thou enraptured heard the poet's lays.
 Thy plaintive notes disclos'd thy tender heart,
 And with thy lyre could lofty sounds impart.
 So mild thy temper it could none offend,
 But insult offer'd to thyself or friend
 Would make at once thy manly spirit rise,
 Glow in thy heart, and glisten in thy eyes.
 To honor others thou wert always prone,
 And to promote their fame would slight thy own.
 Deep was thy knowledge of frail human kind,
 Who found in thee a sympathizing mind.
 True humour mark'd thee in her social hour,
 And wit had o'er thee a resistless pow'r.
 Kind as a husband, a protector dear,
 To those who kindred claim'd, remote or near ;
 To sum up all thy worth, we found in thee
 What Man in every state should strive to be.

Gentleman's Magazine

25.—1828.—DUKE OF WELLINGTON APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER.

Son of proud sires, whose patriot blood
 Sent to thy heart its purest flood !
 Son of the isle where souls of fire
 The natives' glowing breast inspire !
 What land, what language may not raise
 Its tribute to thy deathless praise ?
 Where India's burning day-stars shed
 Their fervors o'er the fainting head ;
 Climes where the wondrous bower-tree weaves
 Its shadowy wilderness of leaves ;

Where purple peak, and mountain brow,
 Warm with Elysian colouring glow,
 And sparkling cliff's pavilioned height
 Seem diamonded with fairy light ;
 Where wake's the war's discordant yell,
 With deafening song and tambour knell,
 And armed tower and curtained tent
 Nod on the castled elephant ;
 And silken bands in barbarous pride
 Troop by the turbaned Rajah's side ;
 Where Spain, amid her orange bowers,
 Wasted her wild romantic hours,
 And bid chivalric wars and loves
 Sound from Granada's high alooves ;
 Where, when the twilight-shadows steal
 O'er thy grey turrets, old Seville !
 Beneath their shade full gaily met,
 With light rubeo and castanet,
 The graceful youth and glowing maid
 The glad fandango's call obeyed,
 'Till, clutched in Gallia's vulture grasp,
 She burst indignant from the clasp ;
 Wake, like *the strong man from his sleep*,
 Waved her bright brand's resistless sweep,
 Shook her fair locks of freedom wide,
 Summoned the faithful to her side,
 Roused her sunk voice to patriot strain,
 And called on Albion o'er the main !
On either clime, when woke the sun,
 His light has on thy glory shone !
 Whene'er he saw thy flag unfurled
 It floated o'er a rescued world !

Yet, oh ! when Glory's trumpet-tone
 Swells the full blast with thee alone,—
 When round contending monarchs crowd,
 To grace thy name with trophies proud,—
 When kneeling Europe's soul acclaim
 Is breathed to her deliverer's name,
 Scorn not *thine own harp's* humble tone,
 Son of the Green Isle—WELLINGTON !

Maturin

The following characteristic anecdote of the noble Duke, may not be inappropriately introduced on this day :—During the campaign of the allied troops in Paris, a French citizen, who was returning from the country through the Champs Elysées,

where the troops were encamped, was robbed of his watch, by a serjeant in the British army. Complaint was immediately made to the commanding officer, and the troops were paraded before the Frenchman, who was thus enabled to single out the offender. A court-martial was held, and the criminal condemned to die on the following morning. As early as four o'clock, the whole of the allied army was assembled in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, where the prisoner was to undergo the sentence. The charge upon which he had been tried and convicted was read aloud, and the unfortunate man prepared for the presence of an offended Maker. Not a murmur ran through the ranks. The justice of the decree was acknowledged by every soldier, and if the short lapse of time between the offence and its solemn expiation excited feelings of terror, they were mingled with respect for the stern severity of their commander; the drums beat and the black flag waved mournfully in the air. The ministers of justice had raised the engines of destruction, and the fatal monosyllable Fire, was half ejaculated, when the Duke of Wellington rushed before the firelocks, and commanded a momentary pause whilst he addressed the prisoner; "You have offended against the laws of God, of honor, and of virtue,—the grave is open before you,—in a few short moments your soul will appear before its Maker,—your prosecutor complains of your sentence,—the man whom you have robbed would plead for your life, and is horror-struck at the rapidity of your judgment. You are a soldier, you have been brave and, as report says, until now, even virtuous. Speak boldly! in the face of Heaven and as a soldier of an army devoted to virtue and good order, declare now your own feelings as to your sentence. "General," said the man, "retire, and let my comrades do their duty; when a soldier forgets his

honor, life becomes disgraceful, and an immediate punishment is due as an example to the army—**FIRE.**” “You have spoken nobly,” said the Duke, with a tear in his eye.—“You have saved your life,—how can I destroy a repentant sinner, whose words are of greater value to the troops than his death would be? Soldiers, bear this in mind, and may a sense of honor always deter you from infamy.” The troops rent the air with huzzas; the criminal fell prostrate before the Duke, the word, march, was given; he arose and returned alive in those ranks which were to have witnessed his execution.

25.—1759.—ROBERT BURNS BORN.

Whar' the heather's growing,
 Whar' the hare-bell weeps,
 Whar' the stream is flowing
 There he ever sleeps:
 Doon may mourn him ever,
 Sae may canty Ayr,
 For they'll never, never
 See their Laureate mair.

Ye wha're fond o' pleasure,
 Ye wha're fond o' wine,
 Ye wha ne'er kept treasure,
 Ye wha wooed the Nine,
 Weep o'er a hapless brither;
 Whar' yon auld thorn mourns,
 There lies sic anither
 Ill-starred Robert Burns.

A. H.

A short distance from Ayr, near to Kirk Alloway, stands a lowly cottage, that has nothing to recommend it, otherwise than being the birth-place of the greatest poet that Scotland ever produced; and on this account, unattractive as the building is, it becomes an object of interest.

Mr. John Murdoch, the early tutor of Burns, says:—“In this mean cottage, of which I myself was at times an inhabitant, I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any place in Europe.”



The house was built by the father of the poet, shortly after whose birth one end of it fell down, which occasioned an alarm easier conceived than described. The house consisted of a kitchen at one extremity, and at the other was a room, dignified with the luxury of a fire-place and chimney—things not usual at that time in the cottages of the Scottish peasantry. In the kitchen was a concealed bed, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials as the house, and being altogether cast over, both outside and inside, with mortar, it had a neat and comfortable appearance. The regularity and order of the house, during the time the father lived in it, is thus described by the poet, in his *Cotter's Saturday night* :

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' bible, once his father's pride.
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And, " let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

Of latter years the house has been turned into a snug public house; and yearly, on the birth-day of Burns, a social party meet and celebrate it with festivity and rejoicing; scarcely a traveller passes, who does not there pay a tribute to the memory of the poet; and the possessor has contrived that none shall

pass without knowing who once inhabited it, by placing the following inscription near the door:—

Halt, passenger, and read :
 This is the humble cottage,
 That gave birth to the celebrated
 Poet, ROBERT BURNS.

Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott.

“As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath,—

‘Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery baptized in tears.’

“Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind.

He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langthorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea, that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer, of the old Scotch school, *i. e.* none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude-man* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not re-

member any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

"I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English Poetry was rather limited, and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Fergusson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate.

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the Laird. I do not speak in *malem partem*, when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this.—I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since."—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

One of the few good poets of America, has honored the memory of Scotia's favourite son with the following charming verses :

TO A ROSE,

BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AUTUMN, 1822.

Wild rose of Alloway ! my thanks—

Thou 'minds't me of that autumn noon,

When first we met upon "the banks

And braces o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine,
The doom of all things wrought of clay,
And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway.

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long;
His—who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed,
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour,
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth—
The rich, the brave, the strong.

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions, then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,
Few nobler ones than BURNS are there,
And few have worn a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light up the cheek :

And his, that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine, and its showers,
O'er passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er reason's dark, cold hours :

On fields where brave men " die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When " Scots wha hea wi' Wallace bled,"
Or " Auld lang Syne " is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With " Logan's " banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frame of clay
Come thronging at his call ;

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity.

And BURNS, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures, the poor alone can know,
• The proud alone can feel ;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard !—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame are flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a lov'd one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallow'd home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confin'd :
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have prest
 The Switzer's snows, the Arab's sand,
 Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
 My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
 And gather feelings not of earth
 His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
 The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
 Wear they not graven on the heart
 The name of ROBERT BURNS? F. G. HALLECK.



The remains of Alloway Kirk, of which the above is a correct representation, lay within a few yards of the road leading from Ayr to Carrick. It is a place of extreme antiquity, but has been long decaying. Burns rendered it very conspicuous by his inimitable Tam O' Shanter.

In the burial ground lie the remains of the poet's father, over whom is placed a stone, which bears the following inscription,—

This stone was erected to the memory of
WILLIAM BURNES,
*Who died Feb. 13, 1784, aged 63 years, and was
 buried here.*

The Poet and his brother Gilbert abbreviated the family name from Burness to Burns.

27.—1756.—J. C. W. G. MOZART BORN.

ON HEARING A SACRED SONG OF MOZART.

By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

Oh! still, as with a seraph's voice, prolong
 The harmonics of that enchanting song,
 Till, list'ning, we might almost think we hear,
 Beyond this cloudy world, in the pure sphere
 Of light—acclaiming hosts the throne surrounding,
 The long Hosannah's evermore resounding—
 Soft voices, interposed, in pure accord,
 Breathing a holier charm :

Oh! every word,
 Falls like a drop of silver, as the strain,
 In winding sweetness, swells, and sinks again.

Sing ever thus, beguiling life's long way,
 As here, poor pilgrims of the earth, we stray ;
 And, Lady, when thy pilgrimage shall end,
 And late the shades of the long night descend,
 May sister-scraps meet with welcome song,
 And gently say, " Why have you stay'd so long?"

**29.—1820.—KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S
 ACCESSION.**

There is a prediction preserved by the Monkish annalists, which is said to have been delivered in the time of William the Conqueror; as an anathema, or curse; signifying, that no more than three monarchs should ever reign over this kingdom without some violent interruption. His present Majesty, by his accession, was the first that broke the spell, as the following will clearly shew.

William I: William II. Henry I. *Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.*—Henry II. Richard I. John. *Interrupted by the usurpation of Louis the Dauphin.*—Henry III. Edward I. Edward II. *Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward II.*

—Edward III. Richard II. *Interrupted by the deposition of Richard II.*—Henry IV. Henry V. Richard III. *Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond.*—Henry VII. Henry VIII. Edward VI. *Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane Grey, and making King Henry's daughters illegitimate.*—Mary I. Elizabeth. *A foreign King called to the crown.*—James I. Charles I. *Interrupted by the Commonwealth.*—Charles II. James II. *Interrupted by the abdication of James and election of a foreigner.*—William III. Anne. *Interrupted by Parliament appointing a foreigner.*—George I. II. III. IV.

30.—1648.—MARTYRDOM OF CHARLES I.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*, gives the following estimate of the character of that unfortunate monarch:—"The characteristic of the mind of Charles the First, was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain it, and fortitude to suffer for it,—this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. We should, however, observe, that this strength of character is not necessarily associated with the most comprehensive understanding, any more than the most comprehensive understanding is necessarily supported by this moral force. Hence, the stronger the character of the man, the stronger may be its errors, and thus its very strength may become its greatest infirmity. In speculating upon the life of Charles the First, through all the stages of his varied existence, from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune beneath the humblest of his people, the King himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable fate.

“The more delightful arts he pursued with intense pleasure; for this monarch was not only a lover of arts, but could himself have aspired to the honors of an artist. These, however, had not absorbed his studies. The library of St. James’s, before the civil wars, contained a manuscript volume, which Charles in his youth had presented to his father, consisting of his literary collections and other epitomes the fruits of juvenile studies. But these philosophical and ingenious pursuits have been barbarously censured as mean and trivial in a monarch. The arts and sciences were considered by the rigid puritanic politicians merely as sources of emolument for the mechanics who professed them. The intellectual part of these studies—the meditation, and the elegance and knowledge which discipline the mind in the progress of invention, had never rectified their crude principles, softened their harsh tempers, or illumined their dark minds. These studies, not unworthy of a Sovereign, would have reflected his tastes among a people whose fanaticism had so long persecuted the finer arts; and our nation would not have suffered the reproach of foreign critics, who, ignorant of our history, ventured to assign the natural causes which, as they imagined, incapacitated us from excelling in the practice of the arts of imagination and sensibility. Charles the First, had it been his happiness to have reigned in peace, would have anticipated by a century the glory of English arts.”

31.—1820.—KING GEORGE THE FOURTH
PROCLAIMED.

“In his days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
Wherever the bright son of heav’n shall shine.
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be.”

Astronomical Occurrences

In January, 1830.

What call we then the firmament?

Call it, the noble pasture of the mind ;
Which there expatiates, strengthens and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the Garden of the Deity.

Blossomed with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial, moral fruit to man. YOUNG.

We resume the sublime and interesting employment of tracing the brightly-beaming stars, as they shine forth from their depths of blue, encircling the earth with a robe of splendour, and diminishing the dreariness and desolation of the winter season ; a contemplation of their glories, especially connected with the principles of the science which treat of their phenomena, is calculated to enkindle the sublimest emotions in the mind, whether we consider the vastness of the scene in which the heavenly bodies move, or examine more minutely their numbers, magnitudes, and immense distances, their velocity, and the precision of their revolutions ; each of these is sufficient to impress the mind of the student of nature, and leave him more of the ethereal, and less of the carthy, as he returns from the survey.

That heart must be under the dominion of vice, or paralysed by the leaden sceptre of apathy, that can behold with indifference those bright orbs which beamed forth in beauty on the garden of Eden, which shone on the path of the antediluvian patriarch in his pastoral wanderings, which guided the bark of the adventurous mariner in the early ages of nautical science, which inspired the songs of the bards of antiquity, which drew forth the admiration of our immediate progenitors, and which

shall continue to shed their sweet influences when the present generation shall have mingled their dust with the clods of the valley.

Independently of these delightful associations, which appeal at once to the best feelings of our natures, and the consideration of the light which a cultivation of this science throws on the vast universe, every new discovery in which proves that it is organized with infinite skill, and declares to every intelligent mind the boundless benevolence that pervades immensity,—there is in the science of astronomy that which is intimately connected with the prosperity of the human race, even the common concerns of life being regulated by the celestial motions; the nicest astronomical skill has been required to adjust the calendar; the *apparent inequalities* of the celestial movements, involving quantities which in some cases must be added, and in others rescinded from the calculations; a familiar instance may be cited: owing to an accumulation through a long period of time of these inequalities, it was found requisite to change the style; or in other words, in the month of September, 1752, ten days were at once expunged from the Calendar, so that the day following the 4th of September was called the 14th; this might be considered a trifling inconvenience, and only important to the historian, for a lapse of ages must ensue before the irregularity would press on the interests of mankind; yet as it respects the prosperity of a maritime country, the cultivation of this science is intimately connected. What is it expedites the vessel of the merchant in its voyage from these fair northern isles to utmost India, where with “plumed and jewelled turban” she pours into the lap of Britannia her richest treasures? it is the perfection to which this science has been brought by the calculating mind, the wakeful faculties, the accurate eye

of the astronomer, which have been devoted indirectly in promoting the security and welfare of his fellow men, while traversing the vast Pacific and rolling Atlantic Oceans : these can best understand and confirm the importance of celestial observations, when for days and nights the skies have been as a desert ; no sun, or moon, or stars ; above them the scowling clouds, beneath them the rolling waves ; the tempest and currents acting in different directions, so as to render unavailing every attempt to determine the situation of the ship ; the fears of the stoutest heart are excited, in apprehension of the hidden rock and fatal reef ; but if amidst this dreary scene the clouds should break away and discover the blue vault of heaven, and the pale queen of night with her silvery orb, either in conjunction with, or more or less remote from, some well known star that may have befriended many a mariner, then instantly every youthful as well as experienced hand is plying the sextant, and the ship's place is determined by the aid of these luminaries, and the skill of the practical astronomer, on whose observations are grounded those Tables, which are the seaman's most invaluable guide. Having thus briefly glanced at the *utility* as well as *grandeur* of the sublime science of astronomy, we proceed to lay before our readers the celestial phenomena for the current year.

Obliquity of the Ecliptic.

This obliquity has been an interesting subject of investigation from the earliest study of astronomy to the present time : the first observation recorded, that can be depended on, is by Eratosthenes, 230 years before the Christian era ; he determined the angle which the Sun's path makes with the equinoctial to be $23^{\circ} 51' 20''$; by a comparison of a hundred and sixty observations since, it is found

that this angle is diminishing $51''$ in a century ; the physical cause of this diminution, is the united action of the Sun and planets on the protuberant matter of the Earth's equatoreal regions. There is a remarkable unexplained circumstance attending this phenomenon, namely, that the winter solstice has a less obliquity than the summer solstice, which is supposed to have some connection with a hitherto undiscovered modification of refraction.

The following is the measure of the obliquity for the usual epochs during the present year :

January.. 1st the true obliquity is	$23^{\circ} 27'$	$32''.6$
April 1st.....	23 27	33 . 3
July 1st.....	23 27	32 . 7
October . 1st.....	23 27	33 . 6
December 31st	23 27	33 . 1
January.. 1st the mean obliquity is	23 27	42 . 5

The equations of the equinoctial points at the same time are as follow ; namely,

January.. 1st, the equation is	— $2'' . 1$
April 1st.....	— 3 . 6
July 1st.....	— 5 . 2
October .. 1st.....	— 6 . 5
December 31st.....	— 8 . 0

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Aquarius at 41 minutes past 11 in the morning of the 20th of this month. He also rises and sets at the following times, which are calculated for Greenwich, but may easily be reduced to any other meridian east or west of the Royal Observatory, by converting the difference of longitude into time, at the rate of 15° to an hour, $15'$ to a minute, $15''$ to a second, and either adding or subtracting the result, as the place is east or west of the first meridian.

Table of the Sun's rising and setting for every fifth day.

Jan. 1st, Sun rises 5 min. after 8, sets 55 min. after 3	
6th, 1	8, .. 59 3
11th, 57	7, .. 3 4
16th, 51	7, .. 9 4
21st, 44	7, .. 16 4
26th, 37	7, .. 23 4
31st, 29	7, .. 31 4

Equation of Time.

The following Table shows what must be added to the *solar time*, as indicated by a good sun-dial, to obtain the *mean time*, or that which should be shown by a well-regulated clock at the same moment. The addition for the intermediate epoch is to be found by proportion.

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m.	s.
Friday,	Jan. 1st, to the time by the dial add	3	50
Wednesday,	— 6th,	6	7
Monday,	— 11th,	8	13
Saturday,	— 16th,	10	4
Thursday,	— 21st,	11	38
Tuesday,	— 26th,	12	53
Sunday,	— 31st,	13	48

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 34 min. after 2 morning.	
Full Moon, 9th .. 32	3
Last Quarter, 17th .. 3	4
New Moon, 24th .. 54	4 afternoon.
First Quarter, 31st .. 47	10 morning.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The numbers in the following Table, indicate the times at which the Moon's centre will pass the meridian of the Royal Observatory; for any other meridian a slight reduction is necessary, which depends on the Moon's horary motion, and the longitude of the place.

Table of the Moon's Passage over the First Meridian.

January, 1st day, 37 m. after 5 in the evening.

2nd	..	28	6
3rd	..	20	7
4th	..	13	8
5th	..	7	9
6th	..	1	10
16th	.	9	5 in the morning.
17th	..	52	5
18th	..	36	6
19th	..	21	7
20th	..	9	8
29th	..	16	4 in the afternoon.
30th	..	8	5
31st	..	1	6 in the evening.

Phenomena Planetarum.

Venus is the evening star, and passing through the zodiacal constellation Aquarius: this beautiful planet is increasing in brightness and breadth, and having passed her greatest elongation, is rapidly assuming the form of a crescent; the following are the proportional phases:

January 1st.—Illuminated part = 5.6586
Dark part..... = 6.3414

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

Jupiter is too near the Sun to admit of any of these eclipses being visible.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

Saturn is entering the constellation Leo, and advancing to a favorable position for observation.

The following are the proportions of the Ring:

January 1st.—Transverse axis = 1.000
Conjugate axis = —0.267

*Conjunctions of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.**

Jan. 5th, with γ in Taurus,	at 8 in the even.
5th, .. 1 and 2 δ in Taurus, ..	10
6th, .. Aldebaran,	3 in the morn.
13th, .. τ in Leo,	midnight.
16th, .. δ in Virgo,	6 in the morn.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury in conjunction with Uranus at 6 in the evening of the 13th of this month. Uranus in conjunction with the Sun at 7 in the evening of the 26th.

Mercury will be at his greatest elongation the 27th day, when, should the atmosphere prove favorable, an opportunity will occur, one or two evenings previous, and succeeding, of viewing this planet without the aid of instruments. The other planets of the system are constantly presenting themselves for observation, with the exception of a short space of time about the period of their conjunction; but this messenger of the gods but just appears, as if in haste to discharge his commission, and returns again to lose himself in the solar beams. The author of "*The Seasons*" beautifully refers to this circumstance in his address to the Sun:

Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam, *His* praise,
 Soul of surrounding worlds!
 'Tis by thy secret, strong attractive force,
 As with a chain indissolubly bound,
 Thy system rolls entire,
 From far "Uranus," wheeling wide his round
 Of eighty years, to *Mercury*, whose disc
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze."

* We restrict the conjunctions to those stars which are likely to be occulted by the moon.

The Naturalist's Diary.

For January, 1830.

I love the Summer calm, I love
Smooth seas below, blue skies above,
The placid lake, the unruffled stream,
The woods that rest beneath the beam;
I love the deep, deep pause that reigns
At highest noon o'er hills and plains;
And own that Summer's gentle rule
Is soothing, soft, and *beautiful*.

Yet Winter, in its august form
Has charms,—there's grandeur in the storm
When the winds battle with the floods,
And bow the mightiest of the woods;
When the loud thunder, crash on crash,
Follows the lightning's herald flash;
And rocks, and spires, and towers are rent,
'Tis startling, but *magnificent*. N. T. CARRINGTON.

The winter solstice calls us to reflect on the blessings which the munificent Author of nature grants to us in this rigorous season. The advantages of winter to the earth, to the atmosphere, and to man, are incalculably great. In consequence of the cold and frost, many noxious vapours are retained in the superior regions of the atmosphere, by which means the air is rendered more pure. Far from being prejudicial to the health of man, they often improve it, and counteract that debility which a continued heat would produce. The constitution of the human body varies according to the climate in which it is placed, so that the inhabitants of the northern countries enjoy a constitution adapted to the excessive cold that prevails there, and they are generally very robust and hardy. Even as man, though he loves to be in action, and that labour is necessary to him, is yet glad to have his toil interrupted by the recurrence of each evening, so taste

the sweets of sleep, and to pass into a state altogether opposite to that in which he was when awake ; so also does our nature accommodate itself to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and we are pleased with them, because they contribute to our happiness and well-being.

At present our fields and our gardens are covered with snow, which is necessary to preserve them from being injured by the cold, to secure the seeds from the impetuosity of the winds, and to prevent their being destroyed. The fields, after having, during the fine weather, produced all the fruits upon which we live in the winter, require some repose. And in this we have great cause to acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of God ; for if he had not provided for our support, and if to obtain our nourishment we were obliged to cultivate the earth in this rigorous season, our complaints might have some foundation ; but he has begun by filling our magazines which are sufficient to supply all our wants, and permit us to enjoy a degree of repose suitable to the season.

Almighty God, thy pow'r we sing !
And to thy goodness tribute bring
For all thy works of love ;
Thy wisdom crowns thy boundless might,
Thy kindness brings thy truth to light,
As clear as orbs above.

Thy universe thy greatness shows,
And endless space thy presence knows,
O wond'rous, glorious God !
Thy finger marks the comet's sphere,
And countless orbs in full career
Pursue their various road.

Nor less the wonders of thine hand,
Which, nearer viewed, our souls command,
For grandeur shines in all ;
The lightning's glare, the foaming deep,
The whirlwind's blast, the craggy steep,
Our trembling frames appal.

And, wand'ring through the globe of earth,
 On which unnumber'd tribes have birth,
 In quick successive round,
 We stop to gaze, but soon are lost
 Oh seas of pow'r creative tost,
 The pow'r without a bound.

How full are earth, and sea, and air !
 How great thy love ! what constant care
 Of all the host is shown ;
 On great and small thy bounty flows,
 And all creation richly glows
 With goodness all thine own.

Dreary as is this season of the year, there is still much to interest the naturalist and lover of nature. The pleasures of the microscope are greater than at any other period, for the chrystals of frozen water which appear nothing to the naked eye, present the most beautiful appearances when viewed through the glass, far surpassing all the efforts of arts in variety and beauty.

The progress of vegetation too is still going on and affords full scope for pleasing observation, as well as much to be done in the garden; as is practically shown by Mr. Riviere, of Hampden Cottage, Sawbridgeworth, who thus describes his winter garden in *The Gardener's Magazine*. "My cottage is situate about the middle of the garden, which consists of one acre: it is a parellelogram, or long square, being exactly as long again as it is broad, sloping gently to the east. One-fourth of this spot I have eudeavoured to convert into a winter garden. On the north side is a brick wall; on the south, plantations of evergreens; at the top, facing the east, the house stands; at the bottom, facing the west, is a summer-house. The wall is well clothed with bearing peaches and nectrines. About 18 inches from the wall, I have planted chrysanthemums, 4 feet asunder, which during the summer months, are tied up to strong sticks. About the

10th of October, when the fruit has been all gathered, I untie them from the sticks, expand, and tie them to the fruit trees, generally so that they completely cover the wall, at least from 2 feet from the ground to the top, 8 feet. I find not the least impediment to the ripening of the fruit by the chrysanthemums, as sufficient sun and air come between them for that purpose; and they being 18 inches from the wall, there is plenty of room to manage the trees. As they decay, I cut them off, for nothing is more unsightly than decayed flowers or stalks in a well regulated flower garden. On the south side, the back row is a perfect yew-hedge; the border from which, 8 feet wide, consists of boxes. Portugal laurels, arbor vitæ, yellow-berried privets, Chinese privets, arbutus, symphoria or snowberry; variegated and green hollies, of all the varieties, perhaps 20; laurustinus, Alexander laurels, butcher's broom, *Aucuba japonica*, Phillyrea, bays, and others: all disposed according to their different heights; which border extends, in a semicircular turn, to the summer-house; on the other side of which, up to the wall, is a corresponding semicircular border, planted with the same mixture of evergreens. Likewise, at top, on each side of the house, there are similar borders; so that the area, or open space is a long oval; dispersed over which there are a number of circular and oval clumps, of different sizes. In the more choice kinds, such as scarlet arbutus, magnolia, grandiflora, mespilus japonicas, two or three fine hollies, &c.; and each clump has a proper number of chrysanthemums, of the hardier kinds, such as the crimson quilled, white, French white, changeable pale buff, spanish brown, buff, rose, bright yellow, &c., each sort on a clump; and I believe I am not the only one who admire flowers in masses. On each side of the summer-house there are edgings of the *helléborus niger* or christmas

rose. Now I must extend this description as long as nature continues to assume the aspect of winter, say till about Lady-day, for no deciduous trees, or shrubs burst their buds till after that period.

“Edgings of early spring flowers are round each clump, such as *cránthus hyemàlis* or winter aconite: *hepaticas*, white, blue, and red; snow-drops, Persian iris, primroses, violets, &c., and a most extensive variety of crocus of all hues, more than 20 sorts. Some of which are in bloom from the beginning of February, till the end of March. Likewise, the front edge of the evergreen border of *Amaryllis lutea*, which, being in the shade, bloom late, and are in full flower from the beginning of November, till christmas.”

Hail, winter! rigid winter, hail!
Thou dost not come with aspect bland;
Yet from thy glance I do not quail,
Nor shrink beneath thy icy hand.

For though thou come with churlish mien,
And sadden grove, and hill, and plain,
Thy frowns may change the smiling scene,
But they are bent on me in vain.

True, the fresh lily thou canst kill,
And make the blooming rose decay,
But thou dost leave me, winter, still
Far dearer, lovelier flowers than they.

When hills and plains are veiled in snow.
And scarce the sun emits a gleam,
Then ruddy cheeks still ruddier glow,
And their bright eyes still brighter beam.

Pale autumn's train of lingering flowers
Must in thy bosom find their tomb,
But e'en thy bleakest, stormiest hours,
Shed o'er my buds a brighter bloom.

Then, winter, howl without our dome,
Within it, they thy hours beguile;
Thy frowns can ne'er invade a home
Where even thou art made to smile.

The following letter from M. Fintelmann, of Potsdam, to Mr. Loudon, will show how the Prussians amuse themselves at this season of the year, and keep up an appearance of a perpetual summer even throughout the winter.

“Winter gardens, as far as I know, exist nowhere else but in Prussia. In Potsdam we have only one, that of M. Voigt, very good and very highly kept; but at Berlin there are four, M. Teichmann's in the Thiergarten, Faust's and George's both within the town walls, and Moeve's on the Potsdam road. The original of these gardens was established by M. Bouché soon after the time of the general peace, but his garden is now quite neglected, and the leading establishment ever since 1818, has been M. Teichmann's.

“These gardens are simply large green-houses, or what would be called in England orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling plastered like that of a room, and upright windows in front. The air is heated by stoves, which are supplied with fuel from behind. On the floor are placed here and there large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. The plants are mostly such as have a single stem of at least 3 or 4 feet in height, and round the stem and over the boxes a table is formed by properly contrived boards, so that the tree appears to be growing out of the centre of the table. These tables which are sometimes round and sometimes square, are for the use of guests, either to take refreshments, or for pamphlets and newspapers. Sometimes on each table there is a circle of handsome odoriferous plants, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, mignonette, &c. in pots, round the stem of the plant; in other cases, there is no table, but the box is covered with handsome flowering plants; and in some parts of the floor, one handsome tree in the middle is sur-

rounded by several smaller trees and plants, so as to form a mass, or clumps of verdure and flowers, such as we see in pleasure-grounds.

“The flowers which are generally found in these winter gardens throughout the winter are hyacinths, narcissuses, ranunculuses, tulips, crocuses, roses, heaths, camellias, acacias, epacrises, correas, &c. There are also various climbers, curious or showy stove plants, pine apples in fruit, cactuses, &c., and sometimes even fruit trees, the latter both in flower and in fruit. The proprietors of these gardens have generally small forcing stoves, for the purpose of bringing forward and keeping up their supplies.

“It is almost needless to say, that in these gardens or orangeries there are plenty of seats, and small moveable tables, and generally music, a reciter of poetry, a reader, a lecturer, or some other person or party to supply vocal or intellectual entertainment; short plays have even been acted in them on the Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illuminations are on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries also there are separate saloons with billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for card playing, and for select parties.

“If you enter these gardens in the morning part of the day during the winter season, you will find old gentlemen with spectacles reading the newspapers, taking chocolate, and talking politics; after three o'clock, you see ladies and gentlemen, and people of every description, sitting among the trees, talking or reading, and smoking, and with punch, grog, coffee, beer, and wine before them. In the saloon, you will see those gentlemen and ladies who cannot bear tobacco; and I ought to mention, that in some orangeries smoking tobacco is not

allowed, and in others it is only permitted till a certain time in the day.

“When the audience leaves the theatre in the evening, you will find in M. Faust’s garden a great number of well dressed people of both sexes, who look in there before they go home, to see the beauty of vegetation when brilliantly illuminated by artificial light, and to talk of the play and the players.

“I saw no garden in England, Scotland, or Ireland, that I could compare to these winter gardens; they appear to me very suitable to a capital town, though I do not think they would be much frequented by the people of London, who have not the same taste, nor the same leisure, for these kinds of amusements, that the Berlin people have.”

Among the feathered race also there is much to delight an observant mind, as many birds may be seen and heard at this season. The nuthatch (*Europæa*) although rather a scarce bird, is one of them. A correspondent, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, communicates the following particulars of one:—“I had never seen the little bird called the nuthatch, when, one day, as I was expecting the transit of some wood-pigeons under a beech tree, with a gun in my hand, I observed a little ash-coloured bird squat himself on one of the large lateral trunks over my head, and, after some observation, begin to tap loudly, or rather solidly upon the wood, and then proceed round and round the branch, it being clearly the same thing to him whether his nadir or zenith were uppermost. I shot, and the bird fell: there was a lofty hedge between us, and when I got over he had removed himself. It was some time before I secured him, and I mention this, because the manner in which he eluded me was characteristic of his cunning. He concealed himself in holes at the bottom of a

ditch, so long as he heard the noise of motion, and when all was still, he would scud out and attempt to escape. A wing was broken, and I at length got hold of him. He proved small, but very fierce, and his bite would have made a child cry out. The elbow joint of the wing being thoroughly shattered, and finding that he had no other wound, I cut off the dangling limb, and put him into a large cage with a common lark. The wound did not in the least diminish his activity, nor yet his pugnacity, for he instantly began to investigate all possible means of escape; he tried the bars, then tapped the wood-work of the cage, and produced a knocking sound, which made the room re-echo; but finding his efforts in vain, he then turned upon the lark, ran under him with his gaping beak to bite, and effectually alarmed his far more gentle and elegant antagonist. Compelled to separate them, the nuthatch, for this bird I discovered him to be, by turning over the leaves of an *Ornithologia*, was put into a smaller cage of plain oak wood and wire. Here he remained all night, and the next morning his knocking or tapping with his beak was the first sound I heard, though sleeping in an apartment divided from the other by a landing-place. He had food given to him, minced chicken and bread-crumbs, and water. He eat and drank with a most perfect impudence, and the moment he had satisfied himself, turned again to his work of battering the frame of his cage, the sound from which, both in loudness and prolongation of noise, is only to be compared to the efforts of a fashionable footman upon a fashionable door in a fashionable square. He had a particular fancy for the extremities of the corner pillars of the cage; on these he spent his most elaborate taps, and at this moment, though he only occupied the cage a day, the wood is pierced and worn like a piece of old w...

eaten timber. He probably had an idea, that if these main beams could once be penetrated, the rest of the superstructure would fall, and free him. Against the door-way he had also a particular spite, and once succeeded in opening it; and when, to interpose a farther obstacle, it was tied in a double knot with string, the perpetual application of his beak quickly unloosed it. In ordinary cages a circular hole is left in the wire for the bird to insert his head, to drink from a glass: to this hole the nuthatch constantly repaired, not for the purpose of drinking, but to try to put out more than his head, but in vain; for he is a thick bird, and rather heavily built: but the instant he found the hole too small, he would withdraw his head, and begin to dig and hammer at the circle, and where it is rooted in the wood, with his pickaxe of a beak, evidently with a design to enlarge the orifice. His labour was incessant, and he eat as largely as he worked; and I fear it was the united effects of both that killed him. His hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance, with his entire form, of the head of a hammer; or, as I have sometimes seen birds on the mechanical clocks made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel. We were in hopes that when the sun went down he would cease from his labours, and rest: but no; at the interval of every ten minutes, up to nine or ten o'clock in the night, he resumed his knocking, and strongly reminded us of the coffin maker's nightly and dreary occupation. It was said by one of us, 'he is nailing his own coffin;' and so it proved. An awful fluttering in the cage, now covered with a handkerchief, announced that some-

thing was wrong : we found him at the bottom of his prison, with his feathers ruffled, and nearly all turned back. He was taken out, and for some time he lingered, amidst convulsions, and occasional brightenings up : at length he drew his last gasp ; and will it be belived that tears were shed on his demise ? The fact is, that the apparent intelligence of his character, the speculation in his eye, the assiduity of his labour, and his most extraordinary fearlessness and familiarity, though coupled with fierceness, gave us a consideration for him that may appear ridiculous to those who have never so nearly observed the ways of an animal as to feel interested in its fate. With us it was different.

“ Since our poor nuthatch died, I have observed that White in his charming work on the *Natural History of Selborne*, states, that the knocking of the nuthatch may be heard at the distance of a furlong ; and that he has frequently placed nuts in the joints of a gate for this bird, which were quickly penetrated by his beak, and the kernal extracted. The beak is uncommonly large and strong for so small a bird.”

The smallest of British birds, the golded crested wren, (*Sylvia regulus*) is now more easily discovered than any other bird.

Aloft in mazy course the golden wren
Sports on the boughs. *Gisborne.*

It is so extremely timid, that by striking the bough upon which it is sitting, sharply with a stick or stone, it immediately falls to the ground, and generally dead. White says, “ it will stand unconcerned till you come within three or four yards of it.”

The red-breast (*motacila rubecula*) at this season is peculiarly fond of the habitation of man, and

unless the weather is extremely cold, even cheers the wintry gloom with his song.

‘ Dear little tenant of the flowery grove,
Sweet warbler at my frost-embroidered pane,
When winter rules despotic hill and plain,
And hushed the feather’d suitor’s lay of love,
And wand’ring minstrels seek more genial clime ;
Come, sweetest bird, that little heeds the storm,
And perched near lonely cottage casement warm,
Full blithely sings, scorning the iron time,—
Come, with thy sparkling eye of purest ray,
And throat that might Virginia’s songsters dare
With her’s its brilliant plumage to compare :
Come, cheer the wintry as the summer day,
And like a faithful friend, be thine to bless
When sunbeams dazzle, or when clouds oppress.’

There are many insects to be found at this season. Gnats are often seen sporting in the winter’s sun, and winter moths and bay shouldered button-moths are at times seen. Birds are often accused of destroying the buds of trees, because they are often found nibbling about them. It is not the buds however, but the insects frequenting them, of which they are in search.

There are some animals peculiarly adapted for this season; the rein-deer is one of these. The traveller from Norway or Sweden may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle, but when he enters Finmark he cannot stir without the rein-deer; and with his faithful servant the Finmark dealer may travel from his native wilds, to dispose of his produce in the market of Tornea and Stockholm. The rein-deer alone connects two extremities of a kingdom; and without him, the comforts and knowledge of civilized life could never be extended over those countries, which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all other communication with the other portions of mankind. There is a portrait of a rein-deer in the palace of Drotning-

holm, Sweden, which is represented upon an occasion of emergency, to have drawn an officer with important dispatches, the incredible distance of 800 English miles in 48 hours. This was in 1699, and tradition says, the animal dropped down lifeless on its arrival. — *De Broke's winter in Lapland.*

WINTER.—A SONNET.

The wind howls loud, the snow is on the ground,
 The icy river has forgot to flow ;
 On leafless boughs no shelter can be found
 Where the poor starving feathered race can go.
 The timid robin to the window flies,
 And begs some crumbs to save him from death's doom,
 As round the fire the happy circle hies
 To dissipate with mirth drear winter's gloom :
 'Tis then we feel the blest delights of home,
 And for the friendless wanderer shed a tear,
 Who's doom'd unsheltered through this world to roam,
 Devoid of even hope his days to cheer :
 How ought our thanks great God ! ascend to thee,
 Who from such earthly misery keeps us free.

Frederick Tyrrell.



FEBRUARY.

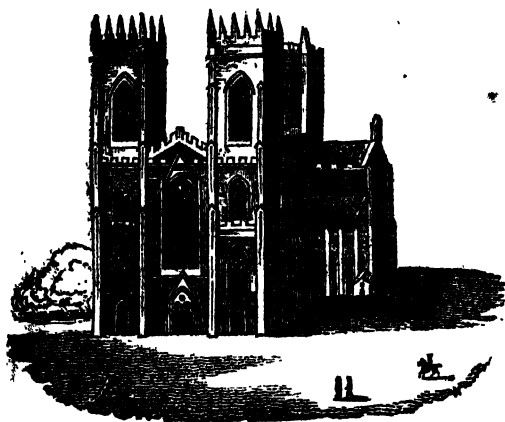
THE name of this month has given rise to long etymological contests; but it was probably derived from *Februa*, a name of Juno, who was presumed to preside over the diseases of females. Numa placed it under the patronage of Neptune, the supposed adviser of carrying off the Sabine women. It was called by the Saxons, the Sprout Kele, and subsequently the Sol Monath, from the return of the Sun, then entering on the sign of the Fishes.

Remarkable Days.

2.—PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This is also called Candlemas Day. It is a festival of high antiquity among Christians, and is still observed with great pomp by the Church of Rome; being in commemoration of the presentation of Christ in the Temple, and Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

2.—1829.—YORK MINSTER BURNT.



On this day the interior of that stupendous monument of past ages, York Minster, was nearly destroyed by fire. About half past two o'clock, an incendiary named Jonathan Martin, who had concealed himself behind a tomb, during service in the afternoon, set fire to that sacred pile, by collecting the clergymen's and singers' surplices, &c., and, after placing them in a heap in the vestry room, set fire to them, by means of a flint and steel he carried in his pocket. Having seen the flames faintly take hold of the elegant tabernacle woodwork by which the choir is surrounded, he made his escape through a window in the north transept, by means of a piece of rope cut from the one attached to the prayer-bell. The fire was not discovered till seven o'clock the next morning; when the flames had extended themselves so widely, that in a short time the roof fell in and the whole of the choir and chancel resembled an immense furnace, and continued burning for hours after. The length of roof destroyed was 222 feet, including the noble organ and communion plate. The flames were arrested in their further progress by means of sawing away the burning rafters. The damage done, amounted to about £80,000. The rope by which Martin escaped being left suspended from the window, led to an enquiry, which terminated in his apprehension, near Hexham, the following Friday. He had formerly been a sailor, but lately subsisted by selling a pamphlet of his own life. He confessed to having set fire to the cathedral, in consequence of two remarkable dreams, from which he fancied he was to do it. Being afterwards tried and acquitted on the ground of insanity, he was sentenced to end his days in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, Saint George's Fields, London.

3.—ST. BLAISE.

According to the learned antiquary Dr. Pegge, Blaise was bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, and suffered death in the reign of Dioclesian, about the year 283, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, but the English version of that book has the year 387, neither of which dates are strictly true, since Dioclesian did not succeed to the empire till the year 284, and died before the latter date. Before his death, which was by beheading, he was whipped, and had his flesh torn *ferreis pectinibus*, with iron combs; and this seems to be the only reason for the respect paid to his memory by wool-combers. Butler, however, disagrees with Dr. Pegge and fixes his death in the year 316, when he was martyred in the persecution of Licinius, by the command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappidocia and the lesser Amenia.

St. Blazey, a small village in Cornwall, is celebrated for having been the landing-place of the bishop, whose effigy is preserved in the church, which is dedicated to his memory. An annual festival is also held in the parish on this day, in honor of this distinguished patron of the wool-combing trade; it is also observed by nearly all the wool-combers in the kingdom, who carry in their possession an effigy of the Saint as the inventor or patron of their art. At Wakefield in Yorkshire, in 1829, this day was kept by a public procession and much rejoicing.

5.—ST. AGATHA.

A Sicilian martyr who suffered about the year 251. Butler relates, that before her death she was tortured, and being refused physicians, St. Peter himself came from heaven, healed her wounds, and filled her prison with light.

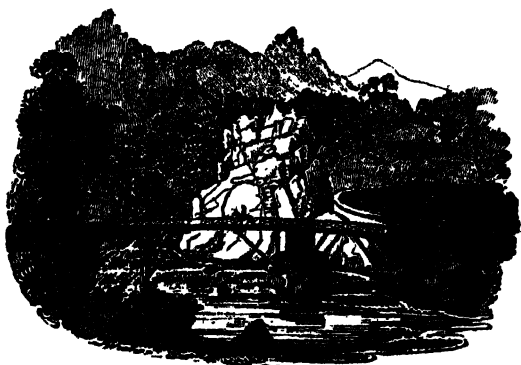
Agatha's charms attracted the notice of the governor of the province, who, being unable to effect

his base purpose, ordered her to be scourged for not worshipping the pagan deities: her tortures being continued, she at length prayed to God to receive her soul, and expired while under punishment.

5.—1807.—PASCAL DE PAOLI DIED, ETAT. 81.



This celebrated patriot was born at Rostino, in Corsica, in 1726, in a humble dwelling, of which the above is a correct view. In his 29th year he was unanimously chosen generalissimo, in a full assembly of the people, and began by re-modelling the laws of Corsica. When the Genoese basely sold the island to the French monarch, Paoli remained firm in his determination of securing the independence of his country. In the war which ensued, the French were beaten; but a reinforcement having arrived, the Corsican patriots were overwhelmed, Paoli being left with only about five hundred men; these were, unfortunately, surrounded, but, though the French were anxious to secure the person of their chief, Paoli succeeded in cutting a way for himself and little band through the ranks of his enemies. As resistance was now in vain, he met his hardy followers on the Ponte Vecchio, near



Vivario, which crosses a mountain torrent, and bade adieu to them and his country, in 1769. He escaped to England, where he was received with feelings of admiration and respect. Being introduced at court, the Duke of Grafton, then prime minister, obtained for him a pension of £1200 a year, which he liberally shared with his companions in exile. From this time he lived a retired life, devoting himself chiefly to the cultivation of elegant literature; and forming intimacies with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and other great men.

On the breaking out of the French revolution he repaired to Paris, and soon after embarked for Corsica, where he was presented to the rank of Commander-in-Chief, and President of the department. He was, however, not quite contented; he was ambitious of seeing Corsica wholly independent, and, this being also the wish of his countrymen, Paoli was declared a traitor by the French government. On this, he resolved upon an expedient, which, though it was a renunciation of independence, promised to secure all the advantages of real liberty; this was an union of Corsica with the Crown of Great Britain: after effecting which, he returned to

England. Having lost all his property by the failure of a mercantile house at Leghorn, he was compelled to pass the remainder of his life in great privacy in London, where he ended his days.

Corsica is a wild romantic country. Its inhabitants are in general stout and well formed, but of rather a ferocious appearance. Their manners are simple, and their dress so uniform, that it scarcely forms any criterion to distinguish the rich from the poor. The mountaineers have a war-like appearance, and all resemble the annexed figures.



5.—1829.—JOHN BIRD DIED, *ÆTAT.* 61.

A self-taught artist of some eminence, who without the aid of a liberal education, or early instruction in his art, rose into reputation by the force of strong original intellect, and habits of close application and persevering industry.

6.—1829.—SIR MARK WOOD, BART. F.R.S. DIED.

Early in life Sir Mark went to India, and entered into the Company's service. Having amassed a considerable fortune, he returned to England in 1790, and became a Member of Parliament in 1794. He was the author of *The Importance of Malta considered; with remarks during a Journey fro.*

England, through Egypt, to India: and also of A Review of the Origin, Progress, and Result of the late War with Tippoo Sultaun.

7.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

So called from its being about the seventieth day before Easter. It is the ninth Sunday before Easter, and the third before Lent.

The earliest term of Septuagesima Sunday is the 18th of January, when Easter-day falls on the 22nd of March; the latest is the 22nd of February, when Easter happens on the 25th of April.

8.—1586.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS BEHEADED.

MARY'S LAMENT

By Emma C. Embury.

The queen ceased not to direct her looks to the shore of France, until the darkness interrupted her wishful eye. At the dawn of day the coast of France was still in sight, the galleys having made but little progress during the night. While it remained in view, she often repeated, 'Farewell, France! farewell! I shall never see you more!'—*Chalmer's Life of the Scottish Queen.*

Farewell, dear France! my sad heart's chosen home
Land of my earliest joys, a last farewell!
Still o'er thy shores mine eyes delighted roam,
But ah! the cruel winds the white sails swell;
And when to-morrow dawns, my look shall dwell
Only upon the rushing waves that bear
My bark too swiftly on to reach its port of care!

Alas! alas! till now I never knew
How sharp might be the thorns that line a crown!
Oh! wo is mine, that thus am doom'd to view,
At once, the smile of fortune and her frown,
And find my spirit in the dust cast down,
When pride would bid me think on queenly state,
And spurn 'mid glory's dreams the humbler ills of fate!

Yet, ah, how can the mournful widow's heart
Turn to the joys ambition might awake?
Doomed from the husband of my youth to part,
What pleasure now in glory can I take?
When most I prized it, 'twas for his dear sake
My loftiest aim was but to share his throne;
How can my weak hand bear the sceptre's weight alone?

Like yon pale moon must be my dreary way ;
 Lonely she shines, although so pure and bright ;
 And as she blends not with the sun's rich ray,
 But waits his absence to diffuse her light,
 So only since my day has turned to night,
 Has so much splendor gathered round my name :
 Alas ! how happier far, had I but shared his fame !

But he is gone ; and I, his heavy loss,
 Through many a lonely year am doomed to weep ;
 Yet oft my thoughts the dark blue seas will cross,
 To seek the spot where all I love doth sleep ;
 For in my husband's grave is buried deep
 The all of joy that I could ever taste ;
 And glory but illumines my sad heart's blighted waste.

The Token.

9.—1829.—REV. WILLIAM CROWE, DIED, ÆTAT. 83.

A native of Winchester and Fellow of New College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.C.L. in 1773, and was appointed to a tutorship. He afterwards obtained the rectory of Alton Barnes, in Wiltshire. He was a man of talent, and will be long remembered as the author of *Lewesdon Hill*, a poem in blank verse, much in the style of the elder poets. The following are a few of its concluding lines.

Now I descend
 To join the worldly crowd ; perchance to talk,
 To think, to act as they ; then all these thoughts
 That lift the expanding heart above this spot
 To heavenly musing, these shall pass away,
 (E'en as this goodly prospect from my view,)
 Hidden by near and earthly rooted cares.
 So passes human life ; our better mind
 Is, as a Sunday's garment, then put on
 When we have nought to do ; but at our work
 We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough,
 To-morrow for severer thought ; but now
 To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

10.—1829.—POPE LEO XII. DIED, ÆTAT. 68.

Annibal della Genga was born August 2, 1760, at the Castle of Genga, the property of his family.

situated between Urbino and the March of Ancona. He entered the church very early, and soon obtained very considerable preferment. It was about the period of the first invasion of Italy by the French, however, that he first entered into a conspicuous public situation. He was then sent as Nuncio to the Court of Bavaria and the States of a second rank in Germany, which high office he filled for fourteen years. In 1807, he was sent by the Pope to Paris, on a mission to Napoleon, and on his return to Rome he was obliged, when the French took possession of that city, as well as the other Prelates who were not natives of the Roman States, to remove away. In 1814, he was again sent to France to compliment Louis XVIII. and was afflicted at Paris with a long illness. In 1816, he was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal; and on the death of Pope Pius the Seventh, in 1823, he was elected to the papal chair. The election was terminated so quickly, that there was scarcely time to intrigue. Pius VII. died on August 20, the operations of the scrutiny commenced on September 3, and on the 27th the election was declared. Few conclaves have been so speedily closed; the Italian Cardinals understanding that it was necessary to make haste, if they wished to escape the effects of foreign influence, which might have prolonged the day of decision. Many were surprised at the title of Leo the Twelfth, assumed by the new Pope. Every body is familiar with the celebrated name of Leo X., but few knew that there was ever a Pope called Leo XI.: the Pope so designated reigned for a space not quite amounting to a month, he having been chosen on the 1st of April, 1605, and dying on the 27th of the same month.

Pope Leo was tall, and well made: a patron of the Arts, and accustomed to business; of a firm and independent character, having a will of his own, and address sufficient to accomplish his plans. In the

diplomatic stations he filled, he showed a great deal of knowledge, and a perfect acquaintance with men and with business.

A private letter from a student in the English College at Rome, dated March 3, contains some curious particulars of the ceremonies which followed the demise :

“ The Lord Chamberlain, one of the cardinals, went in state from his palace, and entering the apartment where the corpse reposed, called upon it by name, and receiving no answer, approached the bed, and having ascertained that it was the dead body of the Pope, fell on his knees and prayed for the departed soul. He then took into his own hands all the temporal power of the Pope, and retired. But at the door, as is usual on such occasions, he found drawn up the Pope’s Swiss guard, who refused to let him pass, saying, that as their master was dead, there was no one to pay them. He, however, promised them that he would be their master, and told them to follow him : he then ascended into his carriage, round which the Swiss ranged themselves, and conducted him to his house, where he is guarded as sovereign.

“ The body was immediately embalmed, and late on Wednesday, the entrails of the defunct Pontiff, enclosed in a mortuary, or vase, were carried to the church of St. Vincent and St. Anastase. On the morning of the following day the body of his Holiness was embalmed, and, being dressed, was exposed to the view of the people in the Chapel of Sixtus. The corpse was robed in pontificals, and on each side a party of the Pope’s guard noble, with arms reversed, and crape scarfs. Large wax lights were burning around, and the clergy attached to St. Peter’s were in constant attendance, reciting prayers for the deceased. On Friday morning we were in St. Peter’s at an early hour, and large as that church is, it was soon crowded to excess. A large couch had been prepared in the middle of the church, and after waiting there some time, the gates were thrown open and we heard the solemn tones of the Pope’s choir approaching. A troop of the Swiss guard advanced up the Church, dressed in armour, then followed the clergy and cardinals in their purple dresses, the guard noble in splendid uniform, and lastly the body, borne by six of the clergy, attended by the choir, chanting in the most solemn and affecting strains. The body was then laid upon the couch prepared, dressed in all the robes peculiar to the Pope. After the recital of some prayers, and sprinkling the body with holy water, it was removed to one of the side chapel.

On Sunday, the body, raised on a large and sumptuous bed, was placed near the gate of the chapel, so near, that persons approaching could kiss the foot, and thousands on thousands performed this ceremony. At about seven on Sunday evening, a large body of soldiers entered the church, and formed in two semicircular ranks from the chapel where the body reposed to another opposite, and the procession soon began to move; and after the funeral service had been performed, it was placed in the coffin and sealed up by the Lord Chamberlain. Shortly afterwards the body was placed in a particular part of the church, where the Pope is generally laid until the death of his successor. This Pope will, I believe, remain there but one year, as it was his request to be then buried in another church.

"The obsequies of a Pope continue nine days, at which all the dignitaries of church and state attend, together with the ambassadors of foreign courts. These ceremonies are carried on in a most splendid manner; but the last three days are grand beyond imagination. Soon after the Pope's death, preparations were made to adorn the church (if St. Peter's can be adorned,) and in the middle was raised an immense pyramid of mock granite, measuring in height about one hundred and ten feet. On the base were painted the principal actions of the Pope, and inscriptions commemorating his virtues. Large statues on it were placed looking towards the end of the church, and on the summit a beautiful figure of religion. From the four corners arose large branches, each bearing two hundred candles of wax, each weighing one pound. On and around this pyramid there were one thousand lights. It is customary to raise one of these at the death of each Pope, but there never was seen one like the present; it was indeed a splendid sight. The English were lost in admiration. At Christmas there were fifteen hundred English in Rome."

11.—1829.—JONATHAN SCOTT, LL.D. DIED, ÆTAT. 75.

Mr. Scott was born at Shrewsbury, and at twelve, went to India, where he became a Captain in the Company's service. Having studied the history and language of the country, he attracted the attention of Warren Hastings, who appointed him Persian Secretary. After his return to England, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degrees of LL.D., and he retired to Shrewsbury, where he ended his days, and was buried in Old St. Chad's Church.

As an author, Dr. Scott will be long remembered. He published a translation of *Ferishta's History of Dekkan; An Historical View of the Decan; Bahar Danush, or Garden of Knowledge; Tales, Anecdotes and Letters from the Arabic and Persian; and The Arabian Night's Entertainments*, revised from the Arabic, with several new tales translated for the first time.

14.—ST. VALENTINE.

During the celebration of the Roman Lupercalia, on this day, it was a custom to put young women's names into a box, which were afterwards drawn by the men. But the early pastors of the Christian church abolished the Lupercalian rites, and appointed St. Valentine in their stead: hence it has been continued as a season, as some say, in imitation of the birds, for choosing our special lovers.

St. Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church, who suffered in the persecution under Claudius II. at Rome: after being imprisoned a year, he was beaten with clubs and then beheaded, in the *Via Flaminia*, about the year 270.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

From Britain's realm, in olden time,
By the strong power of truths sublime,
The pagan rites were banish'd;
And spite of Greek and Roman lore,
Each god and goddess, famed of yore,
From grove and altar vanish'd.

And they (as sure became them best)
To Austin and Paulinus 'hest
Obediently submitted,
And left the land without delay,
Save Cupid, who still held a sway,
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he
Was far too potent, ere to be
Depos'd and exil'd quietly
From his belov'd dominion ;
And sturdily the urchin swore
He ne'er to leave the British shore,
Would move a single pinion.

The saints at this were sadly vex'd,
And much their holy brains perplex'd,
To bring the boy to reason ;
And, when they found him bent to stay,
They built up convent walls straightway,
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,
Soon met, within a convent shade,
New subjects in profusion :
Albeit, he found his pagan name
Was heard by pious maid and dame
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,
And deem'd a rebel heathen boy
A most unsaintly creature ;
But Cupid found a way, with ease,
His slyest vot'ries' tastes to please,
And yet not change a feature.

For, by his brightest dart, the elf
Affirm'd he'd turn a saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter ;
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks, and playful wiles,
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians rear'd the boy a shrine,
And youths invok'd St. Valentine
To bless their annual passion ;
And maidens still his name revere,
And, smiling, hail his day each year—
A day to village lovers dear,
Though saints are out of fashion.

TO A LADY READING A VALENTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOBOMOK."

What are thy thoughts, thou placid one?
 Thy glance is mild as evening sun—
 Holy and bright the lucid beam,
 As love and hope were in thy dream.
 Calm are thy feelings—still and deep
 As seraph's joy or infant's sleep:
 Not thine the British Sappho's eye,
 Like love's volcano blazing high—
 Flush'd cheek, and passion-stricken brow,
 Are not for one so pure as thou:
 Thou'rt not a thing all smiles and tears,
 Wasting thy soul in hopes and fears;
 Yet thou, sweet maiden, canst not hide
 Affection's deep and noiseless tide.

A sadden'd huc is on thy cheek,
 Thy thoughtful look is still and meek;
 And well I know that young love flings
 A shadow from his purple wings.
 'Tis sad to think life's sun-light gleam
 May leave thee, like a morning dream:—
 Can brows so gentle and so fair
 Be early mark'd by with'ring care?
 Ah! listen to the plaintive tone
 O'er all Felicia's music thrown!
 Heaven spare thee the thrilling sigh,
 Which wakes her harp to melody!

There's subtle power in every line
 Of that bewitching Valentine;
 If once within the throbbing heart,
 Nor time, nor change bids it depart;
 And seldom it's a quiet guest;
 In woman's fond devoted breast;
 New thoughts may fire the weary brain,
 But hearts once chill'd ne'er warm again.

Yet, lady, trust the dang'rous boy!
 His smiles are full of light and joy;
 And e'en his most envenom'd dart
 Is better than a vacant heart.

14.—SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

This is the second Sunday before Lent, so called as being about sixty-days previous to Easter; before which it is the eighth Sunday.

21.—QUINQUAGESIMA, OR SHROVE SUNDAY.

This is called Quinquagesima, from its being about the fiftieth day before Easter; it is also the seventh Sunday before Easter; and the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday.

23.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

This is the first Tuesday after Quinquagesima Sunday, and is so called from the Saxon *shrive*; literally, *to confess*. On this day, in Catholic times, every person in this country were obliged to confess their sins to the priest in their parish church; and that it should be observed, the great bell in every parish was rung at ten o'clock.

It is also called Pancake-day. In the year 1446, Simon Eyre, a Shoe-maker, and Lord Mayor of London, ordered, that on the ringing of a bell, on this day, in every parish in the city, all apprentices should leave work and shut up their shops, to feast upon puddings, pies, and pancakes; which was called a *pancake feast*.

Cock-fighting was formerly a very common practice on this day throughout the country; this cruel sport is now, however, nearly extinct. In the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1789, is the following: "Died, April 4th, at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq., a young man of large fortune. Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cock-fighting; and had a favourite cock, on which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he made on this cock was lost; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen present attempted to interfere; which so enraged Mr. A., that he seized a poker and with most furious vehemence, declared he would kill the first man who interposed. But in the midst of his passionate observations, *he fell dead upon the spot.*"

24.—ST. MATTHIAS.

After the crucifixion, and the death of the traitor Judas, Peter, in the midst of the disciples, they being in number about 120, proposed the election of an apostle in his stead, "and they appointed two, Joseph, called Barsabus, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias:" and they prayed, to be directed in their choice, "and they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."—Acts i. 23, 26. He was qualified for the apostleship, by having been a constant attendant upon our Saviour all the time of his ministry. He is supposed to have been one of the seventy disciples. After our Lord's resurrection, he preached the gospel first in Judea, and afterwards in Ethiopia, where he suffered martyrdom.

24.—ASH WEDNESDAY AND FIRST DAY OF LENT.

So called because in the Romish church the priest blesses ashes on this day, and puts them upon the heads of the people. These ashes are made of the branches of brushwood or palms, consecrated the year before, and cleaned, dried and sifted. After the priest has absolved the people, he sprinkles these ashes upon them for the redemption of their sins.

It is also the first day of Lent; a solemn time of fasting in the Christian church. Those of the Latin church, and some of the Protestant communion maintain, that it was always a fast of forty days, and, as such, of apostolical institution, and that it was variously observed in different churches, and grew by degrees from a fast of forty hours to a fast of forty days. This is the opinion of Bishop Taylor, Morton, De Moulin, Daille and others.

Mr. Fosbroke observes, that ladies wore friar's girdles in Lent. He quotes from Camden's Remains, that Sir Thomas More, finding his

scolding her servants during Lent, endeavoured to restrain her. "Tush, tush, my lord," said she, "look, here is one step so heavenward," showing him a friar's girdle. "I fear me," said he, "that one step, will not bring you up one step higher." There are various instances of belief in the virtues of garments that had been worn by monks and friars, some of them almost surpassing belief.

28.—QUADRAGESIMA SUNDAY.

So called from the Quadragesimal, or forty days' fast. It is also the first Sunday in Lent.

28.—1828.—BRUNSWICK THEATRE DESTROYED.

This Theatre, in Well Street, Wellclose Square, stood on the site of the Royalty Theatre, first built by the unfortunate John Palmer, who died on the Liverpool stage, while performing *The Stranger*. It had only been opened two days, when it fell, burying in its ruins a vast number of performers and others, out of which thirteen lost their lives. The annexed view is worthy preservation from its being an accurate representation of the ruins, immediately after the accident.



Astronomical Occurrences

In February, 1830.

Stars, wherefore do you rise?
 To light thy spirit to the skies.
 Fair Moon, why dost thou wane?
 That I may wax again.
 O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?
 The word that said, "Let there be light."
 Planets, what guides you in your course?
 Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Pisces at 21 m. past 2 in the morning of the 19th of this month; and he rises and sets on certain days during the same period, as in the following

TABLE.

Feb. 1st, Sun rises	27 m. after 7,	sets	33 m. after 4
5th,	18	7, ..	42
11th,	9	7, ..	51
16th,	0	7, ..	0
21st,	51	6, ..	9
26th,	41	6, ..	19

Equation of Time.

To find the true or mean time from the apparent, the correction must be used as directed in the following

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m.	s.
Monday, Feb.	1st, to the time by the dial, add	13	56
Saturday, ..	6th,	14	26
Thursday,	11th,	14	35
Tuesday,	16th,	14	25
Sunday,	21st,	13	58
Friday,	26th,	14	14

Eclipse of the Sun.

The Sun will be eclipsed on the 23rd of this month, but invisible to the British Isles. The ecliptic conjunction at 36 m. after 4 in the morning, in longitude 11, signs $4^{\circ} 7\frac{1}{4}'$; Moon's latitude $1^{\circ} 23\frac{1}{4}'$ N.

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon	7th day at 42 m. past 7 in the evening.
Last Quarter	16th 28 .. past midnight.
New Moon	23rd 36 .. 4 in the morn.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following times are selected from the Moon's transits this month, as affording suitable opportunities of observation, should the weather prove favorable :

February 1st,	at 54 m. after 6 in the evening.
2nd, .. 48 7
3rd, .. 42 8
4th, .. 35 9
5th, .. 27 10
14th, .. 26 4 in the morning.
15th, .. 11 5
16th, .. 57 5
17th, .. 46 6
18th, .. 37 7
19th, .. 31 8
26th, . 1 3 in the afternoon.
27th, . 56 3
28th, .. 51 4

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The light and dark phases of this beautiful planet bear the following proportions to each other :

February 1st.—Illuminated part	= 3.0368
Dark part.....	= 8.9632

From which it appears that Venus has now a crescent form, and is similar in aspect to the Moon when waning ; which beautiful phase of our sister

planet before it melts into the solar rays, and of Venus, previous to her inferior conjunctions, has furnished poets with some of their most exquisitely touching images; the following, by James Montgomery, describes, with a felicity peculiar to himself, the separation of the spirit from the body of a pious young female :

But she was *waning* to the tomb ;
 The worm of death was in her bloom :
 Yet as the mortal frame declined,
 Strong through the ruins rose the mind :
 As the dim moon, when night ascends,
 Slow in the east the darkness rends,
 Through melting clouds by gradual gleams,
 Pours the mild lustre of her beams,
 Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
 Free as a disembodied soul !
 Thus while her veil of flesh decay'd
 Her beauties brightened through the shade ;
 Charms which her lowly heart concealed,
 In nature's weakness were revealed !
 And still the unrobing spirit cast
 Diviner glories to the last ;
 Dissolved its bonds, and cleared its flight,
 Emerging into perfect light.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

Owing to the proximity of Jupiter to the Sun, and his great southern declination, there will occur only one visible eclipse :

IMMERSION.

Third Satellite, 18th day, at 1 m. 59 s. after 6 in the morn.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Feb. 2nd,	with γ in Taurus,	at 2 in the morn.
2nd,	.. 1 δ Taurus	3
2nd,	.. 2 δ Taurus	4
2nd,	.. Aldebaran	9
7th,	.. ξ in Leo	9 in the even.
21st,	.. Mercury	9
29th,	.. γ in Taurus	7 in the morn.
29th,	.. 1 and 2 δ in Taurus	9

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be stationary on the 2nd of this month, and again on the 24th. He will be in his inferior conjunction 30 m. after 11 on the night of the 11th. Venus will be stationary on the 14th. Jupiter in conjunction with ι in Sagittarius at 33 m. past 1 in the morning of the 20th; the planet will be only 40" north of the star.

Saturn will be in opposition at 45 m. past midnight of the 4th; this is the most favorable position of a superior planet for observation, being then removed as far as possible from the illumination of the atmosphere of the Earth,—at its nearest to our planet, and its *apparent* situation in the heavens coinciding with its *true* place.

THE PLANET SATURN.

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

The ancient name of Saturn was Chronos, time; so named from the slowness of its motion: it was also called Phænon, shining or appearing, which denomination is rather singular, Saturn not being the most brilliant of the planets. This name may be accounted for from the superstitious feelings of the ancients, who regarded this planet as of evil omen, from its leaden hue and remote situation; their custom was to propitiate the smiles of fortune, by giving flattering names to those influences they deemed prejudicial. Among the Jews, this planet is supposed to be the one referred to in the sacred writings as Chiun, or "Remphan, the star of your god." Saturn is also called Remphan in the Persian language; and among the Chinese, Tu, or Tien—earth; a reference, probably, to its inferior brightness.

The double ring of Saturn constantly presents ample amusement, and affords high gratification; the contemplation of its form, position, and magni-

tude, supplying materials for speculation, on the probable purposes for which such a zone of light was ordained to circulate round the central orb.

It is worthy of remark, that this stupendous and singular system of Saturn, (its orb, ring and satellites) had performed a hundred and ninety unostentatious revolutions of 29 years, 174 days, 1 hour, 51 minutes, 11.2 seconds, through the star-gemmed zodiac—and the Earth in its smaller orbit had described 5614 circles round the Sun—before this magnificent apparatus was revealed to the eye of man;—unknown to the antediluvian astronomers, though some of these had an opportunity of tracing the course of the planet, through upwards of thirty complete revolutions;—unconceived of by those who cultivated the science in the plains of Chaldea;—equally so by the philosophers of Egypt, Greece, and Rome;—by most of the nations of antiquity, deemed dreary, and uncheering in itself, and baleful and malignant in its influence on other bodies:—it was reserved for recent times to behold and investigate this beneficent display of the Creator's power and wisdom.

Till the invention of telescopes, Saturn held no particular rank in the Heavens, beyond that distinction which the slowness, yet regularity of its motion, and degree of brilliancy rendered remarkable: its singularity of appearance was first observed by Galileo, in the year 1610, who described it as consisting of three globes—one larger, with a smaller one on each side: he veiled his discovery in a Latin sentence, which he transposed, that his observation might remain secret, and yet afford him, at some future time, the opportunity of claiming the honor of the discovery. Huygens completed the discovery, and explained the phenomena of the ring,—that in its course round the Sun, it assumed a variety of oval forms, from its being seen obliquely,

gradually contracting from a certain ellipticity to an almost imperceptible line, and again expanding till it resumed its maximum of ellipticity,—the ring being most open when the planet was in 19° of Sagittarius, and 19° of Gemini, and appearing as a line across the disc in 19° of Pisces, and 19° of Virgo.

So remarkable a body in the planetary train, from its dissimilarity to the others, soon excited the vigilance of the astronomers of that period, and left little to reward the research of those of the present day, beyond the task of correcting with their exquisitely constructed instruments, its various dimensions. The following are the micrometrical observations of this planet, made at Dorpat, in May 1828, by Professor Struve, with Fraunhofer's large Refractor:—

External diameter of the external ring	40".095
Internal diameter of the external ring	35 .289
External diameter of the internal ring	34 .475
Internal diameter of the internal ring	26 .668
Equatorial diameter of Saturn	17 .991
Breadth of the external ring	2 .403
Breadth of the chasm between the rings	0 .408
Breadth of the internal ring	3 .903
Distance of the ring from Saturn	4 .339
Equatorial radius of Saturn	8 .995
Inclination of the ring to the ecliptic	$28^{\circ} 5'. 9$

It has been remarked, by several accurate astronomers, that the dark space between the orb of Saturn, and the ring, appears greater on the eastern, than on the western side of the planet, and has been supposed by some to be an optical illusion. From the results, however, of very careful measurement, Professor Struve is decidedly of opinion, that the orb is not in the centre of the ring. Both the rings are brighter than the orb, and the outer one brighter than the inner. The thickness of the double ring has been considered as incapable of measurement;—from observations by Schroeter, it is found to be

0".125 ; it is also supposed that the edge of the ring is of a spherical, or rather spheroidal form. When the ring is in the plane of the eye, its surface is found not to be exactly uniform, sometimes one ansa entirely disappearing, at other times both being observed to be detached from the planet: these irregularities on its surface are considered as necessary for maintaining the ring in equilibrium ; for if a perfectly uniform body, it would yield to the slightest attraction, which might ultimately precipitate it on the surface of the orb.

The appearance of the double ring to the inhabitants of the globe of Saturn, must be inconceivably splendid and magnificent, varying in appearance according to the situation in which it is beheld. From the regions several degrees distant from each pole, the inhabitants cannot possibly see this grand spectacle—being below their horizon. In approaching the latitude of 60 degrees, it must be first seen as a bright segment of a disc, just emerging above the horizon, of the brightness of the morning twilight, only more defined ;—nearer the equator, as a vast luminous arch ;—and when contemplated from the middle zone of the planet, a bright band would be observed crossing the zenith, and terminating in the eastern and western points of the horizon. Hence, the glory of the celestial canopy during a Saturnian night must, to that planet, indeed, be far exceeding what we behold from our earth ; particularly from those places where the ring can be surveyed in its concave and convex form, stretching across the firmament, and apparently resting on the verge of the horizon : above and beneath the arch, the same constellations which ornament our sky would be observed shining with subdued splendour ;—while, at different distances and positions without the ring would be seen, gliding swiftly, the satellites of Saturn, either rising, setting, or on the

meridian; others entering into the shadow of the orb, or emerging from it; each exhibiting every variety of phase—from the delicate crescent, to the semi-lunar—from a gibbous to a full-orbed brightness.

Does such beauty and design beam upon a desert, and shed its radiance upon realms of solitude and silence,—to be witnessed by no intellectual eye in those vast regions, and seen only in miniature by a few individuals from this remote and comparatively minute earth? Doubtless from such a glorious abode, the voice of gratitude and adoration continually ascends to the great Creator for such a resplendent retinue, by which its distance from the Sun is so amply compensated.

“ But contemplation rests her weary wings
And stops awhile to tremble and adore.”

NEBULA IN ORION.

The splendid nebula in the sword handle of Orion, is now in a favorable position for telescopic observation. Time's Telescope of last year, contains a minute description of this mysterious luminous appearance; to which may be added, the singular discovery of a fifth star, (near the “cluster of four arranged in the form of a trapezium,”) which after continuing some time distinct, gradually diminished in brightness, until scarcely perceptible. It is supposed to be either a *new star*, or a *variable* one of long period.

“ Stars, whose beams have never reached our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses :
Some barely visible, some proudly shine,
Like living jewels.”

The Naturalist's Diary.

For February, 1830.

When winter comes, with purpled nose and hands,
And shakes his flaky locks, and snows his lands,
How bright at morn, when nightly drizzlings freeze,
The fairy paradise of glassy trees,
Prismatic beam and crackle in the breeze.—H. C. KNIGHT.

How tender are the cares of Providence for us during the winter! He has given to man that industry of which they have so much need, to fortify themselves against the attacks of cold and frost. Their inventive mind has made them find the means of procuring for themselves, an artificial heat. And is it not evident, that Divine Wisdom has foreseen the wants incident to different climates, when he has placed in them, animals that could live nowhere else?

Though we are obliged to suspend the labours of the field, there are various other ways in which we may be usefully employed; and we are never doomed to a state of idleness and inaction. The repose of nature invites us to look for resources in our own minds; and though our imagination cannot now be warmed with the beauties of nature in their spring and summer robes, our mind, from the present change in nature, may be led to reflect upon the instability of all earthly things, and prepare to enter into that eternity to which it is hastening, and devote itself with full sincerity to the service of that Supreme Being who never changed, but is ever the same, merciful, just, and omnipotent.

All that we love and feel on Nature's face
Bear dim relations to our common doom;
The clouds that blush and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain; the streams

That flow along in dying music,—leaves
 That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
 Of winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,
 Are all prophetic of our own decay.

Robert Montgomery.

There are few attractions for the Naturalist this month: still, if the weather is not severe, some opening buds, and peeping flowers may be found on sheltered spots. Among the few flowers of this season, one of the sweetest is

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

Fair flower of silent night!

Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be;
 His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
 Is closed like thee.

But with the vesper hour,
 Silence and solitude its depth unseal;
 Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
 Thy life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
 To give imagination holier scope,
 And deem that thus the future may fulfil
 A loftier hope!

That, as thy lovely bloom
 Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
 With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
 A star-like ray;—

So in life's dark decline,
 When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
 My spirit's hopes may like thy blossom shine
 Bright at the last;

And as the grateful scent
 Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name.
 Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
 Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
 Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
 Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flow'ret, brave,
 Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
 Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
 Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
 Nor fear decay!

Bernard Barton.

Towards the close of this month, if the weather is mild, Potatoes may be sown with advantage. As the history of this universal and useful vegetable is not generally known, the following brief sketch may not be uninteresting or inappropriate; it is from a communication to the Board of Agriculture, by Dr. W. Wright, of Edinburgh.

“The potato is a native of America, and well known to the Indians long before the conquest of Mexico and Peru. Gomara, in his general history of the Indies, and Josephus Acosta, are amongst the early Spanish writers who have mentioned the potato by the Indian names *openanck*, *pape*, and *papas*. Clusius, and after him Gerard, gave figures of the potato-plant. Gerard was the first author who gave it the name of ‘*solanum tuberosum*’ which Linnæus and his followers have adopted. In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh, so celebrated for his worth, his valour, and his misfortunes, discovered that part of America called Norembega, and by him named Virginia, whether the admiral was acquainted with the potato in his first voyage, or whether it was sent to him by Sir Thomas Grenville, or by Mr. Lane, the first governors of Virginia, is uncertain. It is probable he was possessed of this root about the year 1586. He is said to have given it to his gardener in Ireland, as a fine fruit from America, and which he desired him to plant in his kitchen-garden in the spring. In August, this plant flowered, and in September produced a fruit; but so different to the gardener’s expectation, that, in an ill humour, he carried the potato-apple to his master. ‘Is this’ said he, ‘the fine fruit from America you prized so highly?’ Sir Walter either was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the matter; and told the gardener, ‘since that was the case, to dig up the weed and throw it away.’ The gardener soon returned with a good parcel of potatoes. Gerard, an old Eng. h

botanist, received seedlings of the potato about the year 1590; and tells us, that it grew as kindly in his garden as in its native soil, Virginia. The plant was cultivated in the gardens of the nobility and gentry early about the year 1620, as a curious exotic; and towards the year 1684, was planted out in the fields, in small patches, in Lancashire. From thence it was gradually propagated all over the kingdom, as well as in France. In 1683, Sutherland has inserted the *solanum tuberosum* in his Hortus Medicus Edenburgensis; and it is probable that many others in Scotland cultivated the potato in their gardens about that time. It was not, however, grown in the open fields in Scotland till the year 1728, when Thomas Prentice, a day labourer, first cultivated potatoes at Kilsyth. The success was such, that every farmer and cottager followed his example; and for many years past it has become a staple article. Thomas Prentice, by his industry, had saved £200. sterling, which he sunk for double interest. Upon this he subsisted for many years, and died at Edinburgh in 1792, aged eighty-six years. This plant thrives as well in Europe as it does in America. In this island, particularly, it is quite at home; and there is hardly a soil, but, with a little pains, may be made to produce the potato. The potato may be cultivated in every habitable part of the globe; but with variable success. The heat of the West Indies is too great for it. In Jamaica, however, and other mountainous islands, where they have all climates, it has been produced in great perfection. On account of the potato being a species of *solanum*, or night-shade, there were many who were prejudiced against it, alleging it was narcotic. In Burgundy, we find the culture and use of potatoes in food interdicted, as a poisonous and mischievous root. Amongst other effects, it was accused of producing leprosy and dysentery. Potatoes

exposed a few days to the sun and weather, acquire a green colour, bitter taste, and a narcotic quality. In this state they are not fit for eating; but there is not the smallest foundation for the other allegations. Prejudice and ignorance have long yielded to experience and truth; and all mankind at this day agree, that there is no food so wholesome, more easily procured, or less expensive, than the potato. It constitutes the chief article of food to immense numbers of people, and may be converted to the support of all domestic animals, whether raw, boiled, or roasted."

Very few birds are to be heard at this season. The woodlark is one of the earliest, and the thrush may at times be heard. The red-breast, which sings at all other seasons is silent when the frost is on the ground; but it is often seen near the dwellings of man.

TO A RED-BREAST.

BY CHARLOTTE C. RICHARDSON.

Cold blew the freezing northern blast,
And winter sternly frown'd;
The flaky snow fell thick and fast,
And clad the fields around.

Forced by the storm's relentless pow'r,
Embolden'd by despair,
A shiv'ring red-breast sought my door,
Some friendly warmth to share.

"Welcome, sweet bird!" I fondly cried,
"No danger need'st thou fear,
Secure with me thou may'st abide
Till warmer suns appear.

"And when mild spring comes smiling on
And bids the fields look gay,
Thou, with thy sweet, thy grateful song,
My kindness shall repay."

Mistaken thought?—But how shall I
The mournful truth display?
An envious cat, with jealous eye,
Had mark'd him as her prey.

Remorseless wretch !—her cruel jaws
Soon seal'd her victim's doom ;
While I in silence mourn his loss,
And weep o'er Robin's tomb.

So, oft in life's uneven way
Some stroke may intervene ;
Sweep all our fancied joys away,
And change the flattering scene.

A man is infinitely mistaken who thinks there is nothing to be seen out of doors, because the sun is not warm, and the streets are muddy. Let him get, by dint of good exercise, out of the streets, and he shall find enough. In the warm neighbourhood of towns he may still watch the field-fares, thrushes, and blackbirds; the titmouse seeking its food through the straw-thatch; the red-wings, field-fares, sky-larks, and tit-lark, upon the same errand, over wet meadows; the sparrows and yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, still beautiful though mute, gleaning from the straw and chaff in farm-yards; and the ring-dove, always poetical, coming for her meal to the ivy-berries. About rapid streams he may see the various habits and movements of herons, wood-cocks, wild ducks, and other water-fowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes to seek their food there. The red-breast comes to the window, and often into the house itself, to be rewarded for its song, and for its far famed painful obsequies to the Children in the Wood.—*Literary Pocket Book*.

The evenings during this season are generally the most cheerful of any period of the year. The customs prevalent among our Gallic neighbours has been described in the *Literary Gazette* in a lively picture of *Winter Evening Parties in France*.

“ In the winter, after supper, which is taken at the close of the day, the *veillées*, or evening parties, commence. At this time the different families visit each other, and work together; the men seated on

two forms placed on each side of the fire-place, occupy themselves in cutting articles in wood, repairing their agricultural instruments, making baskets, or polishing rods and distaffs for the young girls. The women spin, and with the children, who sit round the hearth, listen attentively to the conversation. If any one of the family can read, he consults the almanack and its predictions, or relates some wonderful stories related by charlatans, or chanters of miracles at fairs. They commonly talk on some subject which is not suggested by what most interests them—agriculture, but by superstition. Hence they learn what particular donations they are to pay to the saint who watches over and takes care of the bees; to him who preserves them from hail, or procures rain for them; to what calvary in the canton they are to carry an egg boiled hard, a little bread, and a piece of money; at what fountain they must drink to cure themselves of the fever, or to prevent other diseases; they also learn what old woman will predict the best luck to them, or where the man lives who cures disorders of the eyes by a consecrated grain of wheat; they further learn what are the real torments of hell, the sufferings of limbo, the delights of paradise, and how numerous and powerful are the sorcerers. The time of miracles and fairies has not yet passed away from these villages. One of the company who is now speaking to his attentive auditory, knew a man who sold himself to the devil: he has seen a ghost, and crossed himself to drive it away; he has carried for two or three miles a hobgoblin who leaped upon his shoulders; and, to sum up all, he has lost some of his cattle, because a sorcerer, disguised like a beggar, was refused alms by him, and in resentment bewitched his stable.”

We shall conclude this month with

A WINTER THOUGHT.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Dear friend ! long tried and faithful proved
In hours of grief and gloom ;
In such more justly prized and loved
Than in joy's brightest bloom ;—

Well may that cheerless winter sky,
That one bright star above,
Recal thy worth and constancy
To gratitude and love.

The steersman, in a summer night,
When cloudless are the skies,
May gaze upon the orbs of light
Till slumber seal his eye ;

But when the winds are loud and stern,
And heaven is drear and dark,
To one alone his glance will turn,—
By that he guides his bark !

So clouds have veiled each star and sun,
Once wont my life to cheer ;
And thou art now the polar one,
By which my course I steer.

The blossoms of life's spring-tide gay
My path have long since fled ;
My summer foliage passed away,—
My autumn fruit been shed.

But thou in winter storms art yet
Unchanged in faith to me ;
And dear, though hapless seems the debt
I long have ow'd to thee.

MARCH.

This month was dedicated by Romulus to Mars, from whom it was called March. In Saxon, it was called *Rethe* or *Rough Monath*, and *Lenet*, or *Length Monath*, from the lengthening of the days. Thence the name of Lent.

In France, March was reckoned the first month until 1564, when the commencement of the year was changed to January by Charles the Ninth. In Scotland it was the first month till 1599; and in England partially till the last century.

Remarkable Days.

I.—ST. DAVID.

The fame of this celebrated personage having been so great throughout Christendom, we might naturally expect that the materials for the history of his life would be abundant, and of easy access. But when from the mass which tradition has handed down to us, we throw aside the monkish legends that are related of his birth, actions, character, and death, the facts that remain will be found exceedingly few, and by no means of established authenticity. He is stated to have been the son of Sandde ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, a prince of Ceredigion, or Cardigan, by Non the daughter of Gynyr of Caer Gawch in Pembroke-shire. Other authorities call the lady Melaria, but all agree that she was a nun, who became a mother by the forcible violation of her chastity. The period of his birth is assigned to the middle of the fifth century. Cressy* places it in the year 462,

* History of Bittany, Lib. X. Cap. 8.

but the author of his life in the great work of the Jesuits, *Acta Sanctorum*, in a learned dissertation on the subject, assigns it to the year 445,* while others fix it still later than either of these dates. After receiving the first rudiments of his education at old Menapia, where he imbibed a taste for literature, and determined upon embracing a religious life, he removed to the Isle of Wight to avail himself of the instructions of Paulinus, a disciple of St. Germanus, who at that time presided over a public school for the education of persons designed for the clerical office. Here he remained ten years prosecuting his studies with great ardour and success. At the expiration of this term he returned to his native country, and having fixed his residence in a secluded place called *Vallis Rosina*, the vale of Roses, he laid there the foundation of a monastic institution, which in the course of time raised the favored spot to the dignity of an archiepiscopal metropolis. David brought together here a considerable body of scholars, some of whom, as Teilo, Aidan, Madoc, Padarn, or Paternus, and Kynedd, became afterwards greatly celebrated for their sanctity. The rules which he laid down for the observance of his followers were exceedingly strict. Every member was bound to labour daily with his hands for the common benefit of the monastery. They were forbidden to receive all gifts or possessions offered by *unjust* men, and to cherish a hatred of riches. "They never conversed together by talking but when necessity required, but each performed the labour enjoined him, joining thereto prayer or holy meditation on divine things; and having finished their country work they returned to their monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day till the evening in reading or writing.

* *Acta Sanctorum*, Martii Tom. I. p. 39.

In the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work, and immediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared, and then went all together to their refec-tion, eating sparingly and not to satiety. Their food was bread with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. Supper being ended, they continued about three hours in watchings, prayers, and genuflexions. As long as they were in the church, it was not permitted to any to slumber, or sneeze, or cast forth spittle. After this they went to rest, and at cock crowing they rose, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward sensations and thoughts they discovered to their superior, and from him they demanded permission in all things, even when they were urged to the necessities of nature.* Their clothing was skins of beasts."

In the year 519, according to Usher, a Synod was convened at Llandewi Brefi in Cardiganshire, for the purpose of checking the Pelagian heresy, which at this time had re-appeared in the kingdom. To this assembly David, after repeated entreaties, repaired; and with such zeal and success did he preach against the obnoxious doctrines,† that he was, by the unanimous voice of all present, appointed archbishop of Caerleon, in the room of Dubricius, who, on account of his age and infirmities, wished to resign. He is said, however, to have consented to his elevation, only on condition of being permitted to remove the see to Menevia. Some years subsequently, David convoked another assembly of all the clergy of Wales, but for what

* *Patrisque licentiam etiam ad naturæ secreta requirebant. Acta Sanctorum ubi supra, p. 46.*

† See above, page 480.

specific purpose is not now known. Here, the acts and decrees of the Synod of Brefi were confirmed, and some new acts passed for the regulation of the doctrine and discipline of the churches. This convocation is called the Synod of Victory. The decrees of these two Synods were committed to writing by St. David himself, and deposited in the archives of his own cathedral; and having been approved by the court of Rome, were for many ages received by the Welch churches as their rule and directory in all ecclesiastical matters. These ancient documents were in after times destroyed by the barbarian invaders, who repeatedly pillaged the church, and too often wantonly burnt what they found it useless to remove.

The time of St. David's death, and the age at which he died, are as undetermined as the period of his birth. Giraldus and John of Tiumouth state that he died in the year 609 at the great age of one hundred and forty-seven. Pitts places his death in 544, but assigns to him the same incredible length of years. The author of his life in the *Acta Sanctorum* agrees with this statement as to the time of his death, but makes him only ninety-seven years old; and he suggests that the difference on this point may probably be accounted for by supposing that the dates having been originally written LXXXXVII or CXXXXVII, the first numeral L, was mistaken for C. Usher also concurs in placing his death in 544, but makes his age only eighty-two. He was canonized by Calixtus the second, who held the papal see from A. D. 1119 to 1124.

He was to all a mirror and a pattern of life; he taught both by precept and example: was an excellent preacher in words, but more excellent in works. He was a doctrine to those who heard him, a model to the religious, life to the needy, defence to orphans, support to widows, a father to the

fatherless, a rule to monks, a directory to men of the world; being made all things to all men, that he might win all to God.—*Rees's South Wales*.

2.—ST. CHAD.

Saint Ceadda, or Chad, was educated at Lindisfarne, under St. Aidan. He was bishop of York from which he retired to the monastery of Lestingay. He was, however, called from his privacy to fill the see of Lichfield, where he died during a great pestilence in the year 673.

7.—ST. PERPETUA.

A noble lady of Carthage, who suffered martyrdom in 203, under the persecution of the Emperor Severus.

12.—ST. GREGORY.

Gregory the First, bishop of Rome, commonly called the Great, was consecrated in 590, and died in 604. He was a man of great learning and piety. Venerable Bede says, “he was particularly concerned that the inhabitants of Britain should be converted to Christianity, and offered the then Bishop of Rome to visit England for that purpose; but his offer was not accepted. Being soon after raised to the see of Rome, he sent several able men on this important work.” He left more works behind him than any other pope at any other period. His *Pastorals*, or treatise on the duties of a pastor, is held in such estimation by the Gallican church, that all the bishops, are obliged, by the canons of that church, to be thoroughly acquainted with it, and to punctually observe the rules contained in it.

It is to Pope Gregory that we owe the invention used to this day, of expressing musical sounds by the first seven letters of the alphabet. He also collected the musical fragments of such ancient hymns and psalms as the first fathers’ of the church *u. c*

approved, and recommended to the primitive Christians; these he methodised and arranged in the order they were afterwards adopted by the chief part of the western church.

15.—1829.—WILLIAM CASTIEAU DIED, *ÆTAT.* 75.

Mr. Castieau died at Shrewsbury, where he was many years a teacher of Classics and Mathematics. He was author of the principal portion of an useful work, entitled, *Proctor and Castieau's Cyclopædia*, and of many articles in Chemistry and Astronomy in other Encyclopædias and periodical works of science.

17.—ST. PATRICK,

The tutelar Saint of Ireland; asserted by some to have been born in Cornwall, towards the end of the fourth century; by others to have been a native of Wales, and by others of Scotland. He was most probably born at Killpatrick near Glasgow. Whilst at a College in Wales, he was taken by some pirates of Ireland, the inhabitants of which country he afterwards converted to Christianity. He was archbishop of Armagh, and founded many churches and schools of learning. He died about 460, aged 83.

Mr. Croker has published the following amusing and curious traditionary legend, which is current among the peasantry of Killarney.

"Sure every body has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he drove the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But, for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last, he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine boults upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a

piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got for you, agin the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The sarpint hearing such smooth words, thought that, though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed,) and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

" 'Tis a nice warm house you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

" 'I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint, 'but I think it's too small it is for me,'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

" 'Too small!' says St. Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of a gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail!' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to bolt the nine iron boults.

" 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man!'

" 'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man,' continued Picket, 'besides myself, has hard the sarpint crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet?' 'Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, &c.,'

On the 5th of February 1783, King George III. instituted the order of St. Patrick, of which the King and his heirs and successors are perpetually sovereigns. The knights companion's of the order are selected from the principal nobility of Ireland.

18.—EDWARD THE MARTYR.

Edward, King of the West Saxons, was son of Edgar, who first united the heptarchy into one kingdom. Edward succeeded to the throne at the age of twelve, in the year 975, and was basely murdered on this day, in 979. He was much attached to the monks, who after his death, esteemed the event a martyrdom; and in 1245, Pope Innocent IV. first appointed this day a festival.

The history of King Edward's death is thus recorded by Simon Dunclemansis: "The young prince Edward was in all princely perfections a close imitator of his father, King Edgar, and for his modest gentleness worthily favored of all men. But as envy is always the attendant of merit and virtue, so had he those who maligned his life, namely the favourites of the Prince Etheldred, whereof Queen Elfrida, the mother of Etheldred was chief, who lastly betrayed him in this manner following:—

"King Edward for his disport was hunting in a forest near unto the sea, upon the south-east shore of the county of Dorset, and in the island of Purbeck; not far off, upon a small river, stood pleasantly situated, a fair and strong castle, called Corfe, where his mother-in-law Elfrida, with his brother Etheldred where then therein residing. Edward, who ever had been loving to both, held it a kind office, now being so near, to visit them with his presence, and thereupon, either for purpose or chance, singled from his attendants, he secretly stole from them all, and came alone to the castle gate.

“The Queen Elfrida, who had long lain in wait for occasion, now took this as brought to her hand; and therefore, with a face as meaning no guile, she humbly and cheerfully gave the King welcome, desiring him, to grace her and her son with his presence for that night; but he with thanks refused that offer, as fearing least his company should soon find him missing, and craved only of his mother a cup of wine, that in his saddle he might drink to her and to his brother, and begone.

“The cup was no sooner at his mouth than a knife was in his back, which a servant appointed by this treacherous Queen, struck into him, who feeling himself thus hurt, set spurs to his horse, thinking to escape to his more faithful company.

“But the wound being mortal, and he fainting through much loss of blood, fell from his horse, and one foot entangling in the stirrup, he was thereby most ruefully dragged up and down through woods and lands, and lastly left dead at Corfe gate.

“His body being found, was first buried at Wareham, without funeral pomp, but after three years, by Duke Alferno, removed, and with great celebrity interred in the minster of Shaftsbury, and for his untimely death, he gained the surname of the martyr.

“Queen Elfrida, sore repenting her cruel and step-motherly act, to expiate her guilt, and pacify the crying blood of her slain son, built the two monasteries of Amesbury and Worwell, in the counties of Wiltshire and Southampton, in which latter she lived with great repentance and penance, until the day of her death; and in the same lieth her body interred.”

19.—1829.—EDMUND TURNOR DIED, ÆTAT. 74.

Mr. Turnor was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family, being distantly related to the Earls of Wintertown and Salisbury. His early

acquired a taste for topography and antiquities, and was elected a F.S.A. in 1778; and some time afterwards a F.R.S. He published *Chronological Tables of the County of Lincoln*; *London's Gratitude*, an account of the Sculptures and Paintings in Guildhall; and *Collections for the History of Grantham*, with memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton. He also communicated numerous papers to the Society of antiquaries and the Royal Society, most of which are printed in the *Archæologia* and the *Philosophical Transactions*. His writings display deep research, and much antiquarian knowledge. He was in the commission of the peace for the county of Lincoln, and for a short time represented the borough of Midhurst in parliament. He died at Stoke Park, near Grantham, and was interred in the family vault at Stoke, Rochford.

21.—ST. BENEDICT.

The founder of the order of the Benedictin Monks, was a native of Norcia, formerly an episcopal see in Umbria, and was born about the year 480. He was sent to Rome when he was very young, and there received the first part of his education. At fourteen years of age he was removed from thence to Sublaco, about forty miles distant. Here he lived a most retired life, and shut himself up in a cavern, where nobody knew any thing of him except St. Romanus, who, we are told, used to descend to him by a rope, and supply him with provisions; but being afterwards discovered by the monks of a neighbouring monastery, they chose him for their abbot. Their manners, however, not agreeing with those of Benedict, he returned to his solitude, whither many persons followed him, and put themselves under his direction, and in a short time he was enabled to build twelve monasteries. About the year 528, he retired to Mount Cassino, where idolatry

was still prevalent, a temple of Apollo being erected there. He instructed the people in the adjacent country, and having converted them, broke the image of Apollo, and built two chapels on the mountain. Here he founded also a monastery, and instituted the order of his name; which in time became so famous, and extended over all Europe. It was here too that he composed his *Regula Monachorum*, which Saint Gregory speaks of, as the most sensible and best written piece of that kind ever published. Where Benedict died is uncertain; some say at Mount Cassino, others affirm it to have been at Rome, when he was sent thither by pope Boniface. The time of his death is also uncertain: it was either in 542, 543, or 547.

21.—MID-LENT SUNDAY.

So called from being the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the middle Sunday between Quadragesima and Easter Sundays.

On this day at Seville there is an usage, evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks, poor and gentle, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the crusade bulls of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din with drums and rattles, and cry "Saw down the old woman." At midnight, the parties of the commonalty parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by sawing in two the figure of an old woman, representing Lent. This division is emblematical of Mid-Lent.—*Doblado's Letters*.

23.—1829.—REV. ARCHDEACON NARES DIED,
ÆTAT. 75.

The Rev. Robert Nares, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. V.R. R.L.S., born at York, June 9, 1753, was the son of

Dr. Nares, a musician of eminence, and organist and composer to Kings George II. and III. He was educated at Westminster School, became a king's scholar in 1767, and subsequently was elected in 1771 to a studentship of Christ-church, Oxford, where he took orders, about 1778. On leaving college, he became tutor in the family of Sir Watkin William Wynn, and afterwards obtained the livings of Easton Mauduit, and Doddington, in Northamptonshire. In 1787, he was appointed chaplain to the Duke of York, and in the ensuing year, Assistant Preacher of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. In 1795, he became an assistant librarian at the British Museum, and soon afterwards, Librarian for the MS. department. In 1799, he was made a Canon Residentiary of Lichfield; in 1800, he was honored with the Archdeaconry of Stafford; and in 1818, appointed Rector of Allhallows, London Wall.

Few individuals have been more deeply and universally lamented by the literary world and his friends, than this accomplished man. He was an exemplary divine, a profound scholar, a laborious and judicious critic, and an elegant writer. His publications are numerous, among which are *Elements of Orthoepey*; *Principles of Government deduced from Reason*; *Man's best Right*; two volumes of *Essays*; *The Veracity of the Evangelists demonstrated*; *A Glossary*, illustrative of the works of Shakspeare, and English authors in general; and numerous *Sermons*. In 1793, he commenced the *British Critic*, in conjunction with the Rev. W. Beloe, and which he continued to conduct in an able manner till the close of the forty-second volume. He also revised and corrected the *Biographical Dictionary*, in 1798, in conjunction with the Rev. W. Tooke, and the Rev. W. Beloe, each undertaking five out of the fifteen volumes.

**25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
OF LADY DAY,**

This festival is celebrated in memory of the angel's salutation of the blessed Virgin, and appears of great antiquity. Mention is made of it in sermons attributed to Athanasius and Gregory Thaumaturgus. In the seventh century, the council of Trullo issued a canon forbidding the celebration of all festivals in Lent, except the Lord's-day, and the feast of the Annunciation.

28.—1829.—HENRY HASE DIED, ÆTAT. 66.

The chief cashier of the Bank of England, with whose name the public are so familiar by seeing it on the bank notes. He was a gentleman of extraordinary abilities, and of a social disposition, intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Abraham Rees, by whom, and by a numerous circle of friends, he was highly respected. His attention to business, great arithmetical attainments, and strict integrity of principle, were noted and duly appreciated by the late Abraham Newland, at whose recommendation, and under whose fostering care he rose gradually from a comparatively humble station to the office of assistant, or second cashier. He was also one of the executors of Mr. Newland, and at his decease was appointed by the Honorable Board of Directors to succeed him in his office.

29.—1829.—THOMAS HARRISON DIED, ÆTAT. 85.

He was born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the year, 1744, and having a taste for drawing, went to Rome, under the patronage of the late Lord Dundas, about the year 1769. He remained several years in Rome, engaged in the study of architecture, and made some designs for the embellishment of the Square of Santa Maria del Popolo; in consequence of which, he had the honor of receiv-

ing from the hands of Pöpe Ganganelli, a gold and silver medal, and was also made a Member of the Academy of St. Luke, by an especial order for that purpose. Upon leaving Rome, he travelled through part of Italy and France, and returned to England in 1776 ; where he was soon afterwards engaged in building a bridge over the Lune, at Lancaster, consisting of five arches, being the first level bridge ever constructed in this country. Having settled at Lancaster, he designed and executed the extensive improvements and alterations in the Castle at that place ; and afterwards gained a premium, and was appointed architect for rebuilding the Gaol and County Courts of Chester. The Armoury and Exchange buildings, which form the east and west wings of the County Hall, as also the chaste and unexampled Propylea, or gateway, before it, were built after designs furnished by Mr. Harrison ; and the new Bridge across the Dee, now in progress, which is to be formed of one arch, of one hundred feet span, is also from his design. England is indebted partly to Mr. Harrison for the possession of those valuable antiquities, now known by the name of the Elgin Marbles. When the Earl of Elgin was appointed Ambassador to the Porte in 1799, Mr. Harrison, who was at that time in Scotland, designing a house for his Lordship, strongly recommended him to procure castes of all the remaining sculptures, &c. in Athens, but had not the least idea of the marbles themselves being removed.— Since Mr. Harrison resided in Cheshire he has been engaged in several works of importance. Amongst others, a Column, at Shrewsbury, (in conjunction with Mr. Haycock,) in honor of Lord Hill ; and one for the Marquis of Anglesea, erected near his Lordship's residence, on the Straits of the Menai. Also, the Triumphal Arch, at Holyhead, built to commemorate the king's landing there ; as

well as the Jubilee Tower, upon Moel Famma, to commemorate the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. To which may be added, the Athenæum, and St. Nicholas's Tower, in Liverpool; and the Theatre, and Exchange buildings, in Manchester. Mr. Harrison was likewise consulted in the formation of the Waterloo Bridge, for which purpose he was called up to London; and was the first gentleman who proposed a grand quay on the banks of the Thames, to be built from Westminster Bridge to that of Blackfriars. Several years since, Mr. Harrison was honored with a visit from Count Woronzow, formerly ambassador from the Court of Russia to England, who was passing through Chester, and expressed much admiration of the county hall, gaol, and other buildings of the Castle; and six or seven years since, he was requested by the son of the above, Count Michael Woronzow, to design a palace to be built in the Ukraine upon the banks of the Dnieper, and a gateway for the triumphal entrance of the late emperor; the Count came to Chester several times to see and consult with him respecting them. This design, which was approved of by Count Woronzow, is in the Grecian style, and has a range of apartments on the principal floor, which form a vista of upwards of five hundred feet in length. A tower or lighthouse more than one hundred feet in height, for which Mr. Harrison made a design, has been built by Count Woronzow, upon an eminence from whence it may be seen from the Black Sea. Besides Broomhall, in Fifeshire, the residence of the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Harrison designed houses for several gentlemen in Scotland; amongst others, one for the late General Abercrombie, and one for Mr. Bruce.—*Chester Paper.*

29.—1751.—CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM DIED,
ÆTAT. 82,

This eminent philanthropist was bred to the sea, and spent his early years in trading to the colonies. With limited means he effected great good, and after seventeen years of close application, founded and firmly established *The Foundling Hospital*, at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane, London, and



procured the royal charter for it. He obtained a bounty upon naval stores imported from the colonies, and was the principal in setting on foot the colonies of Georgia and Nova Scotia. His last charitable design was an institution for the education of North American Indian girls. Indeed he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his own interest, that in his latter days he was supported by the charity of several spirited individuals. When Dr. Brocklesby applied to him to know whether a subscription for his benefit would offend him, he replied, "I have not wasted the little wealth which I formerly possessed, in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in this my old age I am poor."

Astronomical Occurrences.

In March, 1830.

“ Watch with nice eye, the steady rolling sphere,
The *Equinoctial*, and *Sidereal* year ;
The slow *Precession*, and the varying clime,
And trace with patient care the flight of *Time*.”

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

Precession of the Equinoxes.

The Sun enters Aries according to the fixed zodiac, at 32m. after 2, in the morning of the 21st of this month ;—his *true place* in the heavens on this day is in Pisces. It is now more than 2000 years since the vernal equinox passed through β in Aries, consequently the first of Aries is an astronomical fiction, and only used for tabular convenience ; the equinoctial point has receded more than a sign to the west of this star, so that Pisces now occupies the place of Aries, Aquarius of Pisces, Capricornus of Aquarius, and a similar transposition with the other signs successively. That the vernal equinox does not occur in this constellation may be rendered evident to the youthful astronomer, by observing the three stars in the head of the Ram, which will be visible, after sun-set, declining toward the west, for some considerable time after the transit of the celestial equator by the sun.

The following particulars will explain more familiarly this interesting motion. If the Sun be observed at the vernal equinox of any year, when his centre coincides with the equinoctial, and a similar observation be made at the succeeding vernal equinox, it will be found, that the point of the previous intersection has advanced eastward $50'.34$; this motion is called the *precession of the equinoxes*, and occa-

sions a variation of a degree in 70 years, or $1^{\circ} 23' 45''$ in a hundred years: thus the intersection of the ecliptic and equinoctial, which in the time of Hipparchus occurred in Aries, is now in Pisces, in 840 years from this time will have retreated into Aquarius, and an entire revolution of the heavens be completed in 25,745 years, when Aries will again lead the celestial hosts. The time occupied in completing this revolution is called the Great or Platonic year.

This retrograde motion causes the general equinoxes to occur a little sooner every year, than if these equinoctial points continued immoveable; hence the *astronomical year* which commences at the vernal equinox, differs in length with a *sidereal year*;—the former as determined from a mean of a hundred equinoctial years is 365d. 5h. 48m. 51.6s. and the latter which is the time elapsed from the Sun's quitting a particular star to his return to the same, is 365d. 6h. 9m. 11.5s. the difference therefore is 20m. 19.9s. the latter being greater from the shifting of the equinoctial points, and is equal to the time taken up by the sun, in describing the arc of the annual precession.

The nature of this motion may be illustrated by a reference to the daily revolution of the starry sphere, the whole celestial frame of which, appears to move round in 24 hours; this motion we know to be apparent only, and arising from the earth's rotation; so, in the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes, a slow motion is detected in the position of the fixed stars, relative to that point, where the Sun's path intersects the equator, which must be either *real* or *apparent*;—if real, it is inapplicable, and if apparent, it must arise from some motion of the Earth, which like that of its rotation and revolution, is only detected by a reference to the heavens, the explanation of which furnishes one

of the most beautiful proofs of the theory of universal gravitation; the motion which was thought to affect all the heavenly bodies, is to be traced to a slow vibration of the Earth's axis, occasioned by the attraction of the Sun, Moon, and Planets on the spheroidal figure of the Earth, causing a small tendency of the equator towards the bodies attracting, and an apparent motion of the starry host, forward, or eastward.

ZODIACS.

With the precession of the equinoxes is connected a question of uncommon interest, relative to the zodiacs of antiquity; if the commencing sign of any one is ascertained, its age can be determined. The Indian Zodiac presents superior claims to antiquity; it is of a quadrilateral figure, in the centre of which is placed a Virgin, surrounded by a glory,—inferring that when constructed, the solstice corresponded with the first degree of Virgo, which carries us back 1400 years before the Christian era. In the zodiac found in the temple of Dendera, the ancient Tentyra of Egypt, the Sun appears at the summer solstice, to be about 24° of Cancer, making it 3000 years since its construction. It is not easy to ascertain the leading signs in the Zodiacs of the ruins at, and near Esné, or Latapolis; the Sun appears to be in Leo, at the summer solstice, indicating its age to be 5400 years. Some French philosophers have attempted to prove that the dates of the Egyptian Zodiacs, are to be referred to periods of such high antiquity, as must falsify the Mosaic account of the Creation, but happily for religion and common sense, they are divided among themselves, whether to denominate that of Dendera a Zodiac at all, and if they agree on this point, they vary relative to the first sign,—and all depends on this being rightly ascertained, so that no reliance whatever can be placed on the conclusion they profess to draw. It is highly probable, that these latter Zodiacs, were

as much religious symbols as astronomical calendars, it being well known that the Egyptians blended astronomy with their mythology.

CHRONOLOGY.

The precession of the equinoxes has also been employed in solving several interesting chronological problems; we ascertain the period when Hesiod flourished, assuming as data the following lines taken from his *Opera et Dies*:—

“ When from the solstice sixty wintry days,
Their turns have finished, mark with glittering rays,
From Ocean’s sacred flood *Arcturus* rise,
Then first to gild the dusky evening skies.”

Arcturus, the star here referred to, is of the first magnitude in the constellation Boötes, which now rises about a hundred days after the winter solstice to Ascræ, (the birth-place of Hesiod) a little village of Bæotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon, according to Ptolemy in latitude $37^{\circ} 45'$ north; this increase of 40 days, is equal to 39° which reduced to seconds, and divided by the annual precession, gives 2740 years since the time of Hesiod, which is as close an approximation to collateral testimony as this species of calculation can furnish.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The Sun will be eclipsed invisible to the British Isles, at $44\frac{1}{2}$ m. past 2 in the afternoon of the 24th of this month, in longitude Os. $3^{\circ} 28\frac{1}{2}'$, the Moon’s latitude $1^{\circ} 17\frac{3}{4}'$ south.

Table of the Sun’s Rising and Setting for every Fifth Day.

Mar. 1st, Sun rises 35 min. after 6, sets 25 min. after 5	
6th, 25 6, .. 35 5	
11th, 15 6, .. 45 5	
16th, 5 6, .. 55 5	
21st, 55 5, .. 5 6	
26th, 45 5, .. 15 6	
31st, 35 5, .. 25 6	

Equation of Time.

Having observed the time as marked by a good sun-dial, *add* the following quantities, and the results will be such as should be given by a clock at the same instant.

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

	m.	s.
Monday, March 1st, to the time by the dial <i>add</i>	12	41
Saturday, — 6th,	11	36
Thursday, — 11th,	10	19
Tuesday, — 16th,	8	55
Sunday, — 21st,	7	26
Friday, — 26th,	5	54
Wednesday— 31st,	4	22

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter, 1st day, at 2 m. past 8 morning.	
Full Moon, 9th 31	1 afternoon.
Last Quarter, 17th 36	5
New Moon, 24th 44	2
First Quarter, 31st 58	6 morning.

Eclipse of the Moon.

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 9th of this month, but invisible in this country; it will occur under the following circumstances: viz.

Beginning of the eclipse ..	34 m. 45 s. after 11 morn.
Beginning of total darkness 39 ..	45..... 12 noon.
Ecliptic opposition	30 .. 45..... 1 aftern.
Middle.....	31 .. 45..... 1
End of total darkness	23 .. 45..... 2
End of the eclipse	28 .. 45..... 3
Digits eclipsed 20° from the southern side of the Earth's shadow.	

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the First Meridian at the following convenient times of observation, viz.—

March 1st,	at 46 m. past 5 in the afternoon.
2nd,.. 40	6 in the evening.
3rd, .. 34	7
4th, .. 26	8
5th, .. 16	9
6th, .. 4	10
16th, . 44	4 in the morning.
17th, .. 34	5
18th, .. 25	6
19th, .. 18	7
20th, .. 13	8
29th, .. 41	4 in the afternoon.
30th, .. 36	5
31st, .. 30	6 in the evening.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet is now nearly lost to the unassisted sight in the effulgence of the solar beams. The following are the proportional phases :

March 1st.—Illuminated part =	0.17317
Dark part	11.82683

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

There will be only two of these eclipses visible this month, at Greenwich, namely,

IMMERSION.

First Satellite, 5th day, 43 m. 34 s. past 5 in the morning.

EMERSION.

Third Satellite, 26th day, 55 m. 4s. past 4 in the morning.

Conjunctions of the Moon with the Fixed Stars.

March 1st,	with Aldebaran	at 2 in the afternoon.
11th,	♄ in Virgo ..	8 in the evening.
13th, .. ♄ ..	Virgo ..	5 in the morning.
14th,	♊ .. Libra ..	11 at night
28th,	♉ .. Taurus ..	3 in the afternoon.
28th,	Aldebaran ..	10 at night.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be at his greatest elongation on the 10th of this month. Venus in her inferior conjunc-

tion on the 7th, at 45 m. after 3 in the afternoon ; 27th, stationary. Jupiter and Mars will be in conjunction on the 19th and separated from each other 40'.

“ Ye stars ! which are the *Poetry of Heaven !*”

Lord Byron.

Astronomy is the very region in which the spirit of poetry finds itself in its own element ; it there spreads abroad its pinions and largely roams from star to star, from system to system, exulting amidst the magnificence of interminable space. The following are a few gems which sparkle in the coronet of the genius of astronomy :

O that I were the great soul of a world !

A glory in space !

By the glad hand of Omnipotence hurled

Sublime on its race !

Reflecting the marvellous beauty of heaven,

Encircled with joy,

To endure, when the orbs shall wax dim, that are given

Old Time to destroy.

William Kennedy.

There take thy stand, my spirit ;—spread

The world of shadows at thy feet ;

And mark how calmly, over head,

The stars like saints in glory meet :

While hid in solitude sublime,

Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,

And hear the passing foot of Time

Step through the gloom.

James Montgomery.

The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced

Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.

The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,

Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth.

And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,—

Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,

Of purity, and holiness, and God.

Robert Fellok.

By night-fall shaded,
The red lights from the clouds are faded ;
Leaving one palest amber line
To mark the last of day's decline ;
And all o'er heaven is that clear blue
The stars so love to wander through.
They're rising from the silent deep,
Like bright eyes opening after sleep.

"The Lost Pleiad," by L. E. L.

There, far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs,
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfil immutably
"The Great Creator's" law.

Above, below, around,
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony :
Each with undeviating care,
In eloquent silence through the depths of space,
Pursued its wond'rous way.

Shelley.

The Naturalist's Diary.

For March, 1830.

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month ! in praise of thee ;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me :

For thou to northern lands again
The gay and glorious sun dost bring ;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;
But, in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

This month brings us to the first day of spring. Surely our days are swifter than the post who is sent on messages of express. With the word *spring* we connect all that is fertile and delightful, fragrant and exhilarating. But Nature has ordained that the transition from the bleakness of winter to the

gentleness of spring, shall be so gradual, as to be unperceived. The seasons melt into one another. We now feel the harsh winds of boisterous winter, and see the shattered forest and the ravaged vale. At the enlivening touch of softer winds, these snows will dissolve, and soon the hills will lift up their green tops to the sky. But all is gradual. In the vast economy of nature, the winter with its frosts is as necessary as spring with its blossoms, or summer with its heat.—At this moment all things are still drooping; the aspect is wild and unpromising; the sky is obscured with clouds, and the atmosphere loaded with vapours. A dense fog conceals the morning sun—his warmth is feeble at his meridian, and not an herb has felt his life-giving energy. The state we now experience is most salutary. If the air was soon to become mild, swarms of insects would appear to devour the seed sown, and the plants ready to bud—the blossoms would be nipped by untimely frosts and the harvest destroyed. The rough and disagreeable weather of March puts the whole vegetable creation into the only fit condition for receiving the warmth of spring.—What night is to the weary man, winter is to the exhausted year. It is the time of nature's repose. Through the many preceding months, nature had been labouring for the good of man. Like an anxious foster parent, it had supplied his revolving wants, and wearied by its efforts asked a space of repose. But it reposes only to gain new strength for another effort; and asks man to rest with the same view.—Winter throws over the fields its white mantle, to make them a safe-keeping repository for the embryo seed and the tender roots. It has its storms which are most beneficial. They drive the needed vapours, the sulphurous particles, the nutritive salts and other substances, from one region to another. The seeds which are indigenous in one territory, are

happily transported, perhaps, on the wings of the destructive whirlwind, to another far distant.

“Thou vital-giving parent of earth’s bloom,
And beautifier of dead winter, hail !
At thine approach all slumbering things exhale
The breath of life ; and from their prison’d tomb,
Where they had gather’d beauty in their gloom,
The warrior insects flutter in gilt mail.
The wild birds seek their voices, and oft try
Preluding strains of simple melody.
And when the fragrance of the blooming pea
Is on the night wind, what an extacy
Of song the lonely nightingale out-pours !
And the waves gently chide the stubborn shores,
Fearful lest they disturb one living thing
Worshiping nature at the shrine of spring.”

Many birds now begin to appear on the budding branches; among which will be found the nightingale, willow-wren, redstart, blackcap, and lesser field-lark. Mr. Jennings in his *Ornithology*, has the following lines written in March, 1810.

TO A WREN,

Which for many years built her nest behind an ash tree that overhung his garden.

Little warbler ! long hast thou
Perch’d beneath yon spreading bough ;—
Sung beneath yon ivied tree,—
Thy mossy nest I yearly see,
Safe from all thy peace annoys—
Claws of cats or cruel boys.
We often hear thy *chit, chat*, song
Call thy tiny brood along ;
While, in her nest, or on a spray,
The throstle charms us with her lay !
Little warbler ? cheerful wren !
The spring-time’s come, and *thou* again,
Little warbler ! thou like me,
Delights’t in home and harmless glee ;
What of peace is to be found,
Circles all thy dwelling round ;
Here with love beneath the shade,
Thy tranquil happiness is made ;
With thy tiny, faithful mate,
Here meet’st resign’d the frowns of fate.

While prouder birds fly high or far,
 Or mix them in the strife of war,—
 Or, restless, all the world through range,
 And restless, still delight in change,
 Thou mak'st *thy home* a place of *rest*,
Affection, love, and that is best!
 Then welcome, welcome, faithful wren!
 Thrice welcome to thy home again!

The missel-thrush, or storm-cock, may be now heard singing before rain and during stormy weather. The owl may also be heard screeching through the air in the midst of a dreary night; preying on bats or small birds, or robbing fish-ponds; as they are fond of feeding their young with fish; and the house-sparrow may be seen hovering about the domiciles of man. In the *New Year's Gift* for 1830, there is an affecting appeal in favour of

THE HOUSE SPARROW.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Touch not the little sparrow, who doth build
 His home so near us. He doth follow us
 From spot to spot, amidst the turbulent town,
 And ne'er deserts us. To all other birds
 The woods suffice, the rivers, the sweet fields,
 And nature in her aspect mute and fair;
 But *he* doth herd with man. Blithe servant! live.
 Feed, and grow cheerful! On my window's ledge
 I'll leave thee every morning some fit food.
 In payment of thy service.—Doth he serve?—
 Ay, serves and teaches. His familiar voice,
 His look of love, his sure fidelity,
 Bids us be gentle with so small a friend;
 And much we learn from acts of gentleness.
 Doth he not teach?—Ay, and doth serve us too,
 Who clears our homes from many a noisome thing,
 Insect or reptile; and when we do mark
 With what nice care he builds his nest, and guards
 His offspring from all harm, and how he goes,
 A persevering, bold adventurer,
 'Midst hostile tribes, twenty times big as he,
 Skill, perseverance, courage, parent's love,—
 In all these acts we see, and may do well,
 In our own lives, perhaps, when need doth ask,
 To imitate the little household bird.

Untiring follower! what doth chain thee here;
 What bonds 'tween thee and man! Thy food the same
 As theirs who wing the woods,—thy voice as wild,
 Thy wants, thy power the same; we nothing do
 To serve thee, and few love thee; yet thou hang'st
 About our dwellings, like some humble friend,
 Whom custom and kind thoughts do link to us,
 And no neglect can banish.

So, long live
 The household sparrow! may he thrive for ever!
 For ever twitter forth his morning song,
 A brief, but sweet domestic melody!
 Long may he live! and he who aims to kill
 Our small companion, let him think how he
 Would feel if great men spurned him from their hearths,
 Or tyrant doomed him, who had done no wrong,
 To pains or sudden death. Then let him think,
 And he will spare the little trustful bird;
 And his one act of clemency will teach
 His heart a lesson that shall widen it,
 For nothing makes so bright the soul, as when
 Pity doth temper wisdom.

The face of nature begins to assume a pleasing
 appearance; and in the words of the poet, we wel-
 come the season that opens to us the budding charms
 of Flora.

Oh! come, sweet spring, and fill the world
 Again with all thy lovely bloom;
 Let wild-wing'd tempests far be hurl'd
 To winter's deep and dreary tomb.

Give to the brook its lucid charms;
 Give to the grove its warbling throng;
 Give to the flowers their spicy balms;
 And waken nature's general song;

And give to man, what oft he wants,
 A heart of gratitude and love,
 For all the God of nature grants;
 His merits, oh! how far above!

Dear spring? I love thy calm, bright hours,
 Full of a soft and sweet control;
 For they revive my dormant pow'rs,
 And lift to heav'n my humble soul. *J. M. Lacey.*

Among plants in flower, may be found the sweet violet, green hellebore, jonquil, bunch-hyacinth, heartsease, marygold, sweet tulip, oxlip and crocuses. In the fields too, the eye is sure to be charmed with primroses, and, perhaps, daisies: but the first spring visitor is the modest snowdrop. In the *Forget me Not* for 1830, is a sweet picture of this season, which will amply repay the transplanting to our *Diary*:—

THE SNOW-DROP'S CALL.

BY MISS ELIZABETH EMRA.

Who else is coming? There's sunshine here!
Ye would strew the way for the infant year:
The frost-winds blow on the barren hill,
And icicles hang on the quarry still;
But sunny, and shelter'd, and safe are we,
In the moss at the foot of the sycamore tree.

Are ye not coming? the first birds sing;
They call to her bowers the lingering spring;
And afar to his home near the north pole star,
Old winter is gone in his snow-clad car;
And the storms are past, and the sky is clear,
And we are alone, sweet sisters! here.
Will ye not follow? ye safe shall be
In the green moss under the sycamore tree.

And oh! there is health in the clear cold breeze,
And a sound of joy in the leafless trees;
And the sun is pale, yet his pleasant gleam
Has wakened the earth, and unchain'd the stream;
And the soft west wind, oh! it gently blows!
Hasten to follow, pale lady primrose!
And hyacinth graceful, and crocus gay,
For we have not met this many-a-day.
Follow us, follow us! follow us then,
All ye whose home is in grove or glen:
Why do ye linger? Who else is coming,
Now spring is awak'd with the wild bee's humming?

Many insects at this time come forth to commit their depredations; among which, one of the most destructive, is the wasp. In a communication to *The Gardener's Magazine*, Mr. Dall, of Arrington,

Cambridgeshire, thus describes his method of destroying them: "I give a small reward to my men, for every wasp they bring to me, from the beginning of March, up to the second week of June; from June, I give a reward for every nest brought to me, and I continue taking the nests late in the season, although the fruit may have been all gathered; this I do in order that fewer female wasps may be left to breed in the next spring.—The means used by me for destroying the nests are simply these:—I take common gunpowder and water sufficient to make a strong dough or paste; a piece of dough, about the size of a large walnut, rolled in the form of a cone, is sufficient to stifle the wasps in any one nest. The nests being looked for by the men in their over hours; when found, they are marked, so as to be more readily found again when it is dark.—When all things are ready, the men divide their number in parties of three or four; each party being provided with a lantern, candles, spade, pick, as many glass bottles as there are nests to be taken on that night, and a water pot with some clean water. When arrived at one of the nests, fire is set to the smallest end of one of the conical balls of prepared gunpowder, which is held with the hand close into the mouth of the entrance till one third is burned; the remaining part of the ball is then dropped into the hole, and a piece of turf placed over it to prevent the escape of the smoke. In the space of half a minute after the ball is dropped into the hole, the nest is dug out, and in its stead, a glass bottle, one third filled with water, is placed upright with the mouth open, and rather below the surface level of the earth, which is carefully made smooth all round the mouth of the bottle. Into these bottles, the wasps who happen to be out when the nest is taken, enter, and get drowned in the water. In some large nests, I have had to empty the bottles and

replace them, more than once. If bottles are not placed as above, the wasps that happen to be from home at the time the nest is taken, on their return home, finding the nest destroyed, they fly back to the fruit and continue devouring it as long as they have life. I have counted 2300 wasps, belonging to one nest, drowned in bottles placed as above, after the nest was taken."

It may not be displeasing to see how nearly a spring on the other side of the Atlantic, agrees with our own climate. For the following pleasing picture, we are indebted to Mr. J. K. Paulding:—"Now the laughing, jolly spring began sometimes to show her buxom face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of Winter, loath to resign his rough sway over the wide realm of nature, she would retire again into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magic influence. The buds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping blue-bird hopped about the orchards of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, sprung up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods. By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous pageantry; the young lambs appeared frisking and gamboling about the sedate mother; young, innocent calves began their first bleatings; the cackling hen announced her daily feat in the barn-yard with clamorous astonishment; every day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life, which nature pre-

sents in the progress of the genial spring; and finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers, and the maiden's rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return of the stay of the vernal year."

As this month closes with the coming of spring, we shall close our Diary with

THE FIRST SPRING WREATH.

By the Author of "Holland Tide," "The Collegians," &c.

The flowers in silence seem to breathe
Such thoughts as language could not tell.

BYRON.

Promettre, c'est donner ; espérer, c'est jouir.

DE LILLE.

Thou seest this little wreath I hold,
A modest, trifling, graceful thing,
Where the bright crocus' deepening gold
Circles the first-born bloom of spring,
The snow-drop's soillless, virgin gem—
('Twas a true taste that mingled them)
Yet though I've gazed, through a long hour,
In silence o'er each single flower,
I thought not on their varied dyes—
But they have waked strange memories!

Do you remember, on that day
When you came to our solitude,
To see me on my lonely way
Over the hill and through the wood :
Do you remember one—a girl,
With dark-bright eyes and teeth of pearl,
Who bade me, as she pressed my hand,
Think of my old friends, and old land ?
Oh ! I was Hope's idolater,
And left my happiness for her !

You'll deem it fanciful—I've gazed
Upon this simple wreath of flowers,
Till the sad memory was raised
Of that sweet maid and those sweet hours.
This snow-drop seems most pure and sweet ;
Her mind was white and fair as it ;

And her heart was the precious gold,
Around whose leaves those white flowers fold ;
Gold, not in seeming, but in weight,
And tried through a long, joyless fate.

I saw her in her early bloom,
A picture of pure loveliness ;
I saw her when the blight had come
That left that picture colourless.
Oh ! memory what a weight thou art
To him who bears a hopeless heart !
I look upon past, painful years—
They brought me pangs and leave me tears ;
I turn to those unborn, and see
But shades of unborn misery.

Yet though the weight of present woe
Hath chill'd through ev'ry throbbing vein,
Even to the death of that soft glow,
Hope loves to shed on hearts in pain.
Yet when I think, alone of thee,
Those dark and saddening doubts will flee,
And a mild light of promise rise,
Like that which lives within thine eyes.
Hush ! hush ! it dawns even now to mine,
Proxy of bliss ! Grief's anodyne !

There is a silent summer bower,
An evening sun to gild its bloom,
A stillness over leaf and flower,
A freshness breathing in perfume,
And all the friends our youth has known,
Now o'er the cold world widely strown ;
The old, the young, the kind, the fair,
Merrily meet and mingle there,
Without one saddening want to chill
The music of the laughter peal !

And thou art there, my lovely friend,
Health lightens in thine eyes again ;
'Tis the first Spring of hope—we blend
Its flowers into a fairy chain.
Oh ! bid not the sweet dream depart,
But let me lay it to my heart.
I see it bloom—joy's first Spring wreath,
I feel the fragrance of its breath,
And deem it fairer for the showers
That gloom us while they nurse its flowers.

APRIL,

This month was under the auspices of Venus, among the Romans; hence it was frequently named *Mensis Veneris*; but its popular name was *Aprilis*. By the Anglo Saxons it was entitled *Oster Monath*, or Easter month, probably from the frequency of the eastern winds. The word is derived from *aperio*, to open; because the earth this month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetation.

Remarkable Days.

1.—ALL, OR AULD FOOL'S DAY.

While April morn her folly's throne exalts;
While Dob calls Nell, and laughs because she halts;
While Nell meets Tom, and says his tail is loose,
And laughs in turn and calls poor Tom a goose;
Let us, my Muse, through Folly's harvest range,
And glean some moral into Wisdom's grange.

Verses on several occasions. London, 1782.

A custom, says *The Spectator*, prevails everywhere among us on the first of April, when every body strives to make as many fools as he can. The wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called *sleeveless errands*, for the *History* of Eve's mother, for pigeon's milk, and similar ridiculous errands. He takes no notice of the rise of this singular kind of anniversary.

The French too have their All Fool's Day, and call the person imposed upon, an *April fish*; *poison d'Avril*. Bellinger, in his French proverbs, endeavours to establish the following explanation of this custom: the word *poison*, he contends, is corrupted through the ignorance of the people from *passion*;

and length of time has almost totally defaced the original intention, which was to commemorate the passion of our Saviour. That took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent the Son of man backwards and forwards, to mock and torment him, *i. e.* from Annas to Caiaphus, from him to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and thence again to Pilate, this ridiculous, or rather impious, custom took its rise, by which we send about from one place to another, such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule.

There is an old book, called *An Essay to retrieve the ancient Celtic*, in which the author says, "there is nothing that will bear a clearer demonstration, than that the primitive Christians, by the way of conciliating the pagans to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of the gospel doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their possession, and to secure their tenure: an admirable expedient, and extremely fit in those barbarous times, to prevent the people from returning to their old religion. Among these, in imitation of the Roman Saturnalia, was the *Festum Vatuorum*; when part of the jollity of the season was a burlesque election of a mock pope, mock cardinals, mock bishops, attended with a thousand ridiculous and indecent ceremonies, gambols, and antics, such as singing and dancing in the churches, in lewd attitudes, to ridiculous anthems, all allusively to the exploded pretensions of Druids, whom these sports were calculated to expose to scorn and derision.

"This feast of fools," he continues, "had its designed effect; and contributed, perhaps, more to the extermination of those heathens than all the collateral aid of fire and sword, neither of which were spared in the persecution of them. The continu-

ance of customs, especially droll ones, which suit the gross taste of the multitude, after the original cause of them has ceased, is a great, but no uncommon, absurdity."

The epithet *old fools* (in the northern and old English *auld*) does not ill accord with the pictures of Druids, which have been transmitted to us. The united appearance of wisdom, age, and sanctity, which these ancient priests assumed, doubtless contributed in no small degree to the deception of the people. The Christian teachers, in their labours to undeceive the fettered multitudes, would probably spare no pains to pull off the masks from these venerable hypocrites, and point out to their converts, that age was not always synonymous with wisdom; that youth was not the peculiar period of folly; and that together with young, there were *old fools*.

Should the above be considered as a forced interpretation, it can be offered in apology that, in joining the scattered fragments that survive the mutilation of ancient customs, we must be forgiven if all the parts are not found closely to agree. Little of the means of conjecture has been transmitted to us; and that little can only be eked out by conjecture.

2.—1829.—LANDGRAVE OF HESSE HOMBERG DIED,
ÆTAT. 60.

His Serene Highness Frederic Joseph Louis, was the eldest son of the Landgrave Frederic Louis, whom he succeeded, January 20, 1820. On April 7, 1818, he was married at Buckingham House, to the Princess Elizabeth, sister to His present Majesty George IV. shortly after which they left England for the Landgrave's palace at Homberg, on the Rhine, where they resided till his death.

2.—1829.—MANASSEH DAWES DIED.

Mr. Dawes was a barrister of the Inner Temple, but retired from his profession many years since.

He was possessed of a strong mind, great knowledge of the law, and much general information; sufficient proof of which he has left behind him in various works; among the principle of which are: *An Inquiry into the Merits of Drs. Priestley and Price; On Intellectual Liberty and Toleration; Essays on Crimes and Punishments; The Nature and Extent of Supreme Power; Two works On Libels; Commentaries on the Law of Arrests; several Poems, &c.* For the last 36 years Mr. Dawes lived a very retired life in Clifford's Inn, where he died.

3.—ST. RICHARD.

Surnamed *De Wiche*, from the place of his birth in Worcestershire. He was made Bishop of Chichester in 1245; died on this day in 1253; he was canonized in 1262 by Pope Urban, in return for his strict homage to the papal power.

4.—PALM SUNDAY.

This is the sixth Sunday in Lent, and sixth after Shrove Tuesday. It is so called in memory of our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the multitude that attended him strewed branches of palm-trees in his way.

4.—ST. AMBROSE.

He was born at Arles, in France, about 333, and in 374 was chosen Bishop of Milan: he was violently opposed to the Arians; and died this day, in 397. The celebrated hymn, *Te Deum*, which is still performed on all great occasions in Catholic countries, was composed by St. Ambrose when he baptized St. Augustine.

8.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Also called *Chare*, or *Shere* Thursday, is the day before Good Friday. Spelman derives the word maundy from *mande*, a hand basket, in which the king was accustomed to give alms to the poor:

others derive it from *dies mandati*, the day on which our Saviour gave His great mandate, "That we should love one another." Maundy Thursday is in Passion Week, and was thus named from the command of the Lord's Supper, which He this day instituted; or from the new commandment which He gave them to love one another, after He had washed their feet, as a token of His love to them.

Formerly, on this day the kings and queens of England washed the feet of as many poor persons as they were years old, besides bestowing his maundy on each: the last monarch who performed this ceremony in person was James II. It is still a day of great ceremony in the Catholic Church. Mr. Best, speaking of this day at Rome, says: "The table from which the Lord made his last supper I did not see: I was told that it is of thick wood, and offers nothing extraordinary. I was present at the Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and saw the procession to the *repository* erected in the Paoline Chapel. The feet of the twelve priests were then washed by a cardinal. During this last ceremony, in particular, I witnessed the roughness and insolence of the Swiss guards, who alone occasion those contests you have so often heard of—contests which would disgrace any place whatsoever, much more so a chapel. These functions should be attended by no person who had not previously made up his mind to be treated by the Pope's blackguards as if he were himself one to whom that epithet might be justly applied. There is even a certain degree of danger from the unsteady pikes, and the clashing tin armour, of these 'soldats de papier—paper soldiers,' as a French officer, who stood with me, addressed one of them. Ladies, although treated by them, not with more respect, but with less disrespect, are torn from one another and from those who accompany them,—if

not to the endangering of their lives, at least to that of their senses : I saw some who fainted, others lost their veils, &c. Barriers had been placed across the room in which the feet were washed ; and, to pass each barrier, three or four regular assaults were given by the crowd to the guards, who, after repelling them for a time, gave way and permitted the impatient multitude to advance ; whereas if no opposition had been offered, the people would have rolled on quietly and without disturbance. All should be totally excluded, or as many as the rooms will contain quietly admitted ; but neither of these alternatives is followed, and guards are placed as if for the sole purpose of creating tumult, and *then* giving way. Such is the sight displayed at the capital of the Christian world, at the most holy season of the year ; whilst a huge building, in which all Rome might find place, stands comparatively unoccupied, by the side of the ordinary-sized rooms, from the one to the other of which the Pope and spectators pass in a manner inconsistent with the dignity of either. Ought the Head of the Church to officiate in the private chapels of his own palace, because, forsooth, the performance of his musicians would appear to less advantage in a larger fabric ?—and this is the best reason I have yet heard given in excuse for this scandal. But even of the fact itself I am not well convinced ; for I have seen a part of St. Peter's partitioned off in a manner which greatly diminished the echo complained of. Yet, in case this method should not succeed, the Philharmonic, or any other Society, might be charged to invite all the ' *nobili forestieri*—noble strangers,'—to a private performance of the psalm, *Miserere* : or it would even be more decent, were this psalm—which is, by-the-by, of all psalms the one least suited to the theatre, repeated like the rest of the office, instead of being made a theatrical show of.

"I had reached the table at which the twelve priests, served by Cardinal della Somaglia, were dining, when la Comtesse de —, unable to support any longer the pressure of the crowd, demanded assistance to extricate herself from it : this was effected, with great difficulty, by myself and the French officer already alluded to.

"The Vatican library being open to the public, I then made a tour of the rooms and galleries, lined by the numerous files of wardrobes.

"In the afternoon the *Miserere* was again sung. I also went to the Paoline Chapel, which was lighted up, not over well, and filled with people praying devoutly on their knees ; for no Swiss guards interfered."

9.—GOOD FRIDAY.

A fast in the Christian church, in memory of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ ; and from the effects springing from that important event, its appellation *Good*, which appears to be peculiar to the Church of England, is prefixed. The Saxons called it *Long Friday*, from the length of the offices and fastings of that day ; but its ancient and appropriate title was *Holy Friday*, as also the week in which it happens, *Holy or Passion Week*. The practice of making *cross buns* on Good Friday is generally supposed to have originated simply in the desire of marking on the only food formerly allowed on this day, a symbol of the crucifixion.

"Through life unchanged, unwearied, undismay'd,
The suffering Saviour, true to human weal,
Bore steadfast on : the ignominious cross
Witnessed His conquest, and His dying love.
Ah ! well might Mary droop beneath her wo !
In many a page the gracious promise shone,
That she should bear a son of high import ;
And, from the cradle to maturer age,
His life had every bright assurance given

Of all fulfilment; but when most she thought
 To see the child of every cherish'd hope,
 Pre-eminent in glory and renown,
 Sorrowing, she saw Him stretched upon the cross,
 And weeping, to His lifeless corpse performed
 The mournful offices that nature claims.

Henry Smithers.

9.—1483.—EDWARD THE FIFTH'S ACCESSION.

This unfortunate prince, at the age of twelve years, was this day proclaimed King of England, on the death of his father, Edward IV. After a short reign of two months and twelve days, his uncle, Richard III., deprived him of his crown; and, according to most historians, in a short time had the young king and his younger brother, the Duke of York, both basely murdered in the Tower of London.

THE PRINCES OF YORK.

BY H. SIGOURNEY.

Rise, shade of Edward, from the tomb!
 And shield thy sons from harm;
 Protect them, 'mid their prison gloom,
 From Glo'ster's murderous arm.

Still dost thou trust with dauntless eye
 A brother's proffer'd care?
 Lo, Arthur's spirit hovers nigh,
 And warns thee to beware.

They sleep—and charms so bright and pure
 Around those features play,
 Methinks their sacred force might lure
 The savage from his prey.

Prince Edward's ruby lip was curl'd,
 As when, in knightly strife,
 'Mid the proud tourney's list is hurl'd
 The lance, for death or life.

But Richard in his dream did smile
 Within that fatal tower,
 As if he mark'd some pageant wile
 In lady's courtly bower.

His arm was o'er his brother's breast,
And on the pillow lay
That book of prayer their lips had prest
Ere slumber's hallow'd sway.

Sad widow'd queen! once more to gaze
On brows so bold and fair,
Might paint a rainbow on thy days
Of weeping and despair.

Once more those sunny curls to lift
Might cheer a mother's heart,
But, oh! the assassin's step is swift,
And dark the usurper's art.

Morn comes—those princes wake no more,
Their couch is lone and cold,
But yet no life-drops stain the floor
To mark a deed untold.

Dissembler! who dost mock the sky,
And man's weak search controul,
Be strong to bear heaven's burning eye
Of justice on thy soul.

The sparkling orb may bind thy brow,
A realm extol thy bliss,
Ambition havé its triumphs now—
Is there no world but this?

It comes! it comes! the vengeful hour,
Stern warriors grasp thy shield,
And Richmond pours his hostile power
O'er Bosworth's fatal field.

Haste, haste, false king! their might oppose,
Uplift thy haughty crest,—
But secret throngs of spectre foes
Ungird thy tyrant breast.

Meek Henry, from whose royal side
Afresh the purple flows,
Seems with his slaughter'd son to glide,
Crushed Lancaster's last rose.

Pale Clarence from his moulder'd cell
Stalks forth with drooping hair,
And they who in their beauty fell
Look to it!—they are there.

Go! to thy teachless grave go down!
Thy blood in battle spilt;
Go! weigh against thy bauble crown
The eternal pang of guilt.

11.-EASTER SUNDAY.

Easter, the anniversary of the resurrection of our Saviour, is so called from the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in April. The Asiatic churches kept their Easter upon the same day that the Jews observed their passover, and others on the first full moon in the new year. The controversy was determined in the Council of Nice, when it was ordained that Easter should be kept on one and the same Sunday in all the Christian churches in the world. In conformity to act of parliament, every *Book of Common Prayer* says, "Easter-day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after."

12.—EASTER MONDAY.

Formerly, every day in this week was observed as a religious festival; now they are only considered as days of recreation. A fair at Greenwich is held on the first three days of the week, to which the metropolis pours forth a great portion of its lower orders. A stag-hunt in Epping Forest was also a favorite recreation, and drew an assemblage of horsemen of as various and grotesque a character as any occasion could possibly bring together. This amusement, however, is fast falling into decay, as appears from the following preface to Hood's truly humorous poem called *The Epping Hunt* :

"The Easter chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its deer will be fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon. In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than to writing.

"Sir,—About the Hunt. In answer to your Innquiries, there has been a great falling off lately, so much so this year, that there was nobody almost. We did a mere nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, which is a proof in

Pint. In short, our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a decline. I am, sir, with respects from your humble servant, Bartholomew Rutt."

A tolerably accurate picture of the hunt is thus given by Mr. Hood :

" Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game.

Good Lord ! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the whirling brook
Enjoy'd their ' early purl.'

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers ;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers.

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to shew ;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *statue quo*.

' O dear ! O dear !' now might you hear,
' I've surely broke a bone ;'
' My head is sore,' with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the devil grinn'd,
To see the fall of man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses ' throwing off,'
So long before the hounds.

But now old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shews—
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose ?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all—
 No single tongue was mute ;
 The stag had led a hart, and lo !
 The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd—fear stuck a knife
 And fork in either haunch :
 And every dog he knew had got
 An eye-tooth to his paunch !

Away, away ! he scudded like
 A ship before the gale ;
 Now flew to ' hills we know not of,'
 Now, nun-like, took the vale.

* * * *

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
 And antick'd as they rode,
 And butchers whistled on their curs,
 And milkmen *tally-ho'd* !

About two score there were, not more,
 That galloped in the race ;
 The rest, alas ! lay on the grass,
 As once in Chevy Chase.

But even those that galloped on
 Were fewer every minute—
 The field kept getting more select,
 Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up and left the hunt,
 Some fell in miry bogs,
 And vainly rose and ' ran a muck,'
 To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
 Were left bereft of sense ;
 What else could be premised of blades
 That never learn'd to fence ?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay ;
 For all they went, and did the work
 Of leap-year in a day.

And by their side see Huggins ride,
 As fast as he could speed ;
 For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
 At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast between his teeth
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate !

* * * *

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze !

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn ;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn.

Right glad was he, as well as might be,
Such cushion to resign :
' Possession is nine points,' but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in !"

12.—1765.—DR. YOUNG DIED.



This view represents the old parsonage house at

Upham, about three miles from Bishop's Waltham, in Hampshire, in which the eminent author of the *Night Thoughts* was born, in June 1681, whilst his father was rector of that parish. The above is more interesting, as the house no longer exists. Having become ruinous, it was, a few years since, taken down and re-built, by the Rev. J. Haygarth, the present rector. The window in the gable end (in the front of the view,) was that of the room in which the poet was born. The late elegant scholar and critic, Dr. Joseph Warton, was formerly rector of Upham; and during his incumbency he caused the event to be commemorated by a tablet, suspended in the apartment, and bearing this inscription—*In hoc cubiculo natus erat eximius ille Poeta Edvardus Young, 1681.* This tablet, a two-fold relic of departed genius, is still preserved in the new house.

Dr. Young was a man of great application and learning; even whilst at Oxford, his character may be formed from the words of Tindal, commonly denominated "The Atheist Tindal," who spent much time at All Souls, and who used to argue with Young on topics of religion. "The other boys," says Tindal, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow, Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own."

13.—1829.—CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

On this day the royal assent was given to this Bill; by which eighteen Roman Catholic Peers were made eligible to sit in the House of Lords, and all Catholics, equally with Protestants, could become candidates for the House of Commons. They are also eligible for any office excepting Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chancellor, or High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland.

18.—LOW SUNDAY.

The Sunday after Easter-day is called Low Sunday, because it is Easter-day repeated, with the church service somewhat abridged, or *lowered*, in the ceremony, from the pomp and festival of the Sunday before.

18.—JEWISH PASSOVER.

The following admirable sketch of the customs still observed among the Jews during the Passover, is taken from an amusing little volume, entitled *Sophia de Lissau; a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century*.

“The leaven having been cleared away with scrupulous care, the family ceased to eat leavened bread, or any other article of that kind, by ten in the morning of the day on which the ceremony of the Passover was to be celebrated in the evening; and Leopold, as eldest son, fasted in memory of the slaying all the first born throughout the land of Egypt. Rabbi Colmar, in person, assisted to cleanse all the utensils and vessels of plate, china and glass, and the wooden tables and dressers of the kitchen. All other articles for use at this festival were new, or such as had been preserved from the preceeding year. The Nazarine servants were closely watched, to ascertain that they brought no leaven into the house at this period; for most strictly do the Jews of the present day observe every minutia of the Passover, and all its ceremonies, both written and traditional. Alas! the letter alone remains to them;—the glory is departed; the spirit is not discerned; the veil is on their hearts; the great Antitype of the solemn feast is hid from their eyes. In their observances they may truly be said to ‘sow the wind,’ the awful consequence of which is declared by the lip of infallible truth to be, that they shall ‘reap the whirlwind.’ Christian reader! thou who art concerned

for the true peace of Jerusalem, which is indeed hid from her eyes, oh, lift up thine heart to the Most High, and join with the royal Psalmist in saying—‘oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.’ On the commencement of the Passover eve, all the males of the family repaired to the synagogue; while Anna and her daughters remained at home, to prepare the chamber for the celebration of the ceremony. They decked the table, which was large enough for the whole household to surround, with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and set on it a cup for every person, and a book for each one, containing the prayers used at this time. In the centre of the table stood a large dish, on which was laid, folded in separate napkins, three very large cakes of unleavened bread, differing from those used for food, and distinguished from each other by peculiar notches, according to which they were placed to be made use of in the ceremony. On this dish were also placed bitter herbs and a cup of salt water, into which they were dipped (during the observance of those solemn rites,) and eaten in remembrance of the bitter bondage of Egypt. Small balls, composed of apples, almonds, &c., symbolic of the bricks and mortar among which the Hebrews worked at that ever memorable period. The shank-bone of a lamb, roasted, was among these emblems, as a memorial of the pascal lamb, commanded by the children of Israel, and which may not be eaten, as there ordered, out of the holy city. An egg, roasted by fire, completed the articles set on the dish. The dutious children of Solomon the Lissau next arranged a couch for their revered father to recline on, while he presided at the performance of the ceremony; and concluded their labour by placing ewers filled with water, and basins and towels, that they might pour water on

the hands of all who partook of the Passover, the meanest Hebrew servant was not excepted, according to ancient usage; for on the night of the great deliverance there was no distinction of persons, but *all* the children of Israel were free. The Nazarene servants were commanded to keep closely in their kitchen during the ceremony, nor were they, or any one but the true seed of Abraham, allowed to witness it; indeed on the preceeding year, Anna had discharged two servants, who, by indiscreet curiosity, had been tempted to listen in the adjoining chamber, and who had been caught there when the chamber door was, according to custom, set open, while the assembled family repeated the malediction in Psalm lxxix. 6."

19.—ST. ALPHAGE.

In the reign of King Etheldred, while the Danes had their chief station at Greenwich, they made frequent incursions into the interior of the country, committing the most dreadful ravages, particularly in the year 1011, when they laid siege to Canterbury, and having taken and plundered that city, massacred nine-tenths of the inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex. The remaining captives, together with Elpheg, or Alphage, the Archbishop of Canterbury, they conveyed to their camp, where they kept the Archbishop prisoner during seven months, demanding a large sum for his ransom, which he refused to pay, alleging, that the peasants of his church would be ruined by it. On a Saturday, the 12th of April, 1012, they particularly pressed for a ransom, and threatened to kill him, in case of refusal: he still, however, declined the payment, saying, that his life was not of so much worth that his people should be ruined for his sake. After this, they brought him on horseback before their assembly, which was held at Greenwich, on the 19th of

April, and cried out to him, "Bishop, give gold, or thou shalt this day become a public spectacle."

They were then flushed with wine, which they had procured from the south; and on his again refusing to submit to their conditions, they started from their seats, and attempted to kill him, by striking him with the flat sides of their axes, and by flinging bones and horns of oxen at him*. At last, one Thrum, or Trond, who had, on the day before, been confirmed by the Archbishop, ran up, moved by compassion, and gave him a blow on the head with his axe, which brought him dead to the ground. He was then nearly sixty years of age; and some of the Danes were ashamed of the horrid deed; probably the more so, as many of them were already Christians by name. A quarrel, therefore, arose among them, when some were for delivering up his body for honorable interment, and others for throwing it into the Thames. They even met in arms; and though a miracle is said, towards evening, to have gained over the Heathen party, the most credible account is, as Brompton, and even Osbern, relate, "that the citizens of London bought his body with a great sum of money."† He was first buried in St. Paul's, London; but eleven years afterwards, his body was taken up by Canute, and conveyed with much pomp to Canterbury, where it was re-interred with great solemnity. The Archbishop was afterwards enrolled among the Roman Saints; and on the spot where he fell at Greenwich, a church was consecrated to his honor: the site is now occupied by the Parish Church, which still records the memory of the event in its dedication to St. Alphage. *Brayley's Kent.*

* The *flinging of bones* was an ancient custom among the Danes, when sitting at table.

† Suhm's Hist. of Denmark, Vol. III. p. 380.

19.—1824.—LORD BYRON DIED.

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
 Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire ;
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,
 And reputation, and luxurious life ;
 Yet not content with ancestral names,
 Or to be known because his fathers were ;
 He on this height hereditary stood,
 And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
 To take another step. Above him seemed
 Alone the mount of song—the lofty seat
 Of canonized bards ; and thitherward
 By nature taught, and inward melody,
 In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.

Robert Pollok.

19.—1829.—THE EARL OF BUCHAN DIED, ÆTAT. 86.

This venerable nobleman was born June 1, 1742. He was well known to the literary world, and to all tourists who visited the pastoral beauties and monastic antiquities of Dryburgh Abbey, his lordship's residence. He was much attached to literary pursuits, and published a few volumes, among which are *The Life of Napier of Merchiston*, and an *Essay on Fletcher of Saltoun*, and the *Poet Thomson*. He also published various papers in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* : and several periodical works. His correspondence with scholars and men of science, at home and abroad, was almost unbounded, and included many of the most eminent men of the age. He was fond of patronizing genius ; and among others who were fostered by his friendship, were Burns, Tyttler, and Pinkerton.

19.—1826.—REV. DR. MILNER DIED, ÆTAT. 73.

This eminent antiquarian and divine, was the author of the *History of Winchester* ; *The End of Religious Controversy*, and numerous other works of merited celebrity.

DR. MILNER'S GRAVE.

Morning had risen on the world—bright fair,
 And young in warmth, laughing, as its blue eye
 Beamed its sun-glories on the melting air,

Fresh sparkling with the sweetness of the sky.
 The dressed earth smiled, as if there was no tear
 Upon the cheek of manhood's revelry;
 And quick and boundingly my free heart soared
 To breathe its homage to its star-throned Lord.

God of the humble ! Thou whose radiant throne
 Is pillared by the seraphim's crowned throng,
 Circled by lucid cherubs, as a zone

Round beauty's bosom, exquisite yet strong ;
 I love this time, upon the hills, alone
 To laud Thee with the matin hymn of song :
 And ever do I feel my spirit rise
 Within me, as it bows to morning sacrifice !

But where am I ?—with the day-breaking through,
 In dim distinctness, the far-shadowed aisle !

There is a spell upon my soul, a hue

That mantles it with joy and grief, the while :
 And every burst of thought that thrills to view

Seems trembling with the pressure of the pile,—
 The deep, deep soul of prayer,—the sleeping sound
 Of ' silence palpable,' that floats around !

Where am I ? with the tabernacled dome

Above me, like a path that leads to heaven ;*
 And the felt stillness of the hour,—the gloom,

The holy gloom, by meek Religion given

Unto the heart, where she has built her home,

Stealing around me, like the shades of even ?

There is a feel that it were bliss to die

With breathings of this hour—but where am I ?

—That lonely niche, where the sun's first beams shine,

As they were dancing o'er a warrior's plume—

What means the glory, which enwreaths that shrine

With all the pomp of Heaven's effulgent gloom ?

Thy foot is on immortal dust ! Twine, twine

Hope's fadless garlands over MILNER's tomb !

Hang up thy harps, for *he* has rested too,

The last—the greatest son that Juda knew !

* The new chapel at Wolverhampton. The writer has here attempted to trace his impressions on first entering the splendid building, beneath which rest the ashes of Dr. Milner.

Touch not the soil, for *he* is sleeping there
 In a rich shroud that never shall decay,
 And pure the watching lamp shall shed its glare
 Of living lustre round his couch of clay !
 Sleep on, enduring name, sleep on thy bier
 Of mortal rottenness,—sleep on, and lay
 Thy name within the blaze of Heaven's gemmed page,
 To cheer the struggles of each after age.

And thou art with the dead, and every deed
 To which the flesh was heir has slept with thee !
 Shrined in thy slumbers, Glory be the meed
 That hallows thy repose of sanctity !
 Child of the Godhead's martyr-peopled creed,
 Bright be thy place amid the clouds, for we
 Shall deem the upward skies more pure and fair,
 While Hope reveals that MILNER resteth there.

D. S. L.

20.—1653.—CROMWELL DISSOLVED THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

The circumstances attending the dissolving the long parliament of Oliver Cromwell are well known, but the speech he made on that occasion is a curiosity. The document was found among some old papers, belonging to the Cromwell Family, and is as follows :—

“ Spoken by Oliver Cromwell, when he put an end to the Long Parliament, in 1653 :—

“ It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice you do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse—gold is your God—which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that hath the least care

for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's Temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles, and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. —You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance.

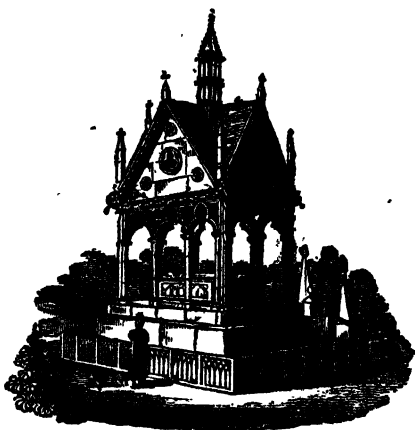
“Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help, and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command ye, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! get ye out! make haste! ye venal slaves, begone! —Poh! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the doors.”

21.—1142.—PETER ABELARD DIED, *ÆTAT.* 63.

Abelard was the unfortunate husband of the still more unfortunate Heloise; whose loves and correspondence have rendered them so familiar in every civilized country. Amboesus says, “Abelard was a grammarian, an orator, a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a theologian, a mathematician, an astronomer, a civilian; he played upon many instruments; he knew five or six languages; he was ignorant of nothing that sacred or profane history contained.” The declining life of Heloise is thus depicted by the abbot of Cluni: “Her tears had long since destroyed her beauty; a sad paleness took place of her native vermillion; her eyes lost all their fire, and her whole frame was broken down by grief. She looked upon herself as the disconsolate widow mentioned by St. Paul, whose only occupation is to weep and to lament. After the death of Abelard she hardly ever went into the monastery but to

attend the offices of the church ; and, except at the times of her attendance in the church, when she had always a veil over her face, she remained shut up in her cell, at prayers, or was upon her knees before the tomb of Abelard."

Heloise survived Abelard more than twenty years, and at her death was laid in his coffin. In 1497, their coffin was removed from the chapel of the Paraclete, and transferred into the great church of the monastery ; but the bones of the two bodies were separated, and two tombs erected, one on each side the choir. In 1630, Marie de la Rochefoucault directed them to be placed in the part called the chapel of the Trinity, and in 1766, Madame Rose de la Rochefoucault projected a new monument in honor of the two lovers, but it was not erected till 1779.



This beautiful monument has been since removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris ; it is, however, wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall which incloses the ground, and loses much of its beauty by being so placed.

22.—1829.—WILLIAM STEVENSON DIED, *ÆTAT.* 57.

He was Keeper of the Records in the Treasury and Author of an *Agricultural Survey of Surrey*; *Historical Sketch of the Progress of Discovery, Navigation, and Commerce*; the article on *Chivalry*, in *Dr. Brewster's Encyclopædia*; *The Life of Caxton*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and at the period of his death was engaged in writing for the same publication a series of treatises intended for the agricultural classes.

23.—ST. GEORGE.

The true history of St. George is a subject that has involved the literary world in much controversy; and even now the opinions of the learned on the question of his *existence* appear to be divided. By some he is regarded as a real personage, who was born and martyred in Cappadocia; by others, he is considered as the offspring of a warm imagination, whose birth was a mere *coinage of the brain*, and all his attributes ideal. Whichever of these conclusions are correct, it is incontestible, that he became the tutelar saint of England at a very early period, his name being found in the martyrologies of the venerable Bede. In *Gibbon's Roman History*, he is traced to a fuller's shop in Epiphania. "From this obscure and servile origin," says the historian, "he raised himself by the talents of a parasite; and the patrons whom he assiduously flattered procured for their worthless dependant a lucrative commission, or contract, to supply the army with bacon. His employment was mean: he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption; but his malversions were so notorious, that he was compelled to escape from the pursuits of justice. After this disgrace, in which he appears to have saved his fortune at the

expende of his honor, he embraced, with real or affected zeal, the profession of Arianism." He afterward became Bishop of Alexandria, where his intolerable oppressions excited the indignation of the populous; and in a tumult purposely raised, he was torn in pieces by the mob, and his remains thrown into the sea, to prevent their receiving the future honors, which the superstitious veneration of his votaries were expected to bestow. This design, however, was rendered ineffectual by the absurd bigotry of his Arian disciples, "who introduced his worship into the bosom of the Catholic church," where "the odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia, has been transformed into the renowned St. George, the patron of England, Chivalry, and the Garter." This tale of the origin and conduct of the Cappadocian martyr, thus divested of its legendary accompaniments, has met with many supporters though several literary characters have contended, that the profligate Arian bishop, and the celebrated champion of Christendom, were not the same persons. The *Legenda Aurea* asserts, that in the "noble college in the castle of Windsore, is the harte of Saynt George, which Sygysmunde, the emperor of Almayne, brought, and gave for a great and precious relic to K. Harrye the Fyfh; and also, here is a peyce of his hede." *Britton and Brayley's Berkshire.*

St. George was the ancient English war cry, and it is so used several times by Shakspeare.

"Our ancient word of courage—fair St. George."

In the reign of Henry VII. the Irish were prohibited from using their own battle cry, or any other than St. George, or the name of the King of England.

The churches dedicated to this Saint, are very numerous and increasing. On this day, 1822, the first stone of a new one was laid



on the banks of the Surry Canal, at Camberwell, which was finished and opened in about two years.

**23.—1829.—THE COUNTESS OF DERBY DIED,
ÆTAT. 65.**

Lady Derby, formerly Miss Fatten, was born at Cork, and at the age of fourteen made her appearance at the Haymarket, as Miss Hardcastle in "She stoops to Conquer." The next season she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, and soon established her fame as a first rate actress. Such was her success, that afterwards she was engaged to play alternate nights at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in both tragedy and comedy. On the 8th of April, 1797, she made her last appearance on the stage as Lady Teazle, and on the 8th of May, was married to the Earl of Derby. Whilst on the stage, the propriety of her conduct had been unimpeachable; and as such Lady Derby was introduced at Court. Her Ladyship was a great favorite with the late king and queen, and acted with great propriety in her high station. She died at Knowsley Hall, Derbyshire, and left one daughter, married to the Earl of Wilton.

23.—1616.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE DIED, *ÆTAT.* 52.

Many persons visit the birth-place of our immortal bard, who are not aware how near they are to the identical park in which he was apprehended for deer stealing, and taken before its owner, Sir Thomas Lacy, who prosecuted him with such severity, that in return, he was imperishably handed down to posterity as "Justice Shallow."



Charlcote park with its venerable mansion, is delightfully situated on the banks of the Avon, and has undergone but little alteration since the time when Shakspeare was brought before its owner, on a charge of poaching.

25.—ST. MARK,

The Evangelist, was descended from the tribe of Levi, and converted to Christianity by St. Peter, to whom he was amanuensis. He converted great multitudes in various places, and suffered martyrdom at Alexandria. During the solemnities of Serapis, the idolatrous people broke in upon St. Mark, while he was performing divine service, and binding him with cords, dragged him through the streets, and thrust him into prison; next day they

renewed their barbarities, till he expired under their hands. Some add that they burnt his body, and that the Christians interred his bones and ashes near the place where he used to preach, A. D. 68. Others say, that his remains were afterwards removed from Alexandria to Venice, where he has a rich and stately church erected to his memory, being the patron of the state.

There is an ancient custom at Alnwick, that any person plunging through a well, called Freeman's Well, and riding the boundaries of the moor, on St. Mark's-day, shall be entitled to the freedom of the borough of Alnwick. Thirteen young men took up their freedom last year in this way.

25.—1800.—WILLIAM COWPER DIED, *ÆTAT.* 68.

This amiable poet resided many years at Weston Underwood, and in his poems has immortalized the scenery of the surrounding country. He thought Weston "one of the prettiest villages in England." The church, whose:

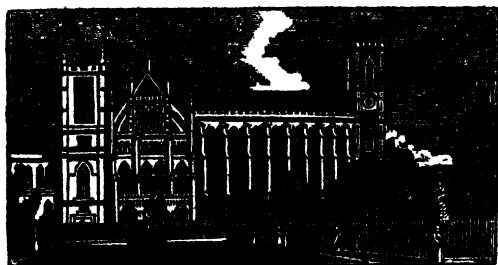


"Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

is situated upon the highest point in the neighbourhood, and commands an extensive view over the scenery which so often inspired his muse.

27.—1829.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON FIRE.

On the evening of this day, about eleven o'clock, the north transept of this venerable edifice was discovered to be on fire. The flooring and some old screens were burning; these were quickly torn down, and through a quick supply of water, the flames were extinguished before they communicated to the roof, in event of which the damage might have been considerable. There was every reason to suppose, that it had been wilfully done by some incendiary; and to prevent the recurrence of such a circumstance, a watchman is now kept in the interior of the Abbey.



THE MINSTER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.—BYRON.

Speak low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly! for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air;
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !

Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow-glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are nigh ;
Nor yet for torch and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry ;
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound ;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around :
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse !
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head !
And thou, still battling with the tempest's force,—
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time has bled,
Speak, wounded Love ! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts past no trace !
—Doth not this hush give answer to my quest—
Surely the dread religion of the place,
By every grief hath made its might confest ?
Oh ! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to heaven a spot, thus pure, and still, and deep.

Winter's Wreath, 1830.

1829.—FRANCIS PLOWDEN DIED.

Formerly a distinguished member of the English Chancery Bar, and author of numerous works ; among which are *History of Ireland*, in 2 volumes quarto ; *Jura Anglorum, or the Rights of Englishmen* ; *The Constitution of Great Britain* ; various pamphlets, law books, &c. He died in Paris, where he had resided many years, in consequence of £5000. damages having been brought against him for a libel contained in his *History of Ireland*.

Astronomical Occurrences

In April, 1830.

"The Sun

Starts forth, rejoicing in his strength, to run
His endless course through the majestic heaven :
The planets know their orbits, and with songs
Exultant, and a million quiring harps
Of airy essences attended, take their way,
Rolling in rapture on through the ethereal blue."

As the northern declination of the Sun encreases, larger portions of the north frigid zone enjoy his enlivening beams ; in climes south of the arctic circle, his powerful influence is marshalling in beautiful array the lovely and odorous train of Flora ; some of these have already laid their blooming honors low, and disappeared ; but the violet scents the vale, the starry primrose enlivens the sunny border,—the harbingers of a more glorious succession of flowers of every shape and hue.

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Taurus at 1 minute after 3 of the afternoon of the 20th of this month ; he will also rise and set, during the month, as in the following

Table of the Sun's rising and setting for every fifth day.

April 1st, Sun rises	33 m. after 5,	sets	27 m. after 6	
6th,	23	5, ..	37	6
11th,	14	5, ..	45	6
16th,	4	5, ..	56	6
21st,	56	4, ..	5	7
26th,	46	4, ..	14	7

Equation of Time.

To find the true time at any place, apply the following quantities to the time indicated by a good

sun-dial, at the moment for which the time, as pointed out by a well-regulated clock, is required.

TABLE.

	m.	s.
Thursday, Apr. 1st, to the time by the dial <i>add</i>	4	4
Tuesday, .. 6th, ..	2	33
Sunday, .. 11th, ..	1	8
Friday, .. 16th, from the time by the dial <i>subtract</i> ..	0	9
Wednesday .. 21st ..	1	17
Monday, .. 26th, ..	2	15

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon 8th day at 29 m. past 7 in the morn.
 Last Quarter 16th 49 6
 New Moon 22nd 27 11 at night.
 First Quarter 29th 54 7 in the even.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon's centre will pass the first meridian at the following times during this month :

April 1st, at 21 m. after 7 in the evening.
 2nd, .. 10 8
 3rd, .. 57 8
 4th, .. 42 9
 5th, .. 25 10
 6th, .. 8 11
 15th, .. 19 6 in the morning.
 16th, .. 11 6
 17th, .. 4 7
 18th, .. 58 7
 19th, .. 51 8
 27th, .. 28 4 in the afternoon.
 28th, .. 21 5
 29th, .. 12 6 in the evening.
 30th, .. 0 7

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

April 1st.—Illuminated part = 1.9719
 Dark part. = 10.0281

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

The following are such of the eclipses of the first and second satellites of this planet as will be visible at the Royal Observatory this month.

IMMERSIONS.

Third Satellite,	13th day,	7 m. 21 s. after 4 in the morn.	
	29th ..	22 .. 48	2
Second Satellite	10th ..	51 .. 52	3

Form of Saturn's Ring.

April 1st.—Transverse axis =	1.000
Conjugate axis =	—0.314

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Apr. 5th, with τ in Leo, at ..	9 in the even.
6th, .. η .. Virgo,	midnight.
8th, .. ζ .. Virgo,	3 in the morn.
18th, .. ζ Aquarius	8 in the even,

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in quadrature at 45 m. after 7 in the evening of the 6th. Saturn stationary on the 13th. Mercury in his superior conjunction at 45 m. after 7 in the morning of the 22nd. Mars and Uranus in conjunction at 5 in the morning of the 27th.

The Asteriod Ceres is now visible in the zodiacal constellation Virgo, near the equinoctial colure.

THE ASTEROIDS.

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

Ceres is 163 miles in diameter, and appears of a ruddy colour, (which is also the prevailing hue of the others,) and shines with the brilliancy of a star of the eighth magnitude: it is surrounded with an atmosphere 675 miles in height, which gives it very much the semblance of a small comet or nebulous star. Pallas, another of the asteroids,

(80 miles in diameter,) has a similar nebulosity surrounding it, 468 miles in height. Juno and Vesta are destitute of this nebulous atmosphere, though the latter, which is the smallest of the four, (diameter 49 miles,) and subtending an angle not greater than one of the Saturnian satellites, or half a second, shines with a light so pure and distinct as to be visible to the naked eye, as a star of the fifth magnitude. Very considerable differences occur in the results obtained by Schroeter and Herschell in measuring the diameters of the asteroids. It is highly probable that the former included portions of their atmospheres in his measurements, while the latter (who is generally considered to be the most accurate,) measured only the nucleus or disc.

The form and position of the orbits of the asteroids, and the physical changes observed in them, suggests the idea of their being a sort of connecting link, uniting the planetary and cometary bodies. The orbits of the old planets vary but slightly from circles; those of the new planets are considerably eccentric, though not so much as those of comets. The aphelion of Juno is double the distance of its perihelion; and the distance of the centre from the foci of its ellipse, 68,588,433 miles.

It passes over that half of its orbit nearest the Sun in half the time occupied in traversing the other half; the major axis of its orbit little exceeding in length that of the comet of Encke; the former being 450,800,000 miles in length, and the latter 420,000,000 miles.

The orbits of the asteroids make greater angles with the ecliptic than the planets, and in this respect resemble comets, some of which have their paths considerably inclined, and ascend or descend at right angles to the Earth's path. The least inclination of a planet's orbit to the ecliptic is that

of Uranus, which is 46 min. 20 sec.; and the greatest that of Mercury, which is 7 deg. The inclination of the orbit of Vesta is 7 deg. 8 min. 9 sec.; and that of Pallas 34 deg. 50 min. 40 sec.

The inclination of the orbits of the comets of Encke and Gambart or Biela are, respectively, 13 deg. 20 min. and 13 deg. 33 min.; and of one that appeared in 1818, the position of its path relative to the ecliptic was 89 deg. 47 min.

More considerable and sudden changes are also observed in these small bodies than in the planets. Venus, it is supposed, has had an atmosphere generated about its orb since the commencement of the past century, which conceals those irregularities on the surface formerly so distinctly seen. Mars has a periodical change about its poles, supposed to arise from the melting of the snows when the planet is in certain parts of its orbit. Jupiter also has sudden changes in its belts, which are supposed to arise from its swift rotation. These changes in the planets are different to those observed in the visible hemispheres of Ceres and Pallas, which are sometimes pale, overclouded, or as if surrounded with a dense mist, and, at other seasons, suddenly shine forth and display well defined discs. Variations of a similar nature are also observed in the brilliancy of the other two.

To account for these phenomena, so anomalous in the planetary system, some have supposed the asteroids to be fragments of an exploded planet, formerly moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Some curious coincidents occur to render such a theory plausible; for, on the supposition of such an explosion, the fragments ought to have two common points of reunion, through which they would all pass; and it is remarkable that the positions of the nodes of the asteroids favour the idea of their having diverged from the same place. The

smallest parts also would be thrown to the greatest distance from the original orbit, while the larger would, on account of their greater quantity of matter, deviate less from the path of the primitive planet. This is supposed to account for the orbit of Pallas and Juno (the smallest of the four) being more eccentric than Ceres and Vesta.

The immense atmosphere of Ceres and Pallas have furnished materials for another theory relative to "the lost Comet of 1770," which ought, by computation, to have returned, ten times since that year, but which has not been since seen. It has been supposed that this Comet, passing near these two asteroids, communicated to them those immense nebulous atmospheres by which they are surrounded: but unfortunately for this theory, the Comet is not lost, but is revolving in a new orbit, into which it has been directed by the powerful attraction of Jupiter. It is rather surprising that some bold theorist has not identified in these asteroids the Comet of 1770 itself, having the following data: That the explosion of a Comet is a more probable event than that of a planet; that the asteroids were discovered not long after the comet was missing; that the form and inclination of their paths, together with considerable physical changes in their orbs, assimilate them to the nature of comets; and that, supposing the comet disrupted at right angles to its tail, there would be an unequal distribution of its atmosphere among the fragments, which would account for two having these atmospheres, and the others being destitute.

But there is no necessity for adopting such violent hypothesis. These small bodies are neither the wreck of a ruined world, nor are they wrapped in the newly acquired train of a comet wandering from its course. In the whole of creation, wherever the power of the Divine Being is evinced, there is also

displayed harmony, and an arrangement for the general preservation; a beautiful connexion may be traced, uniting bodies apparently opposite in their natures, gliding through the various links, which ascends from the minute to the stupendous—from the grain of sand that fetters the proud ocean, to the rolling world, and all the vast orbs that move through immensity.

It is singular that the existence of these bodies, or at least of a planet moving near the courses which they pursue, was indicated by a very curious law, discovered by Prof. Bode,—that the excesses of the distances of the planets above Mercury from a geometrical series, of which the common ratio is 2: the mean distances at which the asteroids revolve are nearly equal, and complete the relation which was before wanting. By assuming 10 as the mean distance of the earth from the sun, the following will be the result of this remarkable analogy:—

			Distance in round numbers.
Mercury.....	4	=	4
Venus	$4+(3 \times 1)$	=	7
Earth	$4+(3 \times 2)$	=	10
Mars	$4+(3 \times 2^2)$	=	16
Asteroids	$4+(3 \times 2^3)$	=	28
Jupiter	$4+(3 \times 2^4)$	=	52
Saturn	$4+(3 \times 2^5)$	=	100
Uranus	$4+(3 \times 2^6)$	=	196
A planet next beyond } Uranus, if any exist }	$4+(3 \times 2^7)$	=	388

which latter is a little greater than the proportional distance of the aphelion of the comet of Halley. It is not easy to see the reason of this law, which is also lately found to prevail among the satellites of the system, relative to their mean distances from the centres of their respective primaries. Though hitherto unexplained, it is worthy of observation, that a similar law relative to the periodic times and distances of the planets, remained veiled in ob-

scurity until the connexion was discovered to be a necessary consequence of the laws of gravity. The explanation of this singular law may be reserved to some future period, when it will doubtless be found to be an important part of that grand scheme, every particular of which indicates design and perfect harmony.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues which mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless Lord ! are thine. *T. Moore.*

The Naturalist's Diary.

For April, 1830.

By nature charmed, I softly touch the string—
 Of April, and of April's queen, I sing ;
 Oh ! who would not on nature's beauties dwell,
 And seek her in her most sequestered cell ?
 The clouds dispersing now, the sky serene,
 And spring resumes her robe of purest green ;
 Now Flora's train they timidly peep forth,
 The zephyr soft succeeds the sterner north,
 And yet than zephyr softer is her sigh,
 Her smile more welcome far than April's sky ;
 Her eyes now glistening love, unmixed with scorn,
 Like dew-drops sparkling on an April morn ;
 Her cheeks with blushes like the opening rose,
 Her balmy breath can all its sweets disclose ;
 The earth confesses nature's bounteous powers—
 She sheds that bounty in refreshing showers ;
 The feathered choristers of every grove
 Attune their notes to melody and love :
 And yet to her far sweeter notes belong,
 The fairest fair, the harmonist of song !
 When sorrow swells, then sympathy's soft power
 Sheds its sweet influence like an April shower.

Ladies' Pocket Magazine.

The season is now approaching when, the animal, as well as vegetable, kingdom, is to be operated upon by renovating warmth. How wonderful is the hand of God ! Not an insect is on the wing, not a fly tries its young pinions in the air, or testifies its joy in its gratuitous activity ; not an animal gambols in the excess of its spirits ; not a fish leaps from the water in its frolics ; not a bird offers its notes of praise on the altar of the morning—in short, not a living thing moves on the earth, through the air, or in the water, which does not demonstrate that consoling text, “ His tender mercies are over all His works.”

There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower ;
 On every herb on which you tread
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

Allan Cunningham.

In the gardens and fields the appearance of the early flowers, and swelling of the pregnant buds, indicate the advancing season, showing the stage of its advancement. by comparing present appearances with those of the like kind which happened in bygone years. Every bed or border flower, every bulb or tuber, are now in motion, rising in gay succession ; while the mellowed ground is receiving its charge of annual seeds ; and the breezes of spring give new life to the scene.

Ye joyous breezes, I trace your way
 O'er the meadows decked in their bright array !
 The flowerets are bending, your steps to greet,
 New blossoms are springing beneath your feet ;
 While the rose-bud its freshest fragrance flings,
 And woos ye to rest your wearied wings.

But on ye pass, for no charm ye stay,
 Still onward ye hold your gladdening way ;
 Your breath has rippled the mountain stream,
 And a thousand suns from its surface gleam ;
 Your voice has wakened the wild bird's note,
 And fragrance and melody round ye float.

Ye joyous breezes, still on ye go,
 Your breath is passing o'er beauty's brow,
 Your wings are stirring her radiant hair,
 Your kiss is brightening her cheek so fair,
 And the innocent thoughts of her heart rejoice
 With the mirthful tones of your wild, sweet voice.

Is your path then marked by so much of mirth ?
 Alas ; for the folly, the blindness of earth !
 Is there not mingled a voice of wail
 With the sweetest tones of your young spring gale ?
 If, like infancy's joyous laugh we rise,
 Pass we not onward like manhood's sighs ?

“ Though flowers may gladden our path to-day,
When to-morrow we come they have pass'd away ;
And the cheerful smile and the rosy hue
From the cheek of beauty have faded to,
And our gentle whispers no more impart
A feeling of joy to her youthful heart,;

“ We but do the will of our Master here,
Our joy is found in a holier sphere ;
We are born in Heaven,—can our purer breath
Pass mirthfully over the fields of Death ?
For what is earth, with its transient bloom
And fleeting charms, but a flower-wreathed tomb ”

Insects of many species will now begin to make their appearance; therefore, to keep these intruders under, it is necessary to begin with their first appearance, and continue diligently to watch their progress during the season. Most of them only live for one another, but their powers of reproduction are so great, that no time should be lost in destroying them as they appear, or in removing all appearance of them in a yet imperfect state. That industrious naturalist Leuwenhoeck, by calculation discovered that two house-flies, a male and female, will in three month's time, produce no less than seven hundred thousand of its species. The insects most injurious to the productions of the garden are: the red spider, (*Arcarus tellurius*, of Linnæus,) (*Aphis lanigera*,) or American blight; the wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*; of Linn.:) the earwig, (*Forficula auricularia*;) the bug, (*Cimex*;) the thrips, the chermes, the cabbage-moth, (*Phalænæ oleracea*;) the gooseberry-moth, *Phalænæ wavaria*;) the currant-moth *Phalænæ grossulariæ*;) and the codling-moth, very common on fruit-trees, (*Phalænæ pomonella*;) the wood-louse, (*Oniscus*;) the earth-worm, (*Lumbricus*;) the slug, (*Limax*;) and the snail, (*Helix*;) the ant, (*Formica*;) and caterpillars, (*Papilio*;) the aphides, or green-fly, and grubs, or

the larvæ of the beetle (*Scarabæus*) tribe. The destruction of these insects ought now to occupy our attention, and will be no difficult matter if taken in time.—*M'Intosh*.

The most destructive of all insects, however, during the tender growth of seedlings, is the small greyish white slug, or shell-less snail. It is often so small, and inconspicuous, that it cannot be discovered, and as it feeds like its congeners, by night, valuable seedlings disappear as if by magic. We have found it an almost infallible trap for these depredators, to make small thimble holes, about an inch in depth, near the plants attacked; into these holes the slugs are certain to retreat during the day, where they may be destroyed, by sprinkling a little quick lime into the holes.

Toads will also be found of great utility in gardens. Practical men have long been aware that they live chiefly on insects, particularly beetles; some have even made it a point to place them on their hot-beds, for the purpose of destroying wood-lice, earwigs, &c.—A Mr. Reeve, who has long employed toads as guardians of his melon and cucumber frames, fully corroborates all that has been said respecting their usefulness in such situations, and is so attentive to them, that, when they have cleared his bed of insects, and he finds them uneasy in their confinement, he actually feeds them, in order to keep them there. He offers them the different insects which are considered noxious in gardens, all of which they devour; even slugs are eaten by them; and if so, this despised reptile must be a beneficial assistant to the gardener at times, and in a way he is at present but little acquainted with.

During this month, the wren; the cuckoo; the swallow; the martin; and other birds of passage arrive in this country, and charm us with their song.

Mr. Jennings in his *Ornithologia*, speaking of the migration of Birds, says:—"Attempts have been made to ascertain the exact time of the appearance and retreat of the various migratory birds; but, from a variety of circumstances, this will be found difficult, if not impossible: some birds appearing in certain places much sooner than in others; and some never appearing in many places, in certain seasons, at all. Thus it is said that the *Nightingale* is not to be found in England, farther from Dover, in any direction, than the distance of 150 miles. Perhaps, however, 200 miles might be nearer the truth. *Huntsbill*, in Somersetshire, is considerably more than 150 miles from Dover; it is often heard there; I have also heard it on the banks of the Wye, between Chepstow and Monmouth. Notwithstanding the *Nightingale* is by no means an uncommon bird in *Somersetshire*, I remember very well that some years ago, while I resided at *Huntsbill*, one or two summers passed without my hearing it at all; hence, I conclude it was not in the neighbourhood in those years.

Our *migratory summer birds*, such as the *Cuckoo*, *Nightingale*, *Swallow*, &c. do, however, generally make their appearance some time in *April*, according to the season, but usually towards the latter end of the month. The *winter birds* are more irregular still in their appearance. *October* and *November* are the usual months in which they arrive; the *Ring-ouzel*, it is said, soon after Michaelmas; the *Royston* or *Hooded Crow*, in *October*; *Snipes*, in *November*, &c. &c. By a table in the first part of the xvth volume of the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, prepared by Messrs. SHEPPARD and WHITEAR, exhibiting the *Times of Migration of Summer Birds of Passage, at Harleston, Norfolk, Oulton in Suffolk, and Wrabness in Essex*; the *Swift* is rarely seen till May; the *Turtle Dove* not

before the 12th of the same month: the *Black-cap* as early as the first of April, sometimes as late as the 22d of the same month; the *Swallow* on the 7th or 8th of April, sometimes as late as the 30th of the same month; the *Yellow-wren* sometimes as early as the 27th of March; the *Nightingale* the 14th of April, more commonly after the 20th of the same month; the *Cuckoo* on the 10th of April, more commonly after the 20th of the same month.

There is room for believing that some *migratory birds* return, again and again, to the same spot which they have visited in former years; of the *Swallow*, indeed, this occurrence is said to have been particularly observed.

We shall conclude this month with a few appropriate *Poetical Pictures for the Season*.

THE YOUNG BIRD OF PASSAGE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

Oh, bird ! oh, little bird,
Blithe is thy native spot !
This summer sky expands
Far, far o'er other lands,
But them thou knowest not.

Here hast thou woke to life ;
Here only, life hast known ;
Here, 'mid flowers, songs, green grass.
And streams that glittering pass,
Thy merry hours have flown.

And if to thee be given
The mystery of thought,
Here dost thou hope to dwell,
With things beloved so well,
That none beside are sought.

But soon ! but soon shall dawn
Within thee strange desires,
Strange dreams of other skies,
Strange far-off melodies,
The sound of Indian choirs.

And thy first loves and joys,
Hushed, spell-bound in thy heart,
From woodland, field, and stream,
Like pleasures of a dream,
Shall they and thou depart !

Called,—urged, thou know'st not how,
Up, up thy soul shall spring,
Daring the ocean flood,
Daring Heaven's solitude,
With inexperienced wing.

Oh, bird ! oh little bird,
Strange as thy lot may be,
Yet, in thy young delight,—
Yet, in thy coming flight,
Thou art a type of me.

For now, even now I feel,
Here, where my life first shone,
Some unseen world's control
Strong in my inmost soul,
And bidding me begone.

Voices of power are calling,
Sounds come from other spheres,
Visions float through my breast,
And thoughts that will not rest
But in the unreached years.

Vainly would earth detain me,
Her spring-tide spell is o'er ;
Here have I dwelt in glee,
But soon I pass, like thee
And I return no more.

Winter's Wreath, 1830.

TO A RED-BREAST.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

The following song was occasioned by a red-breast visiting for five years my retired apartment, in the centre of Carlisle. He commonly gave me his first cheerful strain in the beginning of September ; and sang his farewell to the noise and smoke of the town in April. So tame was the merry minstrel, that he frequently made a hearty repast within a few inches

of the paper on which I wrote.—When business or pleasure led me from home, the food of my namesake was not forgotten: for sweeter to my ear his evening song of gratitude,

Than the fam'd organ's hoarsely-swelling note,
Or labour'd concert, clamorously loud!

Come into my cabin, Red Robin;
Thrice welcome, blithe warbler, to me;
Now skiddaw has thrown a white cap on,
Again I'll gie shelter to thee:
Come, freely hop into my pantry,
Partake o' my plain wholesome fare;
Though seldom I boast of a dainty,
Yet mine man or bird shall aye share.

Now five years are by-gane, Red Robin,
Sin' first thou cam tremblin' to me;
Alas! how I'm chang'd, little Robin,
Sin' first I bade welcome to thee!
I then had a bonnie we lassie—
Awa' wi' anither she's gane;
Then friens daily ca'd at my cabin,
Now dowie I secgh aw my lane.

O where is thy sweetheart, Red Robin,
Gae bring her frae house-tap or tree:
I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,
For fause was a lassie to me.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA—(*Song Sparrow.*)

BY H. PICKERING.

Joy fills the vale;
With joy extatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of spring!

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt.

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The Zephyr bends.

Say ! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains, what clime,
What summer realm thou gladdest, and how was past
Thy joyous time ?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long ? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright South, where Liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves ?

Oh ! well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers.

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan again the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast.

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is love's transporting voice,
That, calling on the plummy choir again,
Bids them rejoice !

Nor calls alone
T' enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard Love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire ;
Yet, ah ! how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire ?

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the spring ! no ear disdains ;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, be gay !
And prompts thy strains.

Oh ! if I knew
Like thee to sing, like thee the heart to fire,
Youth should enchanted throng, and Beauty sue
To hear my lyre,

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn ;
And oft as smiles the spring, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

MAY.

This month was called *Mains* by Romulus, in respect to the senators and nobles of his city, who were named *majores*; though some suppose it to have been derived from *Maia*, the mother of *Mercury*, the daughter of *Atlas*, and one of the *Pleiades*; to whom the Romans offered sacrifice on the first day. The Saxons called it *Tri Milchi*, from the rude but pastoral observations of the increase of milk from the springing grass. The Ancient Gauls made this month the season of great military adventures.

Remarkable Days.

I.—MAY-DAY.

There is something inexpressibly pleasing to the heart as well as the imagination, in the rural sports and country festivals of our ancestors. Whether it be that they are naturally congenial to our tastes, or from being associated with the recollection of our earliest youth, or because they are generally connected with some romantic vision of fairy land—from the remoteness of their origin, or the patriarchal simplicity of their rites, there is a charm about them that is almost irresistible. Most of them were of pagan origin; but in the early ages of Christianity, they became connected with the rites of the church. This was the case with the festival of the new year long before the Christian Era. The old reformers inveighed bitterly against these holydays, but finding them too deeply rooted in the hearts of the people to be eradicated, they gave them the appearance of religious festivals.

Shakspeare says, it was impossible, in England in

his day, to make the people sleep on May-morning, and that they rose early to observe the rites of May. The milk-maids dressed themselves neatly on this day, and borrowing abundance of silver plate, of which they made a pyramid, which they adorned with ribands and flowers, carried it upon their heads instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milk-maids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers.

In Italy this day is celebrated in an interesting manner. The children, wives and mothers of prisoners assemble before the windows of the prison, and join their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathise in the misery of the prisoners who cannot join them in their celebration of the day; and the scene usually ends with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives on that occasion are permitted to supply them with meat and wine.

1.—ST. JAMES THE LESS.

St. James, the younger, or the less, was an apostle, the brother of Jude, and the son of Cleophas and Mary, the sister of the mother of Jesus. In the Scriptures he is called the Just, and the brother of Jesus, who appeared to him in particular after his resurrection. He was the first Bishop of Jerusalem, when Ananias II. high priest of the Jews, caused him to be condemned and delivered into the hands of the people and the Pharisees, who threw him down from the steps of the temple, when a fuller dashed out his brains with a club, about the year 62. His life was so holy, that Josephus considers the ruin of Jerusalem as a punishment inflicted on that city for his murder. He was the author of the epistle which bears his name.

1.—ST. PHILIP.

An apostle of Jesus Christ, who when called to that mission was a fisherman of Bethsaida, a city of Galilee, on the Lake of Gennesareth. Some ecclesiastical historians relate that he was married and had several children, that he preached the gospel in Phrygia, and died at Hierapolis in that country. Others, however, state, that he suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis, in the year 52.

Among the splendid erections in Regent-street, London, is an Episcopalian Chapel, dedicated to this Saint.



3.—INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This festival is in the English calendar, although it is only celebrated in the Romish church. It was instituted to commemorate the invention, or rather finding, the cross of Christ on this day, by St. Helena, the mother of the emperor Constantine; who employed many days in digging for it at Golgotha.

6.—ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, A. P. L.

This day stands in the English calendar as *St. John Ante-Port. Lat.* The description of which is founded on a Roman Catholic legend that St. John in his old age was accused of atheism to Domitian, who sent him to Rome, and there, before the gate

called *Porta Latina*, caused him to be put into a cauldron of boiling oil, from whence he suffered no pain, and came forth without harm. This is supposed to have happened before the Evangelist was exiled to the isle of Patmos, where he wrote his "Revelation's."

8.—1829.—LORD COLCHESTER DIED, ETAT. 71.

The Right Hon. Charles Abbot, first Lord Colchester, son of the Rev. Dr. Abbott, was born at Abingdon, October 14th, 1757. Having completed his studies at Oxford, he made a continental tour to improve himself in foreign law; on his return in 1782, he took his Law Degree, and was soon after called to the bar. In 1795 he obtained a seat in Parliament, and from that period his public life rose gradually into popularity. After having filled the offices of chief secretary for Ireland, and keeper of the Privy Seal; he succeeded to the Chair of the House of Commons in 1802. This situation he filled with great credit to himself, and advantage to the country till 1817, when his ill state of health compelled him to quit office. Shortly after his retirement, the king, as a mark of royal favor for past services, created him a Peer by the title of Baron Colchester. In the House of Lords he continued to maintain that active and servicable character which he had attained whilst a member of the lower house, and after a severe attack of erysipelas, he died at his house in Spring Gardens, Westminster. His remains were privately interred in Westminster Abbey.

10.—1829.—THOMAS YOUNG, M.D. F.R.S. DIED, ETAT. 55.

An eminent scholar and philosopher; and senior physician to St. George's Hospital. He published a number of scientific works and contributed largely to the *Philosophical Transactions*; *Transactions of*

the Linnæan Society; Encyclopædia Britannica; Nicholson's Journal; and other periodical works. He was also one of the editors of the *Nautical Almanack*. The *Article on Egypt* contributed by him to the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica* will hand his name down to posterity, as one of the most erudite Egyptian scholars the world ever produced. He died in Park Square, London, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

16.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

So called from *Rogare*, to beseech; and the second Sunday preceding Whit-sunday. The early Christians appropriated extraordinary prayers and supplications for the three first days of this week, as a preparation for the devout observance of our Saviour's ascension, on the day next succeeding to them, denominated Holy Thursday.

19.—ST. DUNSTAN,

Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in 925, in the reign of Athelstan, who gave him lands at Glastonbury, where he founded a monastery. King Edgar made him bishop of Worcester, and in 959, archbishop of Canterbury. The pope confirmed the appointment, and made him his legate. Dunstan extended the papal power in an arbitrary manner, though opposed by the English clergy, for which he deprived many of their benefices, and placed monks in their room. On the death of King Edgar in 975, he placed his son Edward on the throne, who being a minor, Dunstan assumed the regency. Under his successor Etheldred, however, he lost his influence and died of grief in 988.

19.—1536.—ANNE BOLEYN BEHEADED.

Hume says, the executioner of this unfortunate queen, was a Frenchman, from Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill. This is borne

out by the following incident traditionally preserved in France, and published in *Houssaie's Memoires*:—

Anne Boleyn being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine, who assisted at her execution, could obtain from her was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances: fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to go behind the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.

20.—ASCENSION DAY, or HOLY THURSDAY.

The Thursday but one before Whitsuntide, and the day on which our Saviour ascended to Heaven from the Mount of Olives; and held his last conversation with his disciples, before his ascension.

20.—1828.—HENRY MATTHEWS DIED, *ÆTAT.* 38.

This gentleman was the author of a very popular volume, entitled *Diary of an Invalid*, and of numerous articles in the *New Monthly Magazine*. The best tribute we can pay to his memory is by extracting the following memoir from *The Ceylon Gazette*.

“Colombo, Saturday, May 24, 1828.

“It is with feelings of no common regret, in which we are sure that our readers will fully sympathise, that we have to announce the death of the Hon. Henry Matthews, Esq., Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court of Ceylon. This me-

lancholy event took place at his house at Mutwall, at one o'clock in the morning of last Tuesday, 20th May; and in the evening of that day, his remains were interred in St. Peter's Church, in the Fort of Colombo, with the honors due to his rank. The funeral was attended (his Excellency the Governor being absent from Colombo) by the Chief Justice, the Members of his Majesty's Council, the gentlemen of the several services, civil and military, and other European inhabitants of the place; by the second Maha Modelier, and many of the principal Modeliers and chiefs, as well as a considerable number of the most respectable natives, desirous of testifying their respect to the memory of the deceased. Mr. Matthews was born in 1769. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards became a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. In 1817 he left England for the Continent, on account of ill health; and on his return in 1819, published his *Diary*, which is well known, and generally admired. In the latter end of 1821, having been previously called to the bar, he was appointed Advocate Fiscal of Ceylon, and fulfilled the duties of that office with the warm and unqualified approbation of his Majesty's government, till last October, when he was promoted to the Bench, on the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Harding Giffard. The short period during which it was permitted to Mr. Matthews to exercise his judicial functions, fully realized the expectations even of those who had been in the habit of listening to and admiring his brilliant efforts of an Advocate. His natural talents were of the very highest order. Strength of mind, quickness of perception, and accuracy of judgment, directed and tempered a warmth of feeling which influenced every action of his life, and an ardour in the discharge of his public duties, which neither fatigue nor bodily sufferings could damp, nor any thing but death itself extinguish. His attainments, independantly of such as were incidental to his profession, were those of an elegant scholar and a polished gentleman. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the death of such a man is a severe loss, not only to his profession, but to the public. But it was in all the private relations of life, and above all, in the bosom of his family, that it was most pleasing to contemplate his amiable and endearing qualities. As a husband and a father, his conduct was above all praise. Such indeed was his devotedness to the dearest objects of his affection, that he might have been supposed to be wholly absorbed in them, if the number of his friends, who now deplore his loss, did not testify that his heart was as capacious as it was open and accessible. His highly cultivated mind and

extensive information, his manly and generous sentiments, and the playfulness of his imagination, rendered him the charm and delight of society; and not to love him, was scarcely possible. Kind and affectionate as was his life, his end was in every way worthy of it. On the bed of sickness and of death, his body worn down by lingering disease, he was still the same; his thoughts still fixed on every one, rather than himself. Fortitude the most undaunted, resignation the most exemplary, marked his last moments, and gave proof, cheering and undeniable, of a mind calmly conscious of its own rectitude."

26.—ST. AUGUSTIN, *or* AUSTIN.

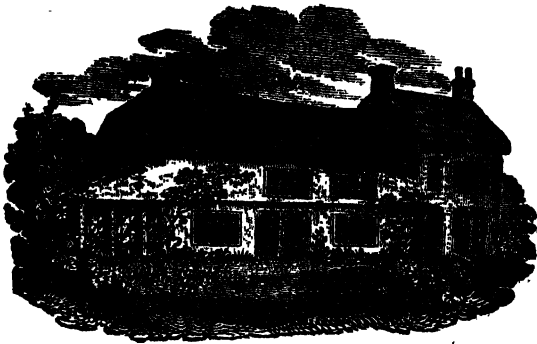
Austin, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, was a Roman monk, and sent by Pope Gregory the First with forty others, to convert the inhabitants of Britain, about 596. On landing at Thanet, they informed King Ethelbert of their business, who, as an example to his subjects, embraced Christianity himself, but never attempted to bring over his people by force. Austin was consecrated at Arles archbishop and metropolitan of the church. He fixed his seat at Canterbury, and endeavoured to form an alliance with the Welch bishops, who had long before embraced Christianity; but in this effort he was unsuccessful. He died at Canterbury on this day, 607.

27.—VENERABLE BEDE.

St. Bede was born near the river Wear, in Durham, in 672. When seven years of age, he was received into the monastery of Wearmouth, and under the abbot Benedict, and his successor Ceolfrid, his infant mind received the rudiments of that knowledge which has rendered his memory immortal. He was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen, and priest at thirty. By living a secluded life, he made himself master of every branch of learning, and produced a number of works of great merit. His *Ecclesiastical History* alone is sufficient to immortalize his memory. He died in 735, and was canonized by the Romish church.

28.—1780.—THOMAS MOORE BORN.

From the nature of many of Mr. Moore's productions, it is very often imagined that he mixes in all the follies and gaieties of life. This is not the case. He lives rather retired than otherwise, in Sloperton Cottage,



a beautiful rural retreat, about five miles from Devizes, in the vicinity of Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose friendship the poet enjoys. In days to come, when another generation shall walk the earth, curiosity will lead numbers to visit Sloperton, eager to say they have been in the room where the poet Moore wrote his *Lalla Rhook*, and some of the most charming productions of his day.

29.—KING CHARLES II. RESTORED.

On this day, 1660, Charles the Second made his public entry into London, on being restored to his throne after the Commonwealth. It was also the king's birth-day. In many parts of the country it is still customary for the common people to wear oak leaves on this day, in commemoration of the king's concealment in the oak after the battle of Worcester.

29.—1506.—COLUMBUS DIED.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

COLUMBUS found, that, in advancing the spherical figure of the earth, he was in danger of being convicted, not merely of error, but of heterodoxy.—*Irving's Life of Columbus.*

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day.
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in proud array;
Some, from stern vigils measured hours,
Where trembling Penance knelt,—
Some, from arched domes or hermit bowers,
Where cowed Science dwelt.

Why doth yon simple mariner
Approach that conclave high?
What mighty thoughts his bosom stir,
And fire his sparkling eye?
His toil-stained hands the pictured chart
With dauntless zeal display,
While words of wonder from his heart
Win forth their rushing way.

What hath he said? Their frowns are dark,
In muttered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets mark,
Which flush the ashen cheek.
The Inquisition's vengeful doom
Seems traced on brows severe,
And heresy from burning tomb,
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, bold Genoese; for Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
That vast and undiscovered clime
Where pathless forests frown,—
The heaven-wrapt mountain's haughty brow,
The Indian with his bow,
The gold-sown rocks and rivers, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, world-finder!—thou hast need!
In Fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark wrongs and nameless woes I read,
That rack the noble soul;

Pale Envy's shafts in secret hurl'd,
 Ingratitude's dire pain—
 The bitter payment of the world
 To those who wear her chain.

On! on! creation's secrets probe,
 Its curtain rend in twain,
 And give the old and crime-sick globe
 Her sister's broad domain;
 Then, with torn heart and smothered frown,
 Exhaust the cup of scorn,
 And in thy lowly grave lie down,
 The glorious, yet forlorn.

The Token.

29.—1829.—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY DIED, ÆTAT. 50.

He was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, in the year 1779. His father enjoyed a small patrimony, amply competent for the supply of his limited desires: his profession was a carver in wood, and joiner. Unfortunately he did not live long enough to witness his son's eminence; but from his widow, who has only lately descended to the tomb, full of years, this boon was not withheld; she witnessed his whole career of usefulness and honor. Davy, having received the rudiments of a classical education under Dr. Cardew, of Truro, was placed with a professional gentleman named Tonkin, at Penzance, that he might acquire a knowledge of the profession of a surgeon and apothecary. His master, however, soon became dissatisfied with his new pupil: instead of attending to the duties of the surgery, Humphrey was rambling along the sea-shore, and often declaiming against the wind and waves, in order to overcome a defect in his voice, which, although only slightly perceptible in his maturer age, was, when a boy, extremely discordant: instead of preparing the medicines for the doctor's patients, he was experimenting in the garret; and, upon one occasion, he produced an explosion that put the doctor and all his phials in jeopardy. "This boy, Humphrey, is incorrigible—I plainly foresee that no good awaits him—idleness is the root of all evil" such were the continual exclamations of the dissatisfied apothecary. At length a negotiation between the parents and master commenced, with a view of releasing the parties from their engagement; the boy was "idle and incorrigible," the master relentless, but the parents reasonable and indulgent, and we believe that Humphrey returned home. It is not difficult to understand how it happened, that a person endowed with the genius and sensibilities of

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Davy, should have had his mind directed to the study of mineralogy and chemistry, when we consider the nature and scenery of the country in which accident had planted him. Many of his friends and associates must have been connected with mining speculations; shafts, cross courses, lodes, &c. were words familiarised to his ears; and his native love of inquiry could not have long suffered such terms to remain as unmeaning sounds. Nor could he wander along the rocky coast, nor repose for a moment to contemplate its wild scenery, without being invited to geological inquiry by the genius of the place; for, were we to personify that science, it would be impossible that a more appropriate spot should be selected for her local habitation and favored abode. Such scenery also, in one who possessed a quick sensibility to the sublime forms of nature, was well calculated to kindle that enthusiasm so essential to poetical genius. We accordingly learn that Davy drank of the waters of Helicon at a very early age, and composed a poem on the Land's End, in which he powerfully described the magnificence of its convulsed scenery, the ceaseless roar of the ocean, the wild shrieks of the cormorant, and "those caves where sleep the haggard spirits of the storm." The first original experiment performed by him at Penzance, was for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed. His instruments, however, were of the rudest description, manufactured by himself out of the motley materials which fell in his way: the pots and pans of the kitchen were appropriated without ceremony, and even the phials and gal-lipots of his master were, without the least remorse, put in requisition. A prominent circumstance in Davy's life was his introduction to Mr. Davies Giddy, (now Mr. Gilbert,) the present distinguished and popular President of the Royal Society. The manner in which this happened furnishes another curious instance of the power of mere accident in altering our destinies. Mr. Gilbert's attention was, from some trivial cause, attracted to the young chemist, as he was carelessly lounging over the gate of his father's house. A person in the company of Mr. Gilbert observed, that the boy in question was young Davy, who was much attached to chemistry. "To chemistry!" said Mr. Gilbert; "if that be the case, I must have some conversation with him." Mr. Gilbert, who possesses a strong perception of character, soon discovered ample proofs of genius in the youth, and therefore offered him the use of his library, or any other assistance that he might require for the pursuit of his studies. Another circumstance also occurred, which afterwards contributed to introduce Davy to notice. Mr. Gregory Watt,

who had long been an invalid, was recommended by his physicians to reside in the West of England; and he accordingly went to Penzance, and lodged with Mrs. Davy. We may readily suppose that two kindred spirits would not be long in contracting an acquaintance and friendship. Before the formation of the Geological Society of London, which has been the means of introducing more rational and correct views in the science over which it presides, geologists were divided into two great parties, Neptunists and Plutonists; the one affirming that the globe was indebted for its form and arrangement to the agency of water, the other to that of fire. It so happened that the professors of Oxford and Cambridge ranged themselves under opposite banners; Dr. Beddoes was a violent and uncompromising Plutonist, while Professor Hailstone was as decided a Neptunist. The rocks of Cornwall were appealed to as affording support to either theory; and the two professors, who, although adverse in opinion, were united in friendship, determined to proceed together to the field of dispute, each hoping that he might thus convict the other of the error. The geological combatants arrived at Penzance; and Davy became known to them, through the medium of Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Watt was also enthusiastic in his praise; and it so happening that at that time Dr. Beddoes had just established his Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, and required an assistant in his laboratory,—the situation was offered to Davy, and by him eagerly accepted. In addition to the recommendations we have mentioned, Dr. Beddoes received from Davy himself a testimony of his genius which greatly prepossessed the professor in his favor: this was an essay in which was propounded a new theory of heat and light. Davy was now constantly engaged in the prosecution of new experiments; in the conception of which, as he himself informs us, he was greatly aided by the conversation and advice of Dr. Beddoes. He was also occasionally assisted by Mr. W. Clayfield, a gentleman ardently attached to chemical pursuits, and whose name is not unknown in the annals of science; indeed, it appears, that to him Davy was indebted for the invention of a mercurial air-holder, by which he was enabled to collect and measure the various gases submitted to examination. In the course of these examinations, the respirability and singularly intoxicating effects of Nitrous Oxide were first discovered, which led to a new train of research concerning its preparation, composition, properties, combinations, and physiological action on living beings; inquiries which were extended to the different substances connected with Nitrous Oxide, such as Nitrous Gas, Nitrous Acid, and Ammonia

when, by multiplying experiments, and comparing the facts they disclosed, Davy ultimately succeeded in reconciling apparent anomalies, and by removing the greater number of those difficulties which had obscured this branch of science, was enabled to present a clear and satisfactory history of the combinations of Oxygen and Nitrogen. These interesting results were published in a separate volume, entitled, "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration: by Humphrey Davy, Superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution." Count Rumford was seeking for some rising philosopher who might fill the chemical chair of the recently-established Institution of Great Britain: could there be any doubt as to whom he should apply? Davy was proposed, and immediately elected. Were we not disposed to question the utility of biographical minutiae, we might in this place have been tempted to offer some personal anecdotes, for the purpose of showing what a change was suddenly effected in the habits and manners of Davy by his elevation. His enemies may avail themselves of the circumstance, and we shall not envy their triumph; but we ask in candour, where is a man of twenty-two years of age to be found, unless the temperature of his blood be below zero, who could remain uninfluenced by such a change! Look at Davy in the laboratory at Bristol, pursuing with eager industry various abstract points of research; mixing only with a few philosophers, sanguine like himself in the investigation of chemical phenomena, but whose worldly knowledge was bounded by the walls of the institution in which they were engaged. Shift the scene—could the spells of an enchanter effect a more magical transformation? Behold him in the theatre of the Royal Institution! surrounded by an aristocracy of intellect, as well as of rank. We admit that his vanity was excited by such extraordinary demonstrations of devotion; that he lost that simplicity which constituted the charm of his character, and assumed the garb and airs of a man of fashion: can we wonder if, under such circumstances, the robe should not have always fallen in graceful draperies? But the charms of the ball-room did not allure him from the pursuits of the laboratory. He had a capacity for both, and his devotion to Terpsicore did not interfere with the rites of Minerva. So popular did he become, under the auspices of the Duchess of Gordon, and other leaders of fashion, that their soirées were considered incomplete without his presence; and yet the crowds that repaired to the Institution in the morning were, day after day, gratified by newly-devised and instructive experiments performed with the utmost ad-

dress, and explained in language at once the most intelligible and the most eloquent. About two years after his introduction to the scientific world, having been elected professor of chemistry to the Board of Agriculture, Davy commenced a series of lectures before its members; and which he continued to deliver each successive session for ten years, modifying and extending their views, from time to time, in such a manner as the progress of chemical discovery might require. These discourses were published in 1813, at the request of the President and Members of the Board; and they form the only complete work we possess on the subject of agricultural chemistry. When we consider the many opportunities which the author enjoyed of acquiring practical information from the intelligent members of the Board, and of putting to the test of experience the truth of those various theories which his science had suggested, we can scarcely expect that another author should arise in our times who would be able to produce a superior work. He has treated the interesting subject of manures with singular success; showing the manner in which they become the nourishment of the plant, and the changes produced in them by the processes of fermentation and putrefaction, and the utility of mixing and combining them with each other. He has also pointed out the chemical principles upon which depends the improvement of lands by burning and fallowing: he has elucidated the theory of convertible husbandry, founded on regular rotations of different crops; and, in short, has brought his knowledge to bear on various other agricultural questions connected with chemistry, which the limits of our memoir will not allow us to detail. We must not, however, omit to mention the important information he has afforded on the subject of the composition of different soils, and the methods to be adopted for their analysis. The processes in use for such an examination, previous to his time, were always complicated, and frequently fallacious: he simplified the operations, and introduced new and convenient apparatus for the purpose. Nor ought we to pass over in silence the curious results of his experiments on the quantity of nutritive matters contained in varieties of the different substances that have been used as articles of food, either for men or cattle, by which he was enabled to explain numerous facts connected with the comparative excellence of different articles. Thus, for instance, in the South of Europe, hard, or thin-skinned wheat, is in higher estimation than soft, or thick-skinned wheat; a fact which he showed to depend upon the larger quantity of gluten and nutritive matter which the former contains. In the year 1803, Davy was elected a Fellow of the

Royal Society; he subsequently became its Secretary and lastly its President. During a period of five-and-twenty years, he constantly supplied its Transactions with papers; and it is not too much to say, that no individual philosopher, in any age or country, ever contributed so largely in extending truth, or ever achieved so much in eradicating error. The theory of Lavoisier, which was received throughout Europe with the homage due to an oracle, and was even classed in certainty with the doctrine of gravitation—which had withstood all the assaults of the Stahlian philosophers, in Germany, Sweden, and Britain, and passed unimpaired through the most severe ordeals to which any system was ever exposed—yielded, in some of its most essential points, to the cool and dispassionate reasoning of Davy. We cannot but admire the candour and humility with which Davy alludes to the circumstance: in speaking of the experiments which it was “his good fortune to institute,” he says,—“The novel results, while they have strengthened some of the doctrines of the school of Lavoisier, have overturned others, and have proved that the generalizations of the Antiphlogistic philosophers were far from having anticipated the whole progress of discovery.” The researches detailed in Davy’s papers are far too important and numerous to be detailed here. We must refer to the originals which this great man has left behind him.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

This great philosopher closed his mortal career at Geneva, where he had arrived only the day before from Rome, in which city he had a serious and alarming attack of Paralysis, but from which he appeared to be recovering.

30.—WHIT-SUNDAY.

A solemn festival of the Christian church, observed on the fiftieth day after Easter, in memory of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles in the visible appearance of fiery cloven tongues, and of those miraculous powers which were then conferred upon them. It is called Whit-Sunday, or White-Sunday, because this being one of the stated times for baptism in the ancient church, those who were baptized put on white garments, as types of that spiritual purity they received in baptism.

31.—WHIT-MONDAY.

This and the following day are observed as festivals in the church. Their religious character, however, is nearly obsolete, and Whitsuntide is now principally distinguished as a holiday among the lower classes.

31.—1829.—BISHOP OF OXFORD DIED, *ÆTAT.* 44.

The Right Rev. Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, born September 26, 1784, was the son of the Rev. T. Lloyd, of Downley, Bucks. He was educated at Eton, and in 1803 admitted at Christ Church, Oxford, where he soon acquired much credit for his classical attainments and mathematical knowledge. Dean Jackson, observing his great talent, promoted his interests in every way possible, and at length appointed him Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church. His fame now extended, and in 1822 he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. In 1827 he was advanced to the see of Oxford, but seldom appeared in the House of Lords, and only made one speech, which was on the Catholic question. Having caught a cold at a dinner given by the Academicians at Somerset House, he was attacked with an inflammation of the lungs, which deprived him of life in less than a month.

As few persons are acquainted with the customary *ceremonies on the election of a bishop*, we shall take this opportunity of briefly stating the forms invariably gone through on such occasions.

“When any bishop’s see becomes vacant, the dean and chapter of that cathedral give information to the king, and humbly request that his Majesty will grant them leave to elect another. The king then grants to the dean his *Congé d’Elire*, which, according to the ancient French, in which this was written, signifies ‘leave to elect.’

“The dean afterwards summons a chapter, or assembly of the prebendaries, who are bound to elect the person recommended by the King’s Letters, under pain of a *præmu-*

nire.* The election is then certified to the person elected; and, upon his acceptance, notice is given to the king, and the archbishop of the province; after which, the king sanctions it by his royal assent under the great seal of England, which is exhibited to the archbishop of the province, with command to confirm and consecrate him. The archbishop subscribes *fiat confirmatio*, and gives commission, under his archiepiscopal seal, to his vicar-general, to perform all the acts required to complete the confirmation of the elected bishop.

“ After these formalities, the new bishop takes the oath of supremacy, simony, and canonical obedience; the judge of the arches reads and subscribes the sentence; and, by the king’s mandate, follows the solemn consecration of the elected bishop, which is performed by the archbishop, with the assistance of two other bishops.

“ A mandate is then issued from the archbishop to the archdeacon of his diocese, to instal the bishop elected, and confirmed, and consecrated. The mode of instalment is as follows:—Upon any day, between nine and eleven o’clock, in the presence of a public notary, the bishop elect, or his proxy, which is most usual, is introduced into the cathedral church by the archdeacon of Canterbury, by whom, or by his proxy, all the bishops of that province are installed. First, he declares his assent to the king’s supremacy, and swears, that unless he be otherwise dispensed with, he will be resident according to the custom of that cathedral, observe the manners of the said church, and cause others to observe the same.

“ Then the archdeacon, with the petty canons and officers of the church, accompany the bishop up the choir, and there place him in the seat prepared for the bishops, between the altar and right side of the choir, when the archdeacon pronounces these words:—

“ ‘ Ego autoritate mihi commissa, induco et inthronizo Reverendum in Christo Patrem Dominum, N. N. Episcopum, et Dominus custodiat suum introitum et exitum ex hoc nunc et in seculum. Amen.’

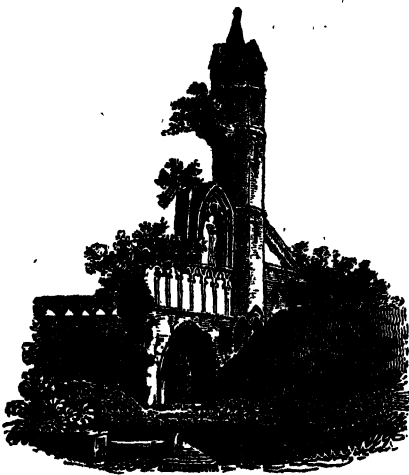
“ After the singing of *Te Deum* by the sub-dean and petty canons, prayers follow. The bishop is then conducted into the chapter-house, and there placed on a high seat; when the archdeacon and all the prebendaries and officers of the

* The judgment of which is, that the defendant shall be out of the king’s protection, that his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, shall be forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king’s pleasure.

church appear before the bishop and acknowledge canonical obedience to him.

"The new bishop is afterwards introduced into the king's presence, to do him homage for his temporalities or barony, by kneeling, and putting his hands between those of the king, who sits in a chair of state. Here the secretary of state administers to the bishop the oath—*To be true and faithful to his Majesty*, from whom he acknowledges to hold his temporalities.

"Lastly, the new bishop compounds for the first fruits of his bishopric—that is, agrees that the first year's profits shall be paid to the corporation for augmenting the benefices of the poor clergy within three years."



St. Andrew's Cathedral Fifeshire.

Astronomical Occurrences.

In May, 1830.

The bright constellations that ornament the wintry sky are rapidly gliding into the effulgence of the solar beams, while those which indicate the progress of the vernal, and the advance of the summer seasons, are gaining on the celestial canopy. Shortly after the decline of the orb of day, Orion may be feebly seen, bowing his gigantic form towards the ruddy west; the Bull bathing his forehead in the lingering rays of parting light; Castor and Pollux reclining on the glowing tinge which marks the boundary of twilight: farther removed from "the golden lightning of the sunken Sun," the Lion, with the planet Saturn, shines with splendour, dividing the empire of the mid-heaven with the Virgin and Boötes; in the south-east the Scorpion ascends, the dreaded sign of the votaries of astrology as the omen of every direful calamity. But, beneficent or baleful, these starry symbols of the incessant revolutions of the rolling world are associated in the mind of the student of nature with delightful recollections: the bright star Regulus, with the odorous train of Flora; Spica Virginis, with the harbingers of the beauty of summer and the bounty of autumn; Lucida Lyra, with the harmony of the groves; and even Antares, the red and inauspicious star of Scorpio, with the daisied meadow, the ripening harvest-field, and dewy eves.—*Literary Gazette.*

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Gemini at 19 m. after 3 of the 21st of this month: he also rises and sets during the same period, as in the following

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

May 1st, Sun rises 36 m. after 4, sets 24 m. after 7	
6th, 29 4, .. 31 7	
11th, 20 4, .. 40 7	
16th, 13 4, .. 47 7	
21st, 6 4, .. 54 7	
26th, 59 3, .. 1 8	
31st, 54 3, .. 6 8	

Equation of Time.

To find the true or mean time from the apparent, the correction must be used as directed in the following

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m. s.
Saturday, May 1st, from the time by the dial subtract	3	0
Thursday, — 6th,	3	33
Tuesday, — 11th,	3	52
Sunday, — 16th,	3	56
Friday, — 21st,	3	45
Wednesday, — 26th,	3	20
Monday, — 31st,	2	44

“ Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual Sun,
How would the world admire ! but speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course ! ”

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon, 8th day, at 2 m. after midnight.	
Last Quarter, 15th 18 4 afternoon.	
New Moon, 22d 13 7 morning.	
First Quarter, 29th 48 10	

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

From the transits of the Moon over the first meridian this month, the following have been

May 1st, ..	48 m.	after 7 in the evening.
2nd, ..	30 8
3rd, ..	13 9
4th, ..	55 9
5th, ..	37 10
13th, ..	11 4 in the morning.
14th, ..	3 5
15th, ..	54 5
16th, ..	46 6
17th, ..	38 7
18th, ..	31 8
27th, ..	54 4 in the afternoon.
28th, ..	41 5
29th, ..	26 6 in the evening.
30th, ..	10 7
31st, ..	52 7

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The proportions of the bright and dark phases of this planet are as follow :

May 1st.—Illuminated part = 4.8637

Dark part = 7.1363

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

IMMERSIONS.

First Satellite, 22d day, 32 m. 32 s. after 2 in the morn.

Third Satellite, 8th .. 42 .. 53 1

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

May 17th, with ϕ in Aquarius at 5 in the morning.

18th, .. Venus midnight.

22d, .. Aldebaran 6 in the evening.

27th, .. ξ in Leo 11 at night.

Other Phenomena.

Uranus in quadrature at 45 m. after 6 in the morning of the 1st of this month. Saturn in quadrature at 30 m. after 2 of the afternoon of the 2nd. Jupiter stationary on the 5th. Mars in quadrature

at 2 in the afternoon of the 8th. Uranus stationary near γ in Capricornus on the 15th. *Venus at her greatest elongation on the 16th, and Mercury on the 21st.*

Greatest Elongation of Venus.

The greatest elongations of the inferior planets Mercury and Venus, are the most favorable positions for observation, being then removed as far as possible from the solar beams; the angular distance of Venus from the Sun in the present instance is about 46° , which is not a constant quantity, but varying according to the position of her elliptical orbit relative to that of the Earth; the greatest angular distance is attained when the planet is in its aphelion, and the Earth in its perigee, it is then $47^\circ 48'$; and the least, when the planet is in its perihelion, and the Earth in its apogee, in which situation the angle of elongation is $44^\circ 57'$; in this position in her orbit she will appear as a half-moon; the most pleasing form in which this planet can be seen, is when it appears as a crescent, either previous to, or some time after its inferior conjunction, being then seen under nearly its greatest angle of $57''$, which is almost six times greater than when at its superior conjunction, and the whole diameter of its orbit (136 millions of miles) more remote from the Earth than in the former position.

Very considerable changes are supposed to have taken place in its atmosphere; about the middle of the 17th century, several spots were distinctly seen on its surface, these became gradually more obscure and faint, and for near a century have entirely disappeared; the whole disc is now of a uniform brilliant white, occasioned, it is supposed, by its atmosphere being filled with a reflecting vapour, which will account for the cusps extending considerably

beyond a semi-circle, when Venus appears as a crescent; one of the horns is observed to vary in appearance, alternately blunt and sharp,; this is probably caused by the shadow of some mountain, which, by the rotation of the planet periodically, intercepts the light, and furnishes an opportunity of determining its diurnal revolution, 23h. 20m. 59s. which is the time occupied in the renewal and withdrawing of the light. The brightness of this planet is not in proportion to the breadth of the disc enlightened, but in the quantity of illuminated surface, which occurs when about a fourth of the disc is enlightened, or the planet distant 40° from the sun, when it may be seen in the day time, and traced from its rising to its setting by the unassisted sight; this phenomenon, of a star being seen, when the sun was above the horizon, has occasioned alarms in minds, who regarded the unusual, because unobserved, sight, as the precursor of some calamity; this was the case in Dr. Halley's time,—he had to allay the minds of the metropolitan city by explaining the cause.

This beautiful planet has always excited the most enthusiastic admiration in every clime and age of the world; it was the first star in the heavens that became the object of idolatrous worship, of the eastern nations; lovers still pledge their vows beneath the mild lustre of its beams, and poets still sing of its splendour and sweet influences: Homer, Hesiod, and Isaiah, among the ancients, and all the celebrated poets of the present and preceding age, have the most lovely allusions to this beautiful gem, whether shining on the brow of eve, the bright fore-runner of ten thousand stars that ornament the midnight canopy, or glittering in the dewy morn, the herald of the rising day.

This planet received its name from the Greeks and Romans, in honor of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty; it is also known as Hesper, Vesper,

Phosphorus, and Lucifer,—under each of these denominations, the poets refer to this bright orb ; when east of the sun, or an evening star, they characterise it of the lovelier sex,—when west, or a morning star, of the nobler gender. Thus Dryden :

So from the seas exerts *his* radiant head
That star by whom the lights of heaven are led ;
Shakes from *his* rosy locks the pearly dew,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

Greatest Elongation of Mercury.

Nearly the same phenomena that distinguish the planet Venus, may be traced in the planet Mercury ; it passes through similar phases, increasing from a narrow crescent to a half moon,—from this, to a gibbous, till it exhibits an entire circular disc ; it has also its elongations, but these differ more considerably than in Venus, owing to the greater eccentricity of its orbit,—the angular distance from the sun, varies from $17^{\circ} 36'$ to $28^{\circ} 20'$; at the present elongation it is 22° .

But few interesting discoveries have been made in this planet, owing to its proximity to the sun ; the nature of its seasons and diurnal motion is not satisfactorily known ; by some the latter is stated to be six hours, by others $24\text{h } 5' 28''$; of this last opinion is Schroeter, who maintains that he has seen not only spots but mountains in its southern hemisphere, one of these mountains being three times the height of Chimboraco, which is one of the highest on our globe.

Mercury shines with a brilliant white light, sparkling like a diamond, and twinkling like the fixed stars ; it was consecrated by the ancients to Hermes, and called the star of Apollo. The Chinese call it Shiu, water, and Tchin, morning star.

The Naturalist's Diary.

For May, 1830.

Farewell April, and thy showers,
Welcome May, and all thy flowers;
With lightsome heart and garlands gay,
We haste to meet thee, rosy May.

Ere Aurora opes the morning,
While the dew, the buds adorning,
We rise to meet thee with the day,
And greet thy coming, welcome May.

Hark! the merry groups are singing;
"Flowers beneath her feet are springing:"
Cast vain tears and grief away,
Welcome! welcome! sprightly May.

Bring we violets and primroses,
Cowslips sweet and blooming posies;
Cast we now our cares away
To welcome thee, approaching May.

Now she trips beyond the mountain,
Now she skips beside the fountain;
On tabours loud and pipes we play,
To hail with joy, thee, lovely May.

JOS. CHATTAWAY.

The delightful month of May is connected in our minds with all that is verdant, promising and attractive. How exquisitely are its colors mingled! From the agreeable green which clothes the fields, to the rich azure which fills the sky, all declare the unwearied providence, paternal benignity, and unrivalled greatness of nature's God. The earth, the air, the water, teem with delighted existence. How many objects, that engross and delight the soul, crowd upon our view at this season! What freshness is felt in the morning, and what brilliancy is seen in the day. God sends the copious showers to purify the air, soften the ground, and nourish the

plants ; so also he draws from the bosom of the earth, rivers and streams which course their devious way to invigorate and beautify the world.

Beneath the span
Of heaven, all earth lay languishing in light ;
Her streamlets with a bee-like murmur ran,
And while the trees like living creatures waved
Their plumage to the wind, the bird and breeze
Together hymn'd and harmonized the air,

Robert Montgomery.

As we stand on an eminence, how enchanting is the varied view before us ! We receive pleasure from the forms, and colors, and motions, which are before us ; from the various green of fields and woods, showing itself in many different shades, some dark and deep, some vivid and glossy, and some light and pale—from the waving surface of valleys and hills, contrasted with the level extent of meadows and fields—from the forms of trees, some spiry and slender, others spreading and pendulous, and others shooting forth strong branches and displaying an unbroken mass of leaves—from the opening buds, the clustering blossoms, the humble shrub, the majestic oak, and the beautiful garden. We are gratified with the cerulean hue of the ocean, varying as it is ruffled by winds, and by the light and shades which pass over it, with the blue heavens and the white fleecy clouds, and the general effect of sunshine and shade. We are gratified with the life we see mingled in the group ; with the sight and voices of men at labor rejoicing in the prospect of contented industry ; with the bounding agility of young animals, as they sport at the side of others intently grazing with a sharpened relish ; with the cheerful song and easy flight of birds, the lyric lark, for example, soaring joyfully and singing as he rises to hail the early day, or greet the coming spring. As we gaze on the clear blue firmament at such a season as this,

we are led into a train of reflections similar to those beautifully expressed by the fair poetess in the following :—

THE SKY.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

The sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because heaven is there.

Moore.

Fair sky! what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds borne along on the joyous wing,
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers,
Odours breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Of the child's light laugh and the peasant's mirth;
Blue gleams bright from the sun-rays kiss,
And trembling as if with excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds that are rich as young Hope's dreams,
Rainbows colouring and amber beams,
Flushes of crimson glory growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing,
Beneath the ardent gazer's view,
Purple twilight and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty, and calm moonlight;
Stars—bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody;
Prayers sent up from the sleepless bed,
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread,
Murmurs from forests by light winds stirred,
And sweet, sweet music from night's own bird.

What is below thee? A land of sin,
Where Sorrow and Death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs;
Where the sunny curls blanch with the hand of Time,
And the purest spirits are tinged with crime;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds must die,
And all things tell of mortality.

What is beyond thee? A world where the power
 Of Time cannot wither a single flower;
 Where the earthy stains of our human clay
 In the streams of mercy are washed away;
 Where there comes not a shade o'er the tranquil brow,
 And the voice never sounds in one tone of wo.
 Fair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
 When we gaze upon thee, and think heaven is there.

Literary Gazette.

The garden now assumes a cheerful appearance. The lily of the valley; the laurel and China roses; London pride, lilac, broom, rough comfrey, globe flower, yellow asphodel, and various other plants are now in flower. In the *Gardener's Magazine* is the following report from the Fulham Nursery, dated May 11, 1829:—"Thermopsis laburnifolia, which at a distance looks like a laburnum on a large scale, is here both in flower and leaf in the open air; it is worthy of a place against every wall of half hardy shrubs. A most complete collection of azaleas, planted a few years ago, are now in a vigorous state. Lagerstroemiæ indica, Acacia *Jubibrissin*, and similar trees, have stood the last severe winter, as they have done upwards of a dozen winters before; and the Brunsvigia Josephinæ has stood the winter in the open border in front of the hot house, without losing its leaves. There can be no doubt that many exotic plants, if treated the season before so as to produce the perfect ripening of their wood, buds, or bulbs, would stand the winter better than even indigenous articles that have been caught in a growing state by the frost. In this nursery there are some fine specimens of cork trees, nettle trees, purple beech, *Ailantus glandulosa*, and Fulham oak, *Quercus Cerris* var, *dentata* of Sweet's, *Hortus Britannicus*. This last tree is of an immense size, and shows that forest trees may be grafted to advantage in cases where the seeds are with difficulty obtained."

As the laburnum is mentioned in the foregoing report, and as it is not generally known that the leaves and bark of it are poisonous, we shall state a case which occurred last year near Cupar in Fife-shire, from which it appears they possess deleterious qualities of a very active nature. A small quantity of the bark being chewed, caused first giddiness and tremor, which symptoms were succeeded by sickness, cold sweats, and excessive vomiting: medical assistance was in this case at hand, and by the application of proper remedies, farther ill effects were prevented. In another case of which we have heard, a larger quantity having been swallowed, and medical aid not at hand, it caused vomiting, and evacuations even of blood; the person, however, recovered, after a period of excessive exhaustion. From the powerful effects of the plant, it appears that some use might be made of it in the *materia medica*; and at any rate, as it is now so generally employed in ornamental shrubberies, it is desirable that its properties should be as generally known as possible; more especially as, from its being eaten by hares, rabbits, &c.—young people are apt from curiosity to taste it. Bees are observed to avoid this plant; and notwithstanding the rich clusters of blossom which give the laburnum such a magnificent appearance on the edge of a summer walk, its branches are always as silent as those of the yew, while many of less promising appearance (the lime for instance) are humming like a bee-hive. The laburnum is originally a native of the Alps, whence it was brought to this country in 1596. The face of the country at this season is charming, and with the poet we may say:

I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nurs'd her young;

The den beneath the slow-thorn, where
 She bred her twins, the timorous hare ;
 The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue bells,
 Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;
 The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
 Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
 The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
 A portion of the sheltering tree ;
 And other marvels, which my verse
 Can find no language to rehearse.

Allan Cunningham.

The busy bee is now to be found actively engaged from flower to flower, and butterflies begin to show themselves.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Thou, who in the early spring
 Hoverest on filmy wing,
 Visiting the bright-eyed flowers,
 Fluttering in loaded bowers,
 Settling on the reddening rose—
 Reddening ere it fully blows,
 When its crisp and curling leaves
 Just unfold their dewy tips,
 Soft as beauty's infant lips,
 Or any thing that love believes.
 Little wanderer after pleasure,
 Where is that enchanted treasure
 All that live are seeking for ?
 Is it in the blossom, or
 Where we seek it, in the roses
 Of a maiden's cheek, or rather
 In the many lights that gather,
 When her smiling lip uncloses ?
 Wouldst thou rather kiss a flower
 When 'tis drooping with a shower,
 Or with trembling, quivering wing,
 Rest thee on a sweeter thing,—
 On a lip that has no stain,
 On a brow that feels no pain,
 In the beaming of an eye,
 Where a world of visions lie,
 Such as to the bless'd are given—
 All of heaven—all of heaven ?
 If thou lovest the blossom, I
 Love the cheek, the lip, and eye.

J. G. Percival.

The migratory birds finish their arrival at this season, among which the most conspicuous are the fern-owl; the black martin; the swift; the reed-sparrow, and wrens. In the early part of this month many nightingales also arrive.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(*From Ornithologia, by James Jennings*.)

Thou matchless, yet modest, harmonious bird !
 Who hath not with rapture thy singing oft heard?
 Who hath not oft snatched, what time midnight is still,
 A moment to listen by copse or by rill ?—
 A moment, in May-time, when zephyr, not storm,
 Gives the shadows of moon-light fantastical form ?
 Not content thou to charm us with song through the night,
 Through the day, too, thy notes oft resound with delight.
 O say, are they sad—dost thou grieve while thy song,
 'Midst the glade, wakens echo and warbles along ?
 Or doth pleasure—doth mirth prompt thy wonderful lay,
 Or doth love—pensive love—its soft feeling display ?
 Whatever the cause, be e'er hallowed thy note,
 That at midnight or moonlight distends thy sweet throat.

The nightingale is the most celebrated of all the feathered race for its song. The poets have, in all ages, and most European countries, made it the theme of their verses. It visits this country towards the latter end of April, and takes its departure in August, as it is said; but I suspect not so soon. We still want a knowledge of more facts to make us completely acquainted with the natural history of this bird. MONTAGU, who appears to have been a very accurate observer, says that, if by accident the female is killed, the male resumes his song again, and will continue to sing very late in the summer, or till he finds another mate. It is rarely found in Scotland, the west of Devonshire, or Cornwall; and, I conclude, not in Ireland. Its usual habitation in this country is within the segment of a circle, Dover being the centre, whose radii do not exceed in length *two hundred miles*, and not one hundred and

fifty, as has been frequently stated. Its time of singing, in its natural state, is only from its arrival till about Midsummer; but it will, it is said, when domesticated, sing nine months in the year. Its food, in a domesticated state, may be spiders, woodlice, ants' eggs, flies, and worms; it is chiefly, however, I understand, *German paste*, a composition well known in the bird-shops of the metropolis. It requires to be kept in a warm place in the winter, or it will die. It is said that the nightingale is common in the bird-shops, not only at *Venice*, but even at *Moscow*, and that it *there sings as finely as in its native woods*; but this is questionable. It is occasionally to be seen in cages in London, where it sings during many months of the year; but it is not, I believe, ever known to breed in confinement here.

The singularity of this bird never having been heard in Ireland, produced the following beautiful lines:

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Philomela ! many a rhyme
 I've read of thee from Albion's clime ,
 Minstrels of cottage, bower, and hall,
 Olden and new, have praised thee, all :
 They say thine is the sweetest song
 That mellow throats can pour along ;
 And that thou likest not the day,
 The sun's broad glare or noon-tide ray ;
 But when the moon is bright above,
 Each note of thine then melts with love.
 Why dost not visit Erin's isle ?
 Who would not greet thee with a smile ?
 Think not unheard would be thy song,
 Our lone and woody glens among ;
 When towns are still and think of rest,
 Within these glens fond lips are prest ,
~~And~~ ^{At} ~~any~~ calm hour fond lovers meet,
 Young eyes admire, and young hearts beat :
 Such eyes, such lips, such hearts, I ween
 As even there thou hast not seen.
 Then come, and hither wing thy flight,
 And we will listen with delight ?

O.

JUNE.

This month was probably named from Juno, though it was under the auspices of Mercury. The usual conjectures that it was given in honor of the junior branches of the Roman Legislature, is unfounded, from the fact that his name belonged to the Alban (or Latin) Calendar, before the existence of Rome. Junius Brutus commenced his consulship in this month, probably from the omen of the name. The Saxons called June, *Sere Monalth*, or Dry Month.

Remarkable Days.

1.—ST. NICOMEDE.

A pupil of St. Peter's, and a priest at Rome, who fell a martyr to his religion during the persecution of Domitian.

2.—1829.—LADY ELEANOR BUTLER DIED.

Lady Butler, aunt to the Marquis of Ormonde, and born in the county of Dublin, was a lady of rather eccentric habits. In 1779, she associated herself with Miss Ponsonby, a cousin of the Earl of Besborough, and both resolved to live in retirement far away from the gaities and frivolities of high life. Their friends endeavoured to separate two who appeared so much to cherish each others singularities. Their determination, however, was fixed.—Miss Butler resolutely declined marriage, of which she had several offers, and they eloped together twice: the first time they were soon recovered; but the second time, with a small sum of money, they repaired to the Vale of Llangollen, where they lived many years, unknown even by name to their neighbours: they were usually called "the ladies of the

vale." Their retreat was at length discovered and considerable curiosity was excited. In 1796, the elegant Miss Seward in her poem of *Llangollen Vale* greatly eulogized the secluded pair. Miss Ponsonby was fair, beautiful and lady-like; Miss Butler was tall and masculine. Her ladyship died in the house in which she first took up her residence.

4.—1738.—GEORGE III. BORN.

THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

By Delta.

The fourth of June ! the fourth of June !
 Methinks, in careless boyhood's reign,
 I hear the loud bell's festal tune,
 And cannon's peal again ;
 Methinks, from tower and battlement
 I see St. George's standard fly,
 And smoke from many a bonfire sent
 Up through the clear blue sky !

The fourth of June ! the fourth of June !
 What loyal mirth 'twas mine to bring !
 A nation's hearts in unison
 Bent for their loved old king :
 Healths from a million cups were pour'd,
 By old and young, by high and low ;
 Defence to Britain from each sword,
 Defiance to each foe !

The fourth of June ! the fourth of June !
 Still do I see, in all their glow,
 The bright flow'rs wreath'd in wild festoon,
 The rockets that to heaven did go—
 The glad huzzaing of the crowd—
 The snakey squibs that rose and sunk—
 The musket peals that thrice aloud
 Boom'd when the health was drunk !

The fourth of June ! the fourth of June !
 That day that for so long wert bright,
 At length a cloud came o'er thy noon,
 Time touch'd thee with his blight :
 Thy morn awoke not with the peal
 Of cannon or of merry bell ;
 The sire, who loved his people's weal,
 In death had ta'en a farewell.

The fourth of June ! the fourth of June !
 Thou sunniest spot in childhood's year,
 The sound brings, like a sweet loved tune,
 To memory's eye a tear ;
 And when I think of what hath been,
 And what on earth no more may be,
 I mourn o'er many a happy scene,
 Once duly brought to thee !

Forget me Not, 1830.

4.—1829.—LORD THURLOW DIED, ÆTAT. 47.

The Right Hon. Edward Thurlow, son of Dr. Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, was born June 10, 1781, and received his education at Magdalen College, Cambridge. In 1806, on the death of his uncle, Lord Chancellor Thurlow, he succeeded to his title. His Lordship wrote a quantity of poetry, but nothing of a very sterling character. Among others, he published *The Doge's Daughter*; *Ariadne*; *Carmen Brittannicum*; *Arcita and Palemon*; and *Angelica, or the Rape of Proteus*. His poems were chiefly written in the Spenserian stanza, and were evidently on the model of the elder poets.

5.—ST. BONIFACE.

Risdon, in his *Chorographical Survey of Devon*, says:—"Very notable hathe binn this town (Crediton) for her birth childe, Winifred surnamed Boniface, who was Archbishop of Mentz, from whence he wrote an epistle to Ethebald, King of Mercia, which took such effect, that the sacred scriptures were used in the monasteries, and the Lorde's prayer, and the creed, in the English tongue, about the year 758. The Bishop converted the Hessians, Thuringers, and Frisians, of Germany, unto Christ, and was therefore accounted the apostle of that nation, and canonized as a saint."

Winifred was several times employed as Pope's Legate ; but was at length murdered by the Frisians

in 765, and afterwards buried in Fulda Abbey, which he had founded.

6.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

This day was set apart by the council of Arles in 1260, as a festival in honor of the Holy Trinity. In the Romish Church it is celebrated with much splendour.

It is still a custom of ancient usage for the judges, great law-officers, lord-mayor, aldermen and common council, to attend St. Paul's cathedral, on this day, when a sermon is preached by the lord-mayor's chaplain.

10.—CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.

Corpus Christi, or "the body and blood of Christ," is a festival held on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday. It celebrates the doctrine of transubstantiation, and is one of the grandest festivals of the Romish church, being observed with music, lights, flowers strewed in the streets, rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and with other demonstrations of rejoicing.

11.—ST. BARNABUS.

He was born at Cyprus, and descended of the tribe of Levi, whose Jewish ancestors are thought to have retired thither, to secure themselves from violence during the troublesome times in Judea. His proper name was Joses, to which, after his conversion to Christianity, the apostles added that of Barnabus, signifying either the son of prophecy, or the son of consolation; the first respecting his eminent prophetic gifts, the other his great charity in selling his estate for the comfort and relief of the poor Christians. He was educated at Jerusalem, under Gamaliel; which might probably lay the foundation of that infinite friendship, which was afterwards contracted between this apostle and St.

Paul. The time of his conversion is uncertain; but he is generally esteemed one of the seventy disciples chosen by our Saviour himself. At Antioch, Paul and Barnabus had a contest, which ended in their separation; but what followed with respect to St. Barnabus, is not related in the Acts of the Apostles. Some say he went into Italy and founded a church at Milan. He suffered martyrdom at Salamis, whither some Jews, being come out of Syria, set upon him, as he was disputing in the Synagogue, and stoned him to death, about the year 73.

15.—1824.—FIRST STONE OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE
LAID.

THE COMPLAINT OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

A Vision.

Our sapient common-council men
Have passed a stern decree,
That London's ancient Gothic bridge
Shall shortly cease to be.

One eve, reflecting on this act,
I sought old Thames's marge !
The waning moon shone fitfully
On wherry, punt, and barge.

The antique bridge, but dimly seen
By Luna's pallid beam,
Seem'd like a baseless fabric wild
Of some fantastic dream.

I stood long musing on the scene,
Like one transfixed by spell ;
I thought, had but that bridge a tongue,
What wonders might it tell !

Scarcely had the thought occur'd to me,
When lo ! I seem'd to hear
A hollow voice borne on the wind,
Which murmur'd in my ear :

" Frail child of earth, attend to me,"
It said, or seem'd to say ;
" I am the genius of yon bridge,
Which soon must pass away.

"To thee I will unfold my mind,
For thou art not of those
Who wish my downfal, and have brought
My being near a close.

"They're city cormorants, that feed,
Like chickens in a coop,
On ven'son, turkey, sav'ry chine,
And green fat turtle soup.

"How different from the hardy race
That stretch'd me o'er the flood!
A truss of straw composed their beds,
Their pillows, logs of wood.

"Few foreign dainties grac'd their board—
Roast beef was ever there;
Plum-pudding too, and wassail strong,
In which to drown old care.

"Their weak descendants o'er me pass,
Like spectres, pale and wan;
How alter'd from the bold and free—
The ruddy Englishman!

"I've stood five hundred years alone,
A holy monk's renown,
Adorn'd with towers and battlements,
Old Thames's mural crown.

"But rivals have sprung up of late,
Which flout me to my face,
And I, though rear'd of old, to them,
Pardie, must now give place.

"Seest thou yon unsubstantial thing
Through which the moon doth gleam,
'Tis like a mighty skeleton
Stretch'd o'er the river's stream.

"This morn I heard a dreadful sound
Loud thundering in my ears,
Of sinking piles, whereon to found
My future rival's piers.

"What revolutions have I seen
Since first my head was rear'd!
What generations of mankind
From earth have disappear'd!

" Your Edwards and your Henrys too
I've seen with kingly pride,
Begirt with mail-clad barons fierce,
In triumph o'er me ride.

" Eliza of the ' lion port '
My fancy still recalls ;
Full oft she crost me, with her court,
To seek fair Greenwich halls.

" And I have tuneful Chaucer seen,
And all his pilgrim throng,
Who rode with him to Becket's shrine—
They still live in his song.

" When rival roses shook this isle,
My battlements oft bore
The sever'd head and mangled limb,
On spikes besmeared with gore.

" And I have seen beneath me glide,
At midnight's awful hour,
With muffled oars, the traitor barge
Bound for yon bloody Tower.

" I've witness'd monarchy once quell'd
By the republic's sword ;
This in its turn I saw expell'd,
And monarchy restored.

" When the red scourge o'er London raged
Of all-consuming fire,
I heard the crash of house, and tower,
And battlement, and spire.

" I've seen grim death triumphant reign,
I've heard the shrieks of woe,
When Pestilence stalk'd through the streets,
And laid her thousands low.

" But, soft ! I scent the morning air :
Let what I've said be penn'd ;
More might I add, but time would fail,
So here shall be an end."

As ceased these sounds, from Paul's high fane
The mighty deep-toned bell
' Pealed on the drowsy ear of night '
The past day's parting knell.

Literary Gazette.

17.—ST. ALBAN.

He is said to be the great proto-martyr of Britain, and was born at Verulam, now St. Alban's. Through the example and instructions of Amphibalus, he renounced the errors of Paganism, and became a convert to the Christian religion. He suffered martyrdom during the great persecution under Dioclesion, about the year 303.

18.—1814.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

18.—1643.—JOHN HAMPDEN KILLED.

19.—1215.—MAGNA CHARTA SIGNED.

LIBERTY.

By Thomas Furlong.

Oh! shame on the wretch who contented can creep
Through the long way of life in the garb of the slave :
Oh! shame on the dastard, who calmly can sleep
When the battle of freedom is fought by the brave.
The daring may die—but dishonor is o'er ;
The task-master's taunt can disturb them no more :
The friends who have loved them, in wildness may weep ;
The fond and the weak o'er their relics may rave ;
But theirs is the slumber all dreamless and deep,—
They taste not of grief in the peace of the grave.

And who would not wish for the peace of the grave,
When the foul gloom of thralldom o'ershadows his day ;
When he stands to be spurned by the idiot or knave,
Whom he dreads but despises, and hates but obeys ?
When man, in his pride, mars the mandate of heaven,
When the rights known to nature to me are not given ;
Oh, then in the cold clammy earth let me lie—
The face of creation no more let me see ;
Ere I bear the vile badge of the base let me die,
For life is not life when we cease to be free.

20.—TRANSLATION OF EDWARD KING OF THE WEST SAXONS.

The body of Edward the Martyr, after having remained three years at Warham, was translated, or removed, by Duke Alferus to the minster of Shrews-

bury, and there interred with great pomp. (See Page 144.)

21.—LONGEST DAY.

This day is, in London, 16h. 34m. 5s., allowing 9m. 16s. for refraction.

24.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST AND MIDSUMMER DAY.

This day is celebrated in the Christian church in honor of the nativity of John the Baptist, the forerunner of our Saviour, and the Elias of the New Testament. He was the son of the aged priest Zacharias, and Elizabeth; and his birth and work were predicted by the angel Gabriel. Having preached against Herod's marriage with his brother's wife, she was so enraged that, in revenge, she contrived to get him beheaded.

There are many superstitious customs connected with this day, and its eve; some of which are still believed by the credulous. One of these is thus mentioned in a tale called *The Eve of St. John*, by our pleasant American friend, Mr. Paulding, whom we have before introduced to our readers:—

“The Festival of St. John is, among the Greek girls, a period peculiarly interesting. The Christian religion which they profess has banished, it is true, a whole train of pagan rites and superstitions; but in many instances it has preserved them, or substituted others in their places. The human mind, at least among the ignorant, or the inexperienced, requires the excitement of a little superstition; and the wisest and most virtuous reformers have been willing to pay deference to our nature, by leaving us still in possession of some little playthings of this sort, with which the imagination, half believing, half rejecting, half jesting, and half in earnest, may divert itself at stated seasons.

“It was on the Eve of St. John, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, that a party of

six or eight Greek girls were collected in one of those delightful retreats of the island, which even the hand of despotism has not yet entirely blighted. It was a valley, almost circular, into which a large stream descended from the surrounding hills; on entering the vale it separated itself into a number of little rivulets, that wandered in devious meanderings, at a distance from each other, adding richness to the verdure, and new freshness to the groves. The fields were enamelled with a thousand various flowers, and the woods composed of an infinite variety of odoriferous trees and shrubs. The orange, lemon, and citron, intertwined their kindred branches; the almond tree and pomegranate, with its rich purple fruits, mingled their shade; and, while one of the senses regaled itself with the choicest fruits, another banqueted on the most delicious odors. All was luxury, repose, and silence, unbroken except by the voices of a thousand turtle doves, cooing a soft and melodious accompaniment to the sweet reveries, and ever varying luxuries of the imagination.

“A little chapel, consecrated to St. John, and almost decayed—for Christianity in those regions exhibits little else but ruins—reared its old grey walls and gothic spire among the tufted foliage; and near it was a fountain, once dedicated to the nymph Silence, now in ruins, but the waters of which still flowed as pure as crystal. It was here that the little group of girls was anxiously collected, to practise the long hallowed mysteries of the Eve of St. John. In breathless silence they filled a large vase from the fountain, with what is called the Secret Water. Into this, each threw an apple, of a different color, or otherwise distinguished, so that each might recognise her own. The opening of the vase was then carefully closed, and it was placed on the pedestal of a broken column, to remain all

night in the open air. They then departed as they came, without uttering a word. The next morning, the same group hied again to the ruined church, and, after performing the morning service, eagerly, yet hesitatingly, hastened to the spot to ascertain the effect of the charm, and to learn who were to be their future husbands. With pious care they took down the vase and opened it, and each in a small vessel dipped out some of the water with her own apple. Every one then, after making three signs of the cross, fervently uttered the following prayer:—"Great and good St. John, ordain if I am to wed the man of my heart, this vessel may turn to the right, and if he is not to be my husband, that it may turn to the left." After this address, the eldest of the girls clasped her hands together, in such a manner that her two thumbs projected above, inclining outwards at the same time, while another of the girls placed herself immediately before her, and did the same. On these four thumbs, thus arranged, was placed the vessel containing the secret water and the charmed apple, and it was then held up at arm's length to see which way it would turn. In this manner, each one in succession consulted the oracle, and each was thoroughly convinced that the vessel turned either to the right or to the left, by the special agency of St. John. It was interesting to see the air of sadness, or exultation, of these simple votaries, according as the vessel had pronounced the disappointment or accomplishment of their innocent anticipations."

A curious custom in France, connected with this period, and called The Black Wedding of Bas-Poitou, is thus recorded in the *Literary Gazette*:—

"In the marshes of Bas-Poitou, in France, there still exists a singular custom, which may be traced to the ceremonies of the Egyptians and other people of the highest antiquity. The country of Bas-Poitou

is subject to annual inundations ; and, from autumn to spring, the inhabitants can neither leave their houses nor return to them, but in small flat-bottomed boats, which the least gust of wind will upset : these punts, as they may be called, are made of a few planks, nailed together, stopped, and pitched, and are much less safe and ingenious in their construction than the justly-admired canoes of the savages, hollowed out of the branch of a single tree. Wood is extremely scarce in this part of the country ; and as it is very difficult, and often impossible, to convey it hither, the ingenuity of the inhabitants has been taxed to find a substitute for it in a fuel by which they may keep themselves warm in the winter, and prepare their food throughout the year. From time immemorial, the inhabitants of these marshes have had their peculiar fuel : it consists of the dung of their animals dried and prepared, which supplies the place of wood. During the year, they take care to pile up this dung in the pastures, and to make heaps of it near their houses. About the time of *the Feast of St. John*, the grand manufacture of this simple fuel takes place, and the event is celebrated with universal rejoicing—with the keeping of what is called the *Black Wedding*. Several families, men, women, children, masters, men-servants, and maid-servants, meet together, in different parts, to make the dung into fuel : they moisten it with water, and employ the oxen to break and tread it ; straw is cut up and mixed with it, to give it a consistency ; they next form it into cakes, and spread it out in the pastures and by the sides of their houses to dry : they afterwards put it up in piles, and burn it in the same manner as turf, and it answers every purpose of that useful fuel. The produce of this black wedding might be supposed to emit a disagreeable odour, and to be otherwise unpleasant to the inhabitants ; but long practice has

enabled the women to manage it so skilfully, that with the addition of some small wood and a little straw, a bright good fire is made, without much smoke or smell. The days which are devoted to the preparation of the dung are considered festival days throughout the country. The people occupy themselves with alacrity and cheerfulness in this important manufacture ; and their labour, which is frequently extended to a late hour in the evening, is sweetened by recreation : it is always followed by the song and the dance, and the toils of the day are washed down by copious draughts of wine. The rich people and the great landholders invite their friends and neighbours to this wedding : it is a season devoted to joy and equality. These meetings and rural fêtes are called the black weddings, either on account of the peculiar occupation in which the peasants are engaged, because they put on their dirtiest and worst clothes,—or on account of the rejoicings being carried on in the night. Whatever may be the origin of the name, it is quite as appropriate as that of the *green day* given to feasts held in the spring, at which nothing was eaten that was not peculiar to the season."

29.—ST. PETER.

This apostle, born at Bethsaida, was the son of Jonas, and brother of St. Andrew. His first name was Simon, but when our Saviour called him to the apostleship, he changed his name into Cephas, that is, in Syriac, a stone, or a rock ; in Latin, *petra*, whence Peter. He was a married man, and had in his house, his mother-in-law, and his wife at Capernaum, upon the lake of Gennesareth. Peter was remarkable for his zeal, which he displayed upon many occasions, particularly in the garden, when his master was apprehended, on which occasion he drew his sword, and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest. But when he entered the hall of

Caiaphus, and was recognised as one of the disciples, he repeatedly denied the charge, till the cock crew, and then remembering our Lord's prediction, that before the cock crew twice he would deny him thrice, Peter went out and wept. After the ascension of our Saviour, he preached a famous sermon at Jerusalem, by which some thousands were converted. He was thrown into prison by Herod Agrippa, in the year 44, from whence he was released by an angel. During the persecution of Nero, in 66, he suffered martyrdom by being crucified with his head downwards.

St. Peter's at Rome is splendidly illuminated on the celebration of this day. "The expense of which (observes the author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*,) and of the girandola, when repeated two successive evenings, as they invariably are, at the festival of St. Peter, is one thousand crowns; when only exhibited one night, they cost seven hundred. Eighty men were employed in the instantaneous illumination of the lamps, which to us seemed the work of enchantment: they were so posted as to be unseen."

Among the new edifices, erected by His Majesty's Commissioners for building new churches, is a spacious one dedicated to this saint, on Walworth common, a short distance from Camberwell turnpike.



Astronomical Occurrences

In June, 1830.

A dazzling point emerges from the sea ;
It spreads ;—it rises :—now it seems a dome
Of burning gold ; it rests upon the rim
Of waters ; lingers there a moment ; then
Soars up.

It is the hour of noon : the god of day
Stands on the highest pinnacle of heaven,
Glorious, majestic, inexpressibly bright.

ATHERSTONE.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Cancer at 50 m. past 11 in the morning of the 21st of this month, according to the tabular zodiac ; his position in the zodiac of nature is between Propus, a small star in the Via Lactea, and η in Gemini ; the distance of his centre from the equinoctial is on this day equal to the obliquity of the ecliptic.

The Sun having attained his greatest northern declination, all within the arctic circle enjoys perpetual day ; at the verge of this circle, his orb just sinks below the horizon, and instantly re-ascends ; while at the antarctic circle, he rises for an instant and then disappears, leaving all within its boundary to the gloom and dreariness of their long wintry night, in some degree compensated by the almost constant presence of the Moon, the brightly beaming of the stars in Argo Navis, Centaurus, and the Southern Cross, and the brilliant corruscations of the Aurora Australis.

SOLAR SPOTS.

Owing to the illuminated atmosphere of the

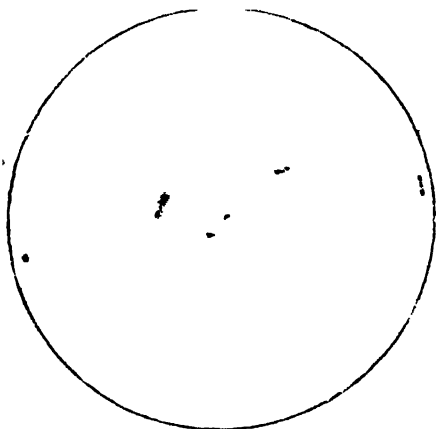
nights of this and the succeeding months, but few opportunities present themselves for telescopic observation of minute objects in the starry sky ; it may be recommended to the youthful astronomer to direct his attention to the solar disc, with the precaution of using coloured glasses to screen the eye ; a course of observations on the Sun's glorious body will prove a source of astonishment, and interesting contemplation.

The solar spots were first observed in England in December 1610 ; the first discovery of them is contended for by Galileo, Scheiner, and Harriot ; from 1611 to 1629, the Sun's disc was scarcely ever free from spots ; from 1650 to 1670, but few spots were seen, and about a century since they were very seldom observed, not more than one in five or seven years appearing ; of late years the Sun's orb has rarely been seen without them, and some of these covering great parts of his surface.

If a circular spot enters on the disc, it is apparently at first narrow, with a similar curvature to that of the edge of the disc ; in advancing towards the centre it assumes an elliptical form ; at the centre it appears of its true figure ; as it retreats, it re-assumes its oval form, and contracting to a line, after having traversed the disc, disappears at the western edge ; a similar appearance with modifications may be observed with spots of other forms, which proves that the Sun is a globular body, rotating on its axis.

On the 20th May, 1829, twenty-eight spots of considerable magnitude were observed, besides several minute ones in the vicinity of the larger, the whole extending from the eastern to the western edge, and occupying a zone nearly sixty degrees in breadth ; the bright mottled appearance called *faculæ* was very conspicuous towards the western regions.

The Solar Disc, as it appeared the 23rd of October, 1829.



The Central Spots magnified.

The most pleasing and satisfactory method of examining the solar spots, and tracing their progress from day to day, is by placing the object end of a

telescope with the axis directed to the Sun, through an aperture in the shutter of a darkened room, which will transmit his image in the most distinct manner on any suitable medium employed to receive it, such as white paper, or a disc of plaster of Paris, carefully levelled, and fixed in a frame, so that its surface may be at right angles to the axis of the instrument; in this way the Sun's image may be magnified several feet, and the spots more than an inch in diameter.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

June 1st, Sun rises	33 m. after 3,	sets	7 m. after 8
6th,	49	3, ..	11
11th,	45	3, ..	15
16th,	43	3, ..	17
21st,	43	3, ..	17
26th,	44	3, ..	16

Equation of Time.

To find the true time from the apparent, a correction must be used as in the following

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday,	June 1st, from the time by the dial <i>subtract</i>	2	36
Sunday,	— 6th,	1	47
Friday,	— 11th,	0	51
Wednesday,	— 16th, to the time by the dial <i>add</i>	0	10
Monday,	— 21st,	1	15
Saturday,	— 26th,	2	20

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon	6th day at 19 m. after 2 in the aftern.
Last Quarter	13th 49 10 at night.
New Moon	20th 3 3 in the aftern.
First Quarter	28th 16 3 in the morn.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the meridian of Greenwich at the following times, viz.

June 1st, at 34 m. after 8 in the evening.	
2nd, .. 17	9
3rd, .. 1	10
4th, .. 46	10
5th, .. 33	11
12th, .. 40	4 in the morning.
13th, .. 31	5
14th, .. 22	6
15th, .. 13	7
16th, .. 6	8
26th, .. 0	5 in the afternoon.
27th, .. 43	5
28th, .. 25	6
29th, .. 7	7 in the evening.
30th, .. 51	7

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

June 1st.—Illuminated part = 6.87907

Dark part..... = 5.12093

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

IMMERSIONS.

First Satellite, 7th day, 49 m. 4 s. after midnight.	
22d .. 6 .. 15	11 at night.
30th .. 0 .. 47	1 in the morn.
Second Satellite, 6th .. 22 .. 46	midnight.
Third Satellite, 20th .. 35 .. 56	1 in the morn.
Fourth Satellite, 17th .. 46 .. 24	11 at night.

EMERSION.

Fourth Satellite, 18th day, 15 m. 58 s. after 2 in the morn.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

June 3rd, with α in Virgo .. at 1 in the morn.	
8th, .. δ .. Sagittarius, midnight.	
13th, .. λ .. Aquarius.. 1 in the morn.	
20th, .. Mercury	3
28th, .. \S in Virgo	11 at night.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be stationary on the 3rd and 27th of this month. In his inferior conjunction a half-past 6 of the evening of the 15th.

HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

The melody supposed to be sent forth by the starry host in their ceaseless revolutions, was a favorite notion of the philosophers and poets of antiquity. Apollo was represented playing upon a harp of seven strings, the symbol of the Sun and planets, the strings representing the different distances of the rolling orbs. This harmony they attributed to the various proportionate impressions acting at proper intervals; they could not conceive that such prodigious bodies moving with such rapidity should be silent, for the atmosphere being continually impelled by them, a set of sounds must necessarily be produced agreeable to the impressions received, and the diversity and velocity of their motions; all these directed by the hand of the Almighty, producing a sympathy of melodious chords: the Moon, as being the lowest of the planets, corresponded to *mi*; Mercury, to *fa*; Venus, to *sol*; the Sun, to *la*; Mars, to *si*; Jupiter, to *ut*; Saturn, to *re*; and the fixed stars, as being the highest of all, to *mi*, or the octave.

The allusions to this divine harmony are very frequent in ancient writings: "The stars move in their course rejoicing." "The morning stars sang together." "Thee I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes and planets, encircle with eternal music." Also in later times, the immortal Shakspeare, in his "Merchant of Venice:"

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.
There's not the smallest star which thou beholdest,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

Though the music of the spheres, regarded in its true light, is only an elegant fiction, Addison in his beautiful hymn, "The spacious firmament on high," has given it more than an ideal existence, every verse of which suggests the idea of melody.

Among modern poets, Henry Kirke White has the following beautiful passage on this subject :

Who is it leads the planets on their dance—
The mighty sisterhood? Who is it strikes
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,
Led by the arch contriver. Beautiful
The harmony of order! How they sing!
The regulated orbs upon their path
Through the wide trackless ether sing, as though
A siren sat upon each glittering gem,
And made fair music, such as mortal hand
Ne'er raised on the responding chords; more like
The mystic melody that oft the bard
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,
Touched by some unknown beings that reside
In evening breezes, or, at dead of night,
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.

To which may be added another, by Atherstone, in his "Midsummer Day's Dream;" a beautiful spirit is addressing a son of earth.

"Thou seest these shining orbs
That wing their smooth way through the fields of ether;
And thou didst hear on earth the seas and hills
Giving out joyful music:—think'st thou then
These mighty worlds are voiceless?

To thine ear,
Unopened, what a deep and awful silence
Is in these lonely realms of endless space!
The murmur of a stream, the gentle cooing
Of a young dove, breaking upon this hush,
Would seem to thee as loud as a cataract;
But thou shalt know that silence is not here,
Nor dead vacuity: throughout all space
Nature hath her own music; all that gives
To the eye beauty, yields, to gifted ears,
A melody as beauteous. Listen, now!"

Oh ! then there was a burst of glorious sounds,
Such as I never heard, and could not hear
With waking sense, and live : nor can I tell,
Nor could man comprehend, by any force
Of words, the beauty, the sublimity
Of that o'erwhelming chorus ; for, at once
From every star there issued forth a voice
That might have sounded to the uttermost ends
Of space,—majestic, awful ; yet inspiring
Joy, tenderness, devotion, rapture,—all
That melts the spirit down in bliss, or lifts,
Expands, and glorifies, as if it felt
The presence of the actual Deity.
At once the mighty spheres sent up their song
In various and magnificent harmony ;
Each twinkling star among the countless host
Chanted exultingly, with tone distinct
As if alone it sang ; yet all commixed
In wondrous chorus : and the sun above
Poured out his voice as if the infinitude
Of space were filled with deep melodious thunder.

The author of the “ Opening of the Sixth Seal ”
has the following :

Each flaming sun, around
Held planetary orbs their mystic dance
That never had known change ; worlds above worlds,
Countless as pearly drops that gem the mead
On vernal morn, lay pillowed on the sky ;
And in the centre of the wondrous whole
The Deity Himself, benignant still,
Guiding, protecting them, the Spirit of life
Transfused, and Omnipresent, reigned o'er all.

So they went on in harmony, and knew
Each, its prescribed course ; and, as they rolled,
Celestial music through the boundless space
Incessant roamed, the music of the spheres,
To mortal ears inaudible, but oft
By listening seraphs, in their viewless flight
On light's pure pinions, raptured heard ; so they
In smooth unerring course, through ether fled,
Rapidly rolling, and with hallowed song,
Together hymned sweet music to their God.

Exquisitely beautiful also are the allusions to this
heavenly music in “ The Lost Pleiad,” by the

lovely authoress of "The Improvisatrice." The poetic fiction depends on that often quoted verse of Ovid :

" Quæ septem dici, sex tament esse solent."

Which *seven* are called, though only *six* appear.

from which it is supposed that one of these stars has disappeared from the cluster ; the asterism of the Pleiades bears some resemblance to a lyre.

And who were they, the lovely seven,
With shape of earth, and home in heaven ?
Daughters of King Atlas they.

Six were brides in sky and sea,
To some crowned divinity ;
But his youngest, loveliest one,
Was as yet unwooed, unwon.

This lovely Pleiad (Cyrene) becomes the bride of an earthly prince, and each day is passed in the sweetest intercourse—

till the night
Called on her starry host for light ;
And that bright lyre arose on high,
With its fair watchers to the sky.

Borne by music on their way,
Every chord a living ray,
Sinking on a song-like breeze
The Lyre of the Pleiades.
With its seven fair sisters bent
O'er their starry instrument,
Each a star upon her brow,
Somewhat dim in day-light's glow,
That clasped the flashing coronet
On their midnight tresses set.

This bright, this half immortal bride, who had left her glorious sphere, is deserted by Prince Cyris.

They parted as all lovers part,
She with her wronged, her breaking heart,
But he rejoicing he is free.

—'Twas the red hue of twilight's hour
That lighted up the forest bower,
Where that sad Pleiad looked her last,
The white wave of his plume is past ;
She raised her listening head in vain,
To catch his echoing step again,
Then bowed her face upon her hand,
And once or twice a burning tear
Wandered beyond their white command,
And mingled with the waters clear :
'Tis said, that even from that day,
Those waters caught their diamond ray.
The evening shades elosed o'er the sky,
The night winds sang their melody :
They seemed to rouse her from the dream
That chained her by that lonely stream.
She came when first the starry lyre
Tinged the green wave with kindling fire ;
" Come, sister," sang they, " to thy place ;"
The Pleiad gazed, then hid her face :
Slowly that lyre rose while they sung,—
Alas there is one chord unstrung.
It rose until Cyrene's ear
No longer could its music hear ;
She sought the fountain, and flung there
The crown that bound her raven hair !
The starry crown, the sparkles died,
Darkening within its fated tide.
She sinks by that lone wave,—'tis past—
There the lost Pleiad breathed her last,
No mortal hand e'er made her grave ;
But one pale rose was seen to wave,
Guarding a sudden growth of flowers,
Not like those sprung in summer hours,
But pale and drooping ; each appears
As if their only dew were tears.
On that sky lyre a chord is mute :
Haply one echo yet remains,
To linger on the poet's lute,
And tell in its most mournful strains,
—A star hath left its native sky,
To touch our cold earth, and to die.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For June, 1830.

It was the morning of a day in spring,
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky ;
Birds were upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody ;
The heaven, the calm blue heaven was bright on high ;
Earth laughed beneath, in all its freshening green ;
The free blue stream, in joy went murmuring by,
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
Gleamed out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years
between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came,—
Oft, as its whisperings, the young branches stirred.
And flowers, for which the poet hath no name ;
While, 'midst the blossoms of the grove was heard
The murmur of the restless humming bird ;
Waters were dancing in the mellow light,
And joyous tones, and many a cheerful word,
Stole on the charmed ear with soul delight,
As waits on soft sweet tones of music heard at night.

The night dews lay in the half-open flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast,
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the clear lake from its glassy rest ;
Far blending with the blue and distant west,
Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest,
Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide
And songs were on the green slopes blooming nigh ;
While 'mid the springing flowers on every side,
Upon its painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed a sweet blossom of the sunny sky ;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene ;
'Twas a bright vision but too soon to die :
Spring may not linger in her robes of green—
Autumn, in storm and shade, shall quench the summer's green.

W. G. C. CLARK.

Our gardens and fields are now decorated with the beauties of spring, and every region presents the most delightful aspect. June is the most enchanting season in the year. Insensible enough to all the beauties of nature must that person be, who prefers the drowsy influence of bed, and the confined limits of a gloomy chamber, to the freshness and brilliancy of a June morning. From the first hour of dawn, to the last gleam of returning day, all is exhilarating and joyous. Long before the sun rises, or the eastern sky has become red with its approach, I hear the lyric lark, the messenger of the morning, with his loud shrill voice, soaring as he sings, thus giving his early notice to the rest of the tuneful nations. Forth they come, each to pour forth his offering of praise. What a contrast this to the long unbroken silence of winter ! The return of the birds is among the surest harbingers of spring. It is pleasing to see the robin, which, shy and suspicious, has ranged the deepest woods for the bitter berries of winter, now returning to us, to renew his summer acquaintance, to build again his nest on the elm at the door, and again to gather crumbs beneath our windows.

How delightful at this season is a country life ; but rural retirement, to be fully enjoyed, requires the exercise of much more mental activity than is commonly supposed. Men of heavy, sensual natures, only sleep away existence in such situations. The luxury of sunshine and green fields, can no more than any other luxury, yield a long delight of itself ; and when the senses have once become acquainted with its sweetness, and the flowers and the singing of birds are no longer a novelty, the wilderness, to such people, is as well without roses as with. The beauty of country solitude lies, like the sweetest flowers, wrapped up in leafy glens, and in paths that are hidden from careless eyes ; beneath the

long grass of lonely meadows, and old frowning rocks and ancient trees. To be discovered, it must be looked for with the eye of all the senses ; in the still morning and the stiller night ; in the face and in spite of the biting winter blast, as well as when the summer comes in at our doors and windows to call us forth.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

The lovely and talented authoress of the following song, when she wrote it, must have been impressed with similar feelings to the above.

NATIVE HOME.

A SONG, BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Upon the Ganges' regal stream,
The sun's bright splendors rest,
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
Reposes on its breast :
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook,
That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head ;
But where the robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
A meteor rich and bright ;
And the wide space around, on high,
Gleams with its emerald light ;
Though glory tracks that shooting star,
And bright its splendors shine,
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
In all the flush of bloom,
Clustering around the forest bowers,
Exhale their rich perfume.

The daisy, and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus ope's its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make :
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home
 Within my native land.

Benares.

Forget me Not, 1830.

During this month the gardens assume the most pleasing appearance of any period in the year. The plants now in flower are too numerous to specify ; the principal, however, are the moss Provence rose, (*rosa muscosa*;) double yellow rose, (*rosa sulphurea*;) yellow rose, (*rosa lutea*;) guelder rose, (*viburnum opulus*;) doubtful poppy, (*papaver dubium*;) early red poppy, (*papaver argemone*;) maiden pink, (*dianthus deltoides*;) garden pink, (*dianthus hortensis*;) Indian pink, (*dianthus sinensis*;) sensitive plant, (*mimosa sensitiva*;) dwarf larkspur, (*delphinium Ajacis*;) sweet William, (*dianthus barbatus*;) sword lily, (*gladiolus communis*;) Turk's-cap lily, (*lilium pomponium*;) orange lily, (*lilium bulbiferum*;) white lily, (*lilium candidum*.)

TO A LILY FLOWERING BY MOON-LIGHT.

O, why, thou lily pale,
 Lovest thou to blossom in the wan moon-light,
 And shed thy rich perfume upon the night ?
 When all thy sisterhood,
 In silken cowl and hood,
 Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale ?
 Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,
 And with her beaming lips
 Thy kisses cold she sips,
 For thou art aye her only paramour ;
 What time she nightly quits her starry bower,

Trick'd in celestial light
 And silver crescent bright.
 Oh! ask thy vestal queen
 If she will then advise,
 Where in the blessed skies
 That maiden may be seen,
 Who hung like thee her pale head thro' the day,
 Love-sick and pining for the evening ray;
 And lived a virgin chaste, amid the folly
 Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
 Ah, tell me where she dwells?
 So on thy mournful bells
 Shall Dian nightly fling
 Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,
 Her pale night lustre to enhance thy bloom,
 And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

Ladies' Pocket Magazine.

The following lines were written on observing the *Forget-me-not* growing near a rose-tree in full bloom, of the kind called the Pronville Rose, the leaves of which are tinged with blue, and which may be seen in the highest perfection during the month of June, at Lee's nursery, Hammersmith, where there are above twelve hundred varieties of that delicate flower.

THE ENVIOUS ROSES.

A pretty blue-eyed laughing flower
 Grew wildly near a myrtle bower,
 Where many roses graced the spot,
 Who envied the—Forget me not.
 “ Ah, simple flower!” the roses cried,
 “ You boast a power to us denied;
 You speak the language of the heart,
 Whilst fragrance only we impart.”
 At length the roses jealous grew,
 And stole the wild flow'rs tinge of blue,
 Exclaiming, “ Ah, how blest our lot!
 We're now like you—Forget me not.”

Forget me Not, 1830.

The following may be very appropriately introduced at this season.

LITTLE FLORA'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Will you not buy my flowers?—
I've been on the primrose-hill ;
I have been where the lily builds silver bowers,
On the edge of the singing rill :
I followed the bee where the sallow grows,
By the amurath dim and pale ;
And I tracked the butterfly's wing to the rose,
In her palace of her vale !

Choose what you love the best !—
All culled in the cool fresh morn ;
For I wakened the lark from the tulip's breast,
In the depth's of the waving corn !
A rainbow might have dyed this wreath,—
It has every scent and hue
That is born of the west-wind's wooing breath,
Or waked by the early dew !

Fragrant, and sweet, and fair !
Yet they neither toil nor spin ;
But they have not known the touch of care,
Nor the taint of mortal sin !
Beside *their* beauty pure and lone,
The glow of earthly fame,
Or the pomp and pride of Solomon
Is a vain and empty name !

Is not my calling sweet ?
To dwell amid beautiful things,—
Flowers giving perfume at my feet,
And birds—*like* flowers with wings :
Oh ! happy they who shun the strife
Of pride or passion's hours,
And glide along the calm of life,
Like me, dispensing flowers !

New Year's Gift.

There are many garden flower plants which may be increased materially at this season by cuttings of the lateral shoots of their stems. All slips and cuttings of plants, however, will succeed best, when aided by moderate bottom heat, and in a soil of pure sand, but without heat. Pinks, carnations, myrtles,

roses (particularly the delicate green house rose, (*rosa sempervirens*,) have been successfully struck by putting into the striking pots, first a layer of road sweepings, chiefly silaceous sand; and secondly, a thin layer of fresh horse-dung, free from straw, in which latter the cuttings are planted: then, by covering in the usual way, with hand-glasses, forty-nine in fifty cuttings have succeeded. A chip of brick, or a bit of cinder, placed so as to keep the end of the cutting firm and give it stimulus, would be an improvement.

This is a busy month in the operations of insects, and the entomologist will find an ample fund of amusement in watching the operations of wasps, and the mechanical arts of bees: the industry of these little creatures is an example worthy human imitation.

THE BEES' INVOCATION.

BY J. R. PRIOR.

Up! the rosy light appears
 Beautiful in orient spheres;
 Through the windows of the leaves,
 Through the grasses' liquid sheaves,
 Far and wide the air is winging,
 Sweet and true the birds are singing,
 Sloth will canker, toil will bless,—
 Forth and meet the flowers' caress.

Dainty blossoms, rich and rare,
 Open, void of sin or care;
 Virtue's honey they contain
 Sweeter for the day-break rain:
 Up and climb the hill of joy,
 Forth and hymns with toil employ;
 Broader, brighter, daylight beams
 On woodlands, valleys, glens and streams.

By the tide of time 'tis fair;
 Up, and swim the sea of air;
 By the dial's dew-like tears,
 The bough of feeling draws and bears,

Forth, and Nature's mercy praise,
 Seek her gifts and rest on rays;
 Think that storms may fall and close
 Both our labors and the rose.

By our free examples wrought,
 Hope is fed and peace is taught,
 Moments in our circles run,
 Faith we succour, sloth we shun,
 Truth's the essence of our breath
 First drawn to the last—and death :
 Wax and honey in our store,
 Happy!—forth, we toil for more!
 Up! and catch the lock of time—
 Forth!—enjoy the passing prime.

As swallows, and most migratory birds, are now busy in the work of incubation; and nearly all song birds become silent soon after midsummer, we shall close this month with an extract from Mr. Jennings's *Ornithologia*, a volume containing much information as well as amusement to the lovers of that delightful study:—

THE BANQUET.

Behold now the banquet! And, first, we remark,
 That the *banqueting-hall* was a large shady park;
 The table a glade—cloth a carpet of green,
 Where sweet-smelling shrubs strew'd about might be seen.
 The lilac put forth her delights in the vale;
 Other spring-flowers' odours were mix'd with the gale.
 With encouraging smile nature sat at the feast;
 Her converse a charm that enraptured each guest.
 The viands were various to suit every taste,
 Got together by *magic*, assisted by *haste*:
 The dishes, all simple, no surfeit produce:
 Nor did wine's effervescence excite to abuse.
 There was corn—*wheat, oats, barley*, for many a Fowl;
 There was *grass* for the Goose, and a *mouse* for the Owl.
 There were *pease* for the Rook, as an elegant treat;
 For the Crow there was *carriion*, he glories to eat.
 The Bullfinch's *rust* was some buds from the plum,
 That, torn fresh from the tree, made the gardener look glum.
 For Pheasants and Nightingales, *ants' eggs* were found;
 And *flies* for the Swallows in numbers abound.

For the Sea-gull was many a *cockchafter-grub* ;
Many Warblers pick'd *worms* from the tree or the shrub ;
The Sea-birds directed attention to *fish* ;
The Duck partook almost of every dish.
For the Swan were some *water-plants* pluck'd from the pond ;
Of *fish* the King-fishers evinced they were fond.
The Divers, Grebes, Guillemots, Water-Rails, too,
On the dishes of *fish* all instinctively flew.
For the Goldfinch was *groundsel*, a delicate bit ;
There was *sunflower-seed* for the saucy Tomtit.
For the Crane was an *eel* ; for the Thrush was a *snail* ;
And *barley* for Partridge, for Pigeon, and Quail.
For the Cuckoo, an *earthworm*—his greatest delight ;
Some Hawks, of *fowl, flesh, or fish*, seiz'd what they might ;
But the Kestrel, a *mouse* to all dainties preferr'd ;
While the Shrike pounc'd, at once, on some poor helpless
bird.
For the House-Sparrow, *wheat*—he's reputed a thief ;
The Eagle himself got a slice of *raw-beef*.
The Turkey of *apples* partook as a treat,
And the Cock and Hen caught up a *bone of cold meat*.
The Dessert !—It consisted of only *one thing* ;
A *clear stream of water just fresh from the spring*.



The Romans called this month *Julius*, in honor of Julius Cæsar, who was born on the twelfth day of it. It was previously called *Quintilis*, on account of its being the fifth month of the Romulean year. The Saxons called it *Hew-monath*, from the hay-harvest.

Remarkable Days.

2.—VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

A festival to commemorate the journey of the Virgin Mary to visit the mother of St. John the Baptist, in the mountain of Judea. The celebration of this day was instituted by Pope Urban VI. and afterwards confirmed by the council of Basil in 1441.

3.—DOG-DAYS BEGIN.

On this day commence, according to the Almanack, the Canicular, or Dog-days, which are a certain number of days preceeding and following the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the Dog-star, in the morning. Their beginning is usually fixed in the calendars, on the 3rd of July, and their termination on the 11th of August; but this is a palpable mistake, since the heliacal rising of this star does not now take place, at least in our latitude, till near the latter end of August; and in five or six thousand years more, Canicula may chance to be charged with bringing frost and snow, as it will then, owing to the præcession of the equinoxes, rise in November and December.—*Butler's Chronological Exercises.*

Some authors say, from Hippocrates to Pliny,

that the day this star first rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow languid; also, that the diseases it usually occasions in men, are burning fevers, hysterics, and phreusies. The Romans sacrificed a brown dog every year to Canicula, at his first rising, to appease his rage.—*Hutton.*

4.—TRANSLATION OF ST. MARTIN.

This day was appointed to commemorate the translation or removal of St. Martin's body to a more magnificent tomb. This honor was conferred on the Saint by Perpetuus, one of his successors in the see of Tours. For the festival of St. Martin, *see the 11th of November.*

THOMAS A BECKET.

This festival is appointed for the anniversary of the translation of the relics of St. Thomas a Becket from the undercroft of Canterbury cathedral, in the year 1220, to a sumptuous shrine at the east end of the church, whither they attracted crowds of pilgrims, and, according to tradition, worked many miracles.

Becket was the son of a merchant, and born in London, in 1119. He was employed by Henry the Second on many important missions, and was rewarded with the chancellorship and the archbishopric of Canterbury. He now assumed the arrogance of a monarch, and quarrelled with the king, who seized upon his goods and the revenues of his see. Becket accordingly left the country, and at Sens resigned his archbishopric into the hands of the pope, who returned it to him, with promises of support. After a lapse of seven years he returned, through the intercession of the French king and the pope; but refusing to absolve some bishops and others, whom he had excommunicated, the king

grew enraged, and is said to have exclaimed, "that he was an unhappy prince, who maintained a great number of lazy insignificant persons about him, none of whom had gratitude, or spirit enough, to revenge him on a single insolent prelate, who gave him so much disturbance." On this, four knights repaired to Canterbury, and assassinated the archbishop at the altar of his cathedral, Dec. 29, 1171. For this the king was obliged, by the pope, to do penance at Becket's tomb, where he was scourged by the monks, and passed the whole day and night fasting, on the bare stones. The murderers were sent on a penance to the Holy Land, where they died, and Becket was canonized two years after.

15.—ST. SWITHIN.

St. Swithin was a native of Winchester, celebrated for his virtues. He was the tutor both of Ethewolph and of Alfred; and besides establishing churches in most parts of his diocese for the spiritual advantage of his people, he likewise built bridges, and other public works. At the back of the altar in the cathedral of Winchester, is a chapel, in which the shrine of St. Swithin was formerly kept; his skull is said to have been deposited in the cathedral at Canterbury. Swithin is the patron saint of Winchester cathedral, and one of the parochial churches in that city is also dedicated to him.—*Winchester Guide*.

Tradition says Bishop Swithin was buried in the church-yard at Winchester, from whence it was resolved to remove, or translate, his remains into the church, but on the day when his translation was to take place it rained violently, and continued to do so for the thirty-nine days following, which prevented the ceremony, as it was thought that Swithin, disliking the exhumation, had taken this means of manifesting his objections, and hence the common report of forty days' rain.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

19.—1821.—KING GEORGE IV. CROWNED.

My crown is called content:

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Shakspeare's Henry VI.

19.—1829.—ANTHONY HIGHMORE DIED, ÆTAT. 70.

A solicitor of Gray's Inn, and a philanthropist of some eminence. He published several works, the principal of which are *The History of Mortmain and Charitable Uses; Reflections on the Law of Libel; A Treatise on the Law of Idiocy and Lunacy; and A History of Public Charities in the Metropolis*. He was a friend of the celebrated Granville Sharpe, and followed in the steps of that good man. A life passed with such a guiding-star, cannot fail to have been one of essential service to the great purposes of human life.

20.—ST. MARGARET.

She was the daughter of a pagan priest, and born at Antioch. Refusing to abjure her religion, she was first tortured, and then beheaded, in the year 278.

22.—ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

This festival was instituted by King Edward VI., and discontinued at the period of the reformation.

MARY MAGDALEN.

From the Spanish of Bartholomé Leonardo de Argensola.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted?

The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,

In wonder and in scorn;

Thou weepest days of innocence departed,

Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move

The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies are forgiv'n,

Even for the least of all the tears that shine

On that pale cheek of thine.

Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heav'n,

Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise

Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh ;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses, come and see ;
Leaves on the dry dead tree :
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
For ever, towards the skies.

B.

Many doubts exist as to the identity of Mary Magdalen, notwithstanding which there are numerous churches dedicated to her memory. A very ancient one is situated at Eynesbury in Huntingdonshire, and presents an extremely venerable, as well as picturesque, appearance.



25.—ST. JAMES.

St. James the Great, the son of Zebedee, and the brother of John the Evangelist, was born at Bethsaida, in Gallilee, and was the first of the apostles who suffered martyrdom.

It is supposed that he first preached the gospel to the dispersed Jews, and afterwards returned to Judea, where he preached at Jerusalem, when the Jews excited Herod Agrippa against him, who had him beheaded with a sword, about the year 44. St. Clement of Alexandria relates, that his accuser was so struck with his constancy, that he became converted, and suffered with him. The Spaniards pretend that they had St. James for their apostle, and boast of having his body ; but their pretensions have been refuted by Baronius in his Annals.

This is the first day oysters are allowed to be sold in London.

25.—1827.—THOMAS FURLONG, ETAT. 33.

Envy not the poet's name,
 Darken not his dawn of fame ;
 'Tis the guerdon of a mind
 'Bove the thralls of earthly kind :
 'Tis the haven for a soul
 Where the storms of genius roll ;
 It often lights him to his doom—
 A halo round an earthly tomb ?
 The whirling brain and heated brow,—
 Ideas that torture while they grow ;
 The soaring fancy over-fraught,
 The burning agonies of thought ;
 The sleepless eye and racking head,
 The airy terrors round him spread ;
 Or freezing smile of apathy,
 Or scowl of green-eyed jealousy ;
 Or haggard want, whose lean hands wave
 Unto a cold, uncover'd grave :
 Oh ! these must win a poet's name !
 Then darken not his dawn of fame.

R. Montgomery.

The life of a poet, in general, has but little in it for the pen of a biographer. For this truly talented "bard of Erin" we can do little more than reprint the tribute which appeared, at the period of his death, in the *Literary Gazette*. It was furnished

to that journal by a friend of the deceased, Mr. J. B. Whitty, the popular author of *Tales of Irish Life*, and other works.

“Irish literature has sustained a severe loss by the premature fate of this gentleman. Among his countrymen, he ranked high as a poet, and it was fondly imagined by his friends—among whom he numbered nearly every man of worth and talent in Ireland—that time alone was wanted to develop more fully those talents which had even thus early reflected lustre upon his character. Though not sufficiently known in England, it cannot be out of place here to give a brief memoir of this ‘son of song,’ who had, in despite of untoward circumstances, at the early age of thirty, secured himself a conspicuous place in the literary annals of Ireland.

“Mr Furlong was born at a place called Scarawalsh, within three miles of Enniscorthy, in Wexford. His father was a thriving farmer, and gave him an education suitable to a youth intended for the counting-house; and, at fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a respectable trader in the Irish metropolis. The ledger, however, had less attraction for him than the muses; but though he ‘lispd in numbers,’ he did not let his passion for poetry interfere with his more useful and more important duties. Through life he retained the friendship of his employer; and when that gentleman died, some years ago, Mr. Furlong lamented his fate in a pathetic poem, entitled *The Burial*.

“During those leisure moments of which commercial business admits, Mr. Furlong cultivated polite literature with the most indefatigable industry; and long before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had become a contributor to various periodical publications in London and Dublin. His devotion to the forbidden nine did not escape some of those sages who have an instinctive abhorrence of poetry.

They rebuked the young bard ; but he was not to be deterred from his favorite pursuit ; and he wrote a *Vindication of Poetry* ; in the exordium to which he thus addresses one of these obtrusive friends :—

“ Go ! dotard, go ! and if it suits thy mind,
Range yonder rocks, and reason with the wind ;
Or if its motions own another’s will,
Walk to the beach, and bid the waves be still ;
In newer orbits let the planets run,
Or throw a cloud of darkness o’er the sun !
A measured movement bid the comets keep,
Or lull the music of the spheres to sleep !
These may obey thee, but the fiery soul
Of genius owns not, brooks not their control.”

“ At length he was able to indulge without obstruction in his love of literature. Mr. Jameson, a man of enlarged and liberal views, gave him a confidential situation in his distillery, which did not, however, engross his whole time. He now began to essay the hill

“ Where Fame’s proud temple shines afar ;”

published the *Misanthrope*, a didactic poem, and contributed largely to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In 1822, he projected the *New Irish Magazine* ; and, in 1825, when the *Morning Register* was started, Furlong wrote a number of clever parodies, which, though addressed to local subjects, generally found their way into the columns of the London journals. In the same year he became a contributor to *Robins’s London and Dublin Magazine*. His reputation now stood so high, that his name was often coupled with that of Moore at convivial meetings in Dublin ; the Irish literati courted his society, and his countrymen in general spoke loudly in praise of his talents. His lyrical compositions attained great popularity—they were sung at the piano, and chanted by the unmusical syrens of the streets. At length it was his good fortune to be

engaged on a work of more decided importance. Mr. Hardiman, author of the *History of Galway*, &c. having projected the publication of the remains of the Irish bards, Furlong undertook to translate the songs of the celebrated Carolan. These he completed; and by the kindness of Mr. Joseph Robins, the intimate friend of the deceased, we are enabled to give the original of the far-famed song of *Molly Astore*, as translated by Mr. Furlong, from the *Irish Minstrelsy*, now in the press.

“ Oh ! Mary dear, bright peerless flower
Pride of the plains of Nair ;
Behold me droop, through each dull hour,
In soul-consuming care.
In friends, in wine, where joy was found,
No joy I now can see ;
But still where pleasure reigns around,
I sigh, and think of thee.

The cuckoo’s notes I love to hear,
When summer warms the skies,
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
And flowers around us rise ;
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,
And she sings when the sunbeams shine ;
Her voice is sweet—but, Mary, dear,
Not half so sweet as thine !

From town to town I’ve idly stray’d,
I’ve wander’d many a mile ;
I’ve met with many a blooming maid,
And own’d her charms the while ;
I’ve gazed on some that then seem’d fair,
But when thy looks I see,
I find there’s none that can compare,
My Mary, dear, with thee !”

“ Mr Furlong had also in the press when he died, a poem of some length, entitled the *Doom of Derenzia*, which, we understand, will be published immediately. The MS. was warmly eulogised by Maturin.

“ Mr. Furlong was a man of the most amiable

and inoffensive manners. Every one who knew him loved him; and though many in Dublin felt, on some occasions, the keenness of his satire, his death was lamented by all, and his funeral attended by the first characters among the opposite parties."

Since the foregoing was written, a handsome monument has been erected by his friends over his grave, which lies next to that of the antiquarian Grose, in Drumcondra church-yard.

The *Irish Minstrelsy*, which is on the eve of publication, it is hoped will establish sufficient character for Mr. Furlong to induce some competent friend to select his "Literary Remains" from the oblivion into which many of them have sunk from being scattered through various magazines and newspapers.

26.—ST. ANNE.

This festival, in honor of the mother of the Virgin Mary, is discontinued in the Protestant church, but is still celebrated by the Latin church.

26.—1820.—FIRST CHAIN BRIDGE IN GREAT BRITAIN OPENED.

This day may be regarded as one worthy of remembrance from the success which has attended several similar constructions since the above. This bridge extends across the river Tweed, near Berwick. The extreme length of the suspending chains from the point of junction, on each side of the Tweed, is 590 feet; from the stone abutments 432; and the height above the surface of the river is 27 feet. The weight of the chains, platforms, &c. is about 160 tons; but the bridge is calculated to support 360 tons, a greater weight, in all probability, than it can ever be subjected to. In the centre on each side is the inscription, *Vis unita fortior*. This elegant structure is the invention of Captain Brown of the Royal Navy, and cost only £5000. whereas the expense of a stone one in the same situa-

tion, would have exceeded £20,000. The bridge was opened in the presence of Lord Howe, Professor Leslie, and several scientific men, who were preceded over the bridge by Captain Brown, and followed by an immense concourse of spectators.

The chain bridge at Bangor Ferry and the suspension pier at Brighton, are the most prominent objects that have been since erected on a similar plan.

The construction of chain bridges did not originate in this country. Turner, in his *Voyage to Thibet*, mentions a bridge at Ichinoheiu, near Chuka, which is 140 feet in length supported by five chains, covered with pieces of bamboo, over which men and horses pass.

No doubt bridges of this construction originated in South America, where they are very common and were made long previous to the arrival of the Europeans. Humboldt, in his *Travels in South America*, gives a description and representation of a suspension bridge in that country, which, however rude, no doubt gave the idea of the splendid erections which have of late years been made.



This view is copied from Humboldt, and represents a bridge constructed over the little river

Chambo, near the village of Penipe. It is 120 feet long, and seven or eight wide, and formed of ropes three or four inches in diameter, and made from the fibrous root of the American agavey. They are attached to rude scaffolding, composed of the trunks of several trees, erected on the shore, on each side of the river; and upon them are small round pieces of bamboo laid transversely. As the weight of the bridge causes the trees to bend towards the middle of the river, and as it would be imprudent to strain them with too much force; steps or ladders are constructed at the two extremities of the bridge.



Entrance to Eton College Chapel.

Astronomical Occurrences,

In July, 1830.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Leo at 38 m. after 10 in the morning of the 23rd of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every Fifth Day.

July 1st, Sun rises 45 min. after 3, sets 15 min. after 8	
6th, 48 3, .. 12 8	
11th, 52 3, .. 8 8	
16th, 57 3, .. 3 8	
21st, 3 4, .. 57 7	
26th, 10 4, .. 50 7	
31st, 17 4, .. 43 7	

Equation of Time.

As the Earth's motion in its orbit, and consequently the Sun's apparent progress in the ecliptic, is not regular, a difference arises between the time as indicated by a good sun-dial, and a well regulated clock. The following Table shows the quantity that must be added to the solar time, to obtain that which the clock ought to show at the same moment.

TABLE.

	m.	s.
Thursday, July 1st, to the time by the dial add	3	21
Tuesday, .. 6th, ..	4	15
Sunday, .. 11th, ..	5	1
Friday, .. 16th, ..	5	36
Wednesday, .. 21st, ..	6	0
Monday, .. 26th, ..	6	9
Saturday, .. 31st, ..	6	3

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	6th day,	at 24 m. after 2 in the morn.
Last Quarter,	13th 36 3
New Moon,	20th 14 after midnight.
First Quarter,	27th 36 8 in the even.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will transit the first meridian of this country at the following times during this month :

July 1st,	at 35 m. after 8 in the evening.
2nd,..22 9
3rd,..1010
4th,.. 111
11th,..14 4 in the morning.
12th,.. 5 5
13th,..57 5
14th,..50 6
15th,..44 7
16th,..39 8
25th,..17 4 in the afternoon.
26th,..59 4
27th,..42 5
28th,..26 6 in the evening.
29th,..12 7
30th,..59 7
31st, . 49 8

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

July 1st,—Illuminated part	= 8.3584
Dark part.....	= 3.6416

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

EMERSIONS.

First Satellite,	8th day,	38 m. 5 s. after 11 at night.
16th	. 32 .. 58 1 in the morn.
24th	. 56 .. 45 9 at night.
31st	. 51 .. 54 11
Second Satellite,	25th	. 1 .. 23 9
Third Satellite,	26th	. 48 .. 37 after midnight.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

July 1st.—Transverse axis = 1.000

Conjugate axis = —0.276

Conjunction of the Moon with Fixed Stars.

July 10th, with λ in Aquarius at 6 in the morn.

16th. .. γ in Taurus 5

16th, .. Aldebaran....., 11

Mercury at his greatest elongation on the 9th of this month.

JUPITER IN OPPOSITION.

This planet will attain this favorable position for observation at 15m. after the noon of the 5th of this month, and continue during the summer evenings a most conspicuous and beautiful object.

In tracing its history to remote antiquity, Jupiter is supposed to be the heavenly body dedicated to *Ham*, on his deification, this name bearing the same signification with that in the Greek for the King of the gods. By the Hebrews, it was called *Gad*, also *Khokhabzedec*, star of justice, and probably consecrated to *Melchisedec*, whose name signifies a righteous king; it was also known among this ancient people by the denomination of *Mazal*, and its influence supposed to be very great in promoting fruitfulness;—*Mazal*, however, may be considered to mean other stars, from the following Hebrew proverb,—“There is no herb in the earth, which hath not a *Mazal* or star in the firmament, answering it, and striking it, saying, *Grow*.”

Jupiter was called by the Egyptians the star of Osiris; among the three hundred deities of this name, recognised by the Grecian mythology, that, appropriated to the planet, was *Phaethon*, or brightness. The Chinese name for this planet is *Mo*, wood, and *Cui*, a year.

The philosophers of antiquity had no conception

either of the stupendous magnitude, or illustrious retinue of this planet ; the invention of the telescope, expanded this, till then, apparently minute spot into a magnificent system. When first observed by Galileo, he considered, the satellites visible at the time of observation, as some of those minute stars, which his newly acquired instrument had shown to be innumerable ; at his first notice of these small bodies, three only of the satellites were seen ; observing them night after night, he found that they did not belong to the sphere of the fixed stars, that they were four in number, and revolved about the planet as their centre, accompanying him in his course round the sun : the application of more powerful instruments soon developed the principal interesting phenomena, to which modern discovery has added little, beyond a few previously unnoticed particulars, and correcting the measurements of those who examined it, in that interesting era in practical astronomy : the result of these, and more recent observation, proves that Jupiter is subject to great and sudden physical changes, caused by agents inconceivably more powerful than any known on the terrestrial globe, operating either on the surface or in the atmosphere of the planet, or probably both ; this is inferred from the transformations noticed in the belts, or bands, that encircle the orb parallel to the equator, some of which have been observed five thousand miles in breadth. Sometimes these are continuous, at other seasons interrupted, and occasionally broken into short curved lines, or disappearing in an hour or two, and even during observation : some spots also, after continuing permanently visible on the disc for many years, have disappeared, and at the end of five years again been visible, either from recombination, or emerging from a veil of obscurity ; this was the case with one that continued unseen from 1708 to 1713.

It is highly probable the causes of these changes may be traced to the swift rotation of the planet about its axis (9h. 55m. 37s.) and the attractive influence of the satellites, which forces, acting more powerfully in the equatorial regions, where these phenomena are most conspicuous, tend to draw the clouds into parallel strata, while the unequal action of the satellites, according to their varying position, occasionally disturbs that belt-like appearance which is generally preserved; hence it is easy to conceive that the tides of Jupiter must be very great, and that when two or more satellites are in conjunction, their influence would raise the jovial seas to a stupendous elevation.

The following are the apparent mean distances of the satellites from their primary :—

The first 1' 51". The second 2' 57". The third 4' 42". The fourth 8' 16".

PERIODICAL REVOLUTION.

	d.	h.	m.	s.
First Satellite....	1	18	27	33
Second Satellite..	3	13	13	42
Third Satellite ..	7	3	42	33
Fourth Satellite..	16	16	32	8

In examining the satellites of Jupiter, it is perceived that they are of unequal magnitudes and brilliancy; the third is the largest and brightest of the four, though the brilliancy of the whole is not uniform, but liable to a periodical variation, probably arising from diversities in their surfaces, and their rotation, which, as in our moon, is performed in the same time about their axis, as is occupied in their courses round the primary: this is inferred from their change of appearance in different parts of their orbits; the first is white, which varies in its intensity; the second is of the same general appearance, though occasionally of a blue, and also of an ash color; the third is similar in color and changes,

to the first ; and the fourth is of a dull aspect, at different times inclining to red and orange. The following are their diameters when the planet is at its mean distance.

The first $1''.015$. The second $0''.911$. The third $1''.488$. The fourth $1''.273$.

The most beautiful arrangement is perceived in the distances, and periods of the satellites ; their disappearances only occur under circumstances which prevent the total absence of their light to their primary : the first three can never be eclipsed at the same time, and though when the second and third are simultaneously eclipsed, the first is in conjunction with Jupiter, and consequently invisible, being in a line with the sun and its primary ; yet, owing to the swiftness of its motion, (being the Mercury of this beautiful miniature system,) it soon escapes from the sun's beams, and appears with a beautiful crescent, which quickly expands into a full orb, thus supplying the deficiency of light, during the absence of the others.

The variety of combinations under which the satellites of Jupiter appear to a terrestrial spectator is exceedingly interesting, sometimes all on the east, at other seasons, all on the west side of the primary ; at other times in conjunction with each other ; one or two frequently invisible, being either on the disc, or concealed in the shadow of the primary ; occasionally, though very rarely, one satellite eclipsing another. In the year 1681, November the second, at ten at night, there was a total disappearance of all the satellites ; the first, third, and fourth, being on the disc, and the second behind the planet : the conjunction of all the satellites must be a very rare occurrence, for in the event of such a phenomenon, it may be proved to require 3.087.043.493.260 years to bring them into a similar position again !

We can scarcely conceive of the splendour and

peculiarity of the starry hemisphere of Jupiter, though the same constellations of Taurus, Orion, and Argo Navis, with their bright associates of both hemispheres ornament their sky; yet it must be very different to ours, their heavens having a different axis of revolution, (the poles of Jupiter being nearly at right angles to the plane of his orbit,) and this revolution performed with an almost whirling rapidity. No planet, it is probable, (unless the powers of vision are superior) can be seen by an inhabitant of Jupiter, but the one above it, Saturn, and probably Mars, when at his greatest elongation, appearing under nearly the same circumstances in which we see Mercury when similarly situated. The inhabitants would have no idea of the existence of the Earth, Venus, or Mercury, unless at the time of inferior conjunction, and then only under peculiar circumstances, when these planets would appear as small black spots transitting the disc of the Sun.

The visible hemisphere of Jupiter, exclusive of the fixed stars, consists of six bodies,—the Sun, appearing under an angle of $6'$ and diffusing a light equal to $\frac{1}{27}$ of that the earth receives; the planet Saturn, subtending an angle of $30''$, and his own four moons; the nearest appearing with a diameter of $60' 20''$, the second $29' 42''$, the third $22' 28''$, and the fourth $9' 39''$, from which it appears that the first satellite is seen with twice the diameter of our moon to us, and ten times the diameter of the Sun to Jupiter,—the apparent deficiency of planetary bodies being thus amply made up by his own beautiful attendants, while their magnitudes, brilliancy, phases, and swiftness of motion, add inconceivably to the splendour of the heavens during the absence of the Sun.

But though this view of the heavens, as contemplated from the orb of Jupiter, is beautiful and grand, it must be far surpassed in magnificence, as

supposed to be seen from the satellites : an observer on the first, would not only see its own bright companions of the circling way, with all their diversified phases, but great Jupiter, with his orb expanded to stupendous rotundity, filling a large space in the heavens, appearing a thousand times larger than our moon to the terrestrial inhabitants,—swiftly turning on its axis, and waxing and waning through every phase, from a crescent to a broad disc in the short period of forty-two hours and a half.

How interesting are the reflections connected with this vast world, and its tributary globes,—the whole whirling round the resplendent sun in 11 yrs. 315 days, 14h. 27m. 11s., obeying the same laws that bind the whole to the centre, each secondary body exemplifying on a smaller scale, and in lesser portions of time, the same phenomena that require a lapse of ages to develope in the larger bodies of the system, and illustrating in miniature that exquisite arrangement which universally prevails, and is every where evinced for the protection and existence of the whole.

O holy star!

To thee in admiration have I sate,
 Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence
 Was all forgot ; and thinking that in thee
 Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
 There might be realms of quiet happiness.

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

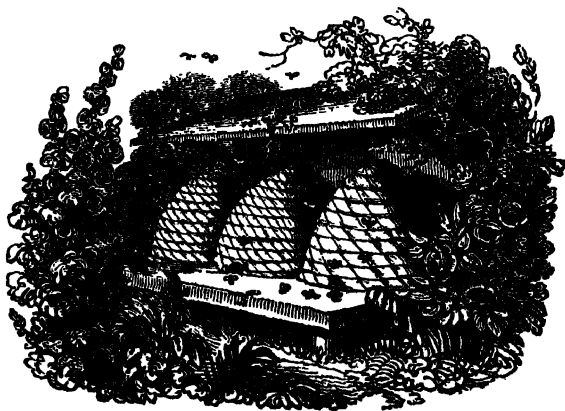
I looked on thee, Jove, 'till my gaze
 Sank, smote from the pomp of thy blaze;
 For in heaven, from the sun-set's red throne
 To the zenith—thy rival was none.

From thy orb rushed a torrent of light
 That made the stars dim in thy sight ;
 And the half-risen moon seemed to die,
 And leave thee the realm of the sky.

I looked on the ocean's broad breast—
The purple was pale in the west ;
But down shot thy long silver spire,
And the waves were like arrows of fire.

I turned from the infinite main,
And thy light was the light of the plain ;
'Twas the beacon that blazed on the hill—
Thou wert proud, pure, magnificent still.

A cloud spread its wing over heaven,
By the shaft of thy splendor 'twas riven,
And I saw thy bright front through it shine,
Like a god from the depth of his shrine.



The Naturalist's Diary,*For July, 1830.*

Summer with her smile
Fills the green forest.

MRS. HEMANS.

The face of nature still presents the most lovely appearance. Flora with prodigal hand strewns her favors over the earth ; and as we gaze abroad, we are led to exclaim with Milton's Adam :

About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady wood, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd or flew ;
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd
With fragrance ; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

A garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise and happy man, but reflection and peace ; and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it also ; and, in some sort, shows him to himself ; its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind ; it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seeds in their stead. A garden, to the virtuous, is a paradise still extant ; here are no objects to inflame the passions ; none that are not calculated to instruct the understanding and better the heart, while they delight the sense.—*Dr. Young.*

Go mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower ;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colours these, and those delight the smell ;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

Cowper.

When the mind becomes animated with a love of nature, nothing is seen that does not become an object of curiosity and inquiry. A person under the influence of this principle can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures ; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind. A river is traced to its fountain ; a flower to its seed ; an animal to its embryo, and an oak to its acorn. If a marine fossil lies on the side of a mountain, the mind is employed in the endeavour to ascertain the cause of its position. If a tree is buried in the depths of a morass, the history of the world is traced to the deluge ; and he who grafts, inoculates, and prunes, as well as he who plants and transplants, will derive an innocent pleasure in noting the habits of trees, and their mode of culture ; the soils in which they delight, the shapes into which they mould themselves ; and will enjoy as great a satisfaction from the symmetry of an oak, as from the symmetry of an animal. Every tree that bends, and every flower that blushes, even a leafless copse, a barren plain,

the cloudy firmament, and the rocky mountain, are objects for his attentive meditation. Such ideas as these must have been impressed on the mind of the venerable biographer of *Leo* when he wrote the following

LINES,

Prefixed to a Work on Monandrian Plants.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
 Of strength and beauty and transcendant grace,
 Which on the mountain heights, or deep below
 In sheltered vales, and each sequestered place,
 Thy forms of vegetable life assume ;
 Whether thy pines, with giant arms displayed,
 Brave the cold north, or wrapt in eastern gloom,
 Thy trackless forests sweep a world of shade ;—
 Or whether, scenting Ocean's heaving breast,
 Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise,
 Or under various lighter forms imprest,
 Of fruits and flowers, Thy works delight our eyes ;
 God of all life ! whate'er those forms may be,
 O may they all unite in praising Thee !

Winter's Wreath, 1830.

Among the principal plants in flower during this month are the damask rose, (*rosa damascena*;) tulip tree, (*ciriodendron tulipifera*;) yellow lupin, (*lupinus flavus*;) African marygold, (*tagetes erecta*;) house-leek, (*sempervivum tectorum*;) sweet pea, (*lathyrus tingitanus*;) musk flower, (*scabiosa atropurpur*;) annual sunflower, (*helianthus annuus*;) snapdragon, (*antivetrinum orontium*;) martagon lily, (*lilium chalcedonicum*;) Japan lily, (*lilium japonicum*;) tiger lily, (*lilium tigrinum*;) African lily, (*ugupanthus umbellatus*;) white lily, (*lilium candidum*;))

In *Friendship's Offering* for 1830, is the following pretty sonnet :

TO THE WHITE LILY.

O lady of the summer ! that dost rear
Thy pearly coronal so gracefully,
And lookest proudly toward the golden sky,
Eying bright Phoebus in his mid career
With undashed brow—thou of all flow'rs most dear,
Bringing blithe days, and skies of glorious dye,
And harvest hopes, and woodland melody,
For all the summer pomps with thee appear;
My heart doth hymn thee, pure and peerless one !
Whose simple vest of dazzling loveliness
Far passeth Soldan's on his gorgeous throne !
As, 'bove thy sister blossoms, fair, alone,
Thou standest stately in thy radiant dress,
Queen of the Summer ! daughter of the Sun ! H. L.

The bee-hive still continues the seat of industry ; we have in it, as in the swallow's nest, one of the numerous proofs of the wise and ingenious works of nature ; the latter as an example merely of that incontestible truth, namely, that the truth of Providence fills all things created, and that divine wisdom inspires (so far as is necessary for the ends of creation) every genus and species of living creature ; the swallow is a prudent and provident artist, endowed with a degree of foresight which leads it to the curious fabrication of that tenement wherein to ensconce its body from hostile elements, and to nourish its young. There is something clever in the confirmation of its abode, and a thinking man cannot behold its cleaving the air, bearing the material of its building, without reflecting on the immensity of its Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence, which all nature's works so loudly proclaim—in great things as well as little things, in the most important facts, and in the minutest trivialities of this nether globe. But if the swallow's nest can excite admiration, ten times more interesting and surprising is the habitation filled

like a store-house, with the sweet labor of the busy bee; the industrious laborer humming over its work, is not less a link of the creative chain, than the cheerfully toiling fabricator of works of art and science; genius and soul stimulate the latter, instinct and necessity direct the former.

Another industrious insect, the silk-worm, is now found on the mulberry trees, and is the only insect that feeds on its leaves. The amiable bard of Sheffield has some pleasing stanzas in the *Forget me Not* for 1830, on this industrious and serviceable little being.

THE WORM AND THE FLOWER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

You're spinning for my lady, worm !
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,—
When air is bright with sun-beams
And morning mists arise,
From woody vales and mountain streams,
To blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, flower !
You're opening for my love ;
The glory of her summer bower,
While sky-larks soar above.
Go, twine her locks with rose buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh ! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form
In the dark sepulchre :
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this ;
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye !
In beauty who would trust ?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust :
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the clod,
And shine in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

Evening too has its charms in the country ; at this season what can be more delightful, after the extreme heat of the day, than to recline on some mossy bank, and watch the glorious sun reclining behind the distant hills ; it is a scene of gorgeous splendour that baffles all description. It has, however, often engaged the pen of the poet, and we subjoin two efforts certainly of no mean character.

SUN-SET.

BY THE REV. G. M. JOHNSON.

Veiling in clouds his gorgeous brow,
Whilst far his parting glories spread,
The king of day, majestic, slow,
Sinks on the crimson'd ocean's bed.

Now lower and still lower yet,—
A moment, and he disappears :
'Tis past :—his god-like form is set,
To shine the life of other spheres.

But still a radiance fires the skies,
Far up the regions of the west,
Bright'ning with deep vermilion dyes
Th' horizon where he sank to rest.

So when, his goal of glory won,
The Christian sinks in death's embrace,
A thousand deeds of goodness done,
Leave on the heart their hallow'd trace.

So when, my earthly trial past,
I yield to heaven's all-righteous doom,
May justice, truth, and friendship, cast
Their glorious halo round my tomb.

SUN-SET.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

O ! who could gaze on such a sight,
So blue, so boundless, and so bright,
Nor feel the bursting spirit rise
To mingle with that world of skies ?

Ocean ; how fair thou lookest now,
Laving the day-god's burning brow
With cooling waters, while thine isles
Are sparkling in his golden smiles.

And yet, all tranquil as thou art,
How springs the thought within this heart,
That soon thy calm may wake in strife,
Like half the friendship of this life.

Amid the greenwoods that lately spread
Their beauty o'er the lover's head,
Will toss their arms in howling wrath
Above his tempest-wasted path.

And the mute skies, so brightly blue,
That heaven itself seems smiling through,
Will burst in storms, and flash and frown,
And launch their fiery vengeance down.

But *Thou*, who still'st the mountain-main,
And bid'st the tempest to the chain,
Thou—only Thou art changeless—all
Beside are made to change and fall.

And when we do not feel thy light,
But live amid the spirit's night,
'Tis not that thou art lightless grown,
'Tis we have wander'd from thy throne,

Like those of yore, who deem'd that day
Roll'd from their *steady* world away,
While they with bosoms blindly dim
Were wandering fast away from him.

The charms of the country have been often weighed in comparison with those of town ; little can that man know of the beauties of nature who prefers the latter to the former. We close this month with a little poetical gem illustrative of this feeling.

STANZAS,

*Written during an Excursion to the Neighbourhood of the
Salmon-Leap, Leixlip, Ireland.*

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Far, far away from the crowds who court
The wild rabble's unmeaning stare ;
Far away from the vain ones who whirl in their sport
Through Dunleary's dusty air ;
Away in merriest mood we steer,
For a breeze more soft and a sky more clear,
And a path more fresh and fair ;
For a walk where we shun the sun's broad glare,
Where no prying eye on our looks can dwell,
And no babbling talk of the tales we tell.
It is well in the showy and sunny street
The glittering groups to see,
And pleasant upon the road to meet
With each smiling company ;
And it is sweet by the broad sea-side
To mark the course of the coming tide,
When the waves roll full and free ;
But the green groves seem more sweet to me,
Though the gathering dust and the damp sea air,
And the vain and the idle, be wanting there.
Can that crowded road to the hurrying train,
A pile like Saint Woolstan's show ?
Or a space like Connolly's old domain,
With its stream all smooth and slow ?
Oh ! where may the wearied wanderer call
For a spot like the Leixlip waterfall,
With its foam like the untouched snow,
And its dark rocks rising in many a row ?
Oh ! where may the loiterer hope to view
A scene like the scene which we linger through ?
Then rest ye still while the sunlight falls
In its strength upon the plain,
Nor heed the admonishing voice that calls
Your steps to the town again.
Oh ! who that but once hath wandered here
Could turn from a spot so sweet, so dear,
Without one long sigh of pain ?
To feel that he loved these gay vales in vain,
To think that their beauty could wither away
With the sport of an hour and the talk of a day.

AUGUST.

This month was named in honor of Augustus Cæsar, because in this month he was created consul, thrice triumpher in Rome, subdued Egypt to the Roman empire, and made an end of civil wars. Previous to the time of Cæsar it was called Sextilis, being the sixth from March.

Remarkable Days.

1.—LAMMAS DAY.

A festival celebrated on this day by the Romish church, in memory of St. Peter's imprisonment. Lammas is by some derived from a Saxon word, signifying loaf-mass, because on that day the Anglo-Saxons made an offering of bread with new wheat.

2.—1100.—WILLIAM RUFUS KILLED.



In the New Forest, Hampshire, stands a stone, of which the above is a representation, and on which is engraven the following inscriptions

" Here stood the oak tree from which the arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William the 2nd, surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d day of August, 1100."

The second inscription says,—

" King William the 2nd, surnamed Rufus, being slain as is before stated, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkiss, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city."

The third is as follows :—

" Anno 1755, That where this event so remarkable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delawar, who has seen the tree growing in this place. This stone was repaired by John Richard Earl Delawar, 1781."

4.—1347.—CALAIS SURRENDERED TO EDWARD III.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

By Emma C. Embury.

The king was in his tent,
And his lofty breast beat high,
As he gazed on the city's battled walls,
With proud and flashing eye ;
But darker grew his brow, and stern,
As slowly onward came
The chiefs who long had dared to spurn
The terror of his name.

With calm and changeless cheek,
Before the king they stood,
For their native soil to offer up
The sacrifice of blood.
Like felons were they meanly clad,
But the lightning of their look,
The marble sternness of their brow,
Ev'n the monarch could not brook.

With angry voice he cried,
" Haste ! bear them off to death ?
Let the trumpet's joyous shout be blent
With the traitor's parting breath !"
Then silently they turned away,
Nor word nor sound awoke,
Till, from the monarch's haughty train,
The voice of horror broke.

And, hark! a step draws near,—
 Not like the heavy clang
 Of the warrior's tread—and through the guards
 A female figure sprang;
 "A boon! a boon! my noble king!
 If still thy heart can feel
 The love Philippa once could claim,
 Look on me while I kneel.

"'Tis for thyself I pray;
 Let not the darkening cloud
 Of base-born cruelty arise,
 Thy glory to enshroud.
 Nay, nay—I will not rise;
 For never more thy wife
 Will hail thee victor, till thy soul
 Can conquer passion's strife.

"Turn not away, my king!
 Look not in anger down!
 I've lived so long upon thy smile,
 I cannot bear thy frown.
 Oh! doom me not, dear lord, to feel
 The pang all pangs above,
 To see the light I worship fade,
 And blush, because I love.

"Think how for thee I laid
 My woman's fears aside,
 And dared, where charging squadrons met,
 With dauntless front to ride.*
 Think how, in all the matchless strength
 Of woman's love, I spread
 Thy banners, till they proudly waved
 In victory o'er my head.

"Thou saidst that I deserved
 To share thy glorious crown;
 Oh! force me not to turn away
 In shame from thy renown.
 My Edward! thou wert went to bear
 A kind and gentle heart;
 Then listen to Philippa's prayer,
 And let these men depart."

* At the battle of Neville's Cross, in which the Scots were defeated and the king taken prisoner.—*vide Hume.*

Oh ! what is all the pride
 Of man's oft boasted power,
 Compared with those sweet dreams that wake
 In love's triumphant hour.
 Slowly the haughty king unbent
 His stern and vengeful brow,
 And the look he turned upon her face
 Was full of fondness new.

Ne'er yet was woman slow
 To read in tell-tale eyes
 Such thoughts as these—a moment more
 And on his breast she lies.
 Then, while her slender form still clung,
 To his supporting arm,
 He cried, "Sweet, be it as thou wilt;
 They shall not meet with harm !"

Then from the patriot band,
 Arose one thrilling cry,
 And tears rained down the iron cheek
 That turned unblenched to die.
 "Now, we indeed are slaves," he cried;
 "Now vain our warlike arts :
 Edward has won our shattered walls,
 Philippa wins our hearts."

6.—TRANSFIGURATION.

A festival in remembrance of the appearance of Christ on Mount Tabor. It was first introduced into the Romish church by Pope Calixtus in 1455.

7.—NAME OF JESUS.

This day, in commemoration of the name of our Saviour, was introduced into the English calendar by our reformers.

10.—ST. LAWRENCE.

Treasurer to the church of Rome and deacon to Pope Sextus, about the year 259. He was laid upon a gridiron and broiled to death by order of the Emperor Valerius, for refusing to deliver the church treasure, which they imagined to be in his custody.

12.—KING GEORGE IV. BORN.

A paper lately appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, proving our present *King* to be descended from a *Burgher of Norden*.* Its extreme curiosity will justify our occupying this day with it.

"The principality of East Friesland, as our readers will recollect, was incorporated with the kingdom of Hanover in the year 1815; and it is worthy of remark, that on his mother's side, George the Fourth, who has added this gem to his German inheritance, is descended from a race of stout Frisian Burghers. We do not mean to insinuate that he forfeits, but that he enhances, by this circumstance, his claim to the loyalty of "a nation of shopkeepers;" besides which, a knowledge of the precedent may serve to warm the imaginations of the traders of the present day, with a vision of the regal glories in which their posterity may bask—*some six hundred years hence!*

"But to the point. The first scion of the princely house of East Friesland, whose name appears in its national annals, was Cirk, an affluent citizen of the town of Norden, in the thirteenth century. His son Edzard Cirksema in the year 1269 joined the crusaders under Lewis the Ninth of France, shone as a leading personage in their sacred host, and was not only dubbed a knight by the French sovereign, but, in testimony of his noble bearing, enjoyed the high distinction of being permitted to wear a "golden lily" midst the plumes of his helmet. On his return from the Holy Land he became Hauptling of Gretsiel, a station of the highest rank among the Frisian nobles; and his posterity continued to enjoy it, from father to son, until the year 1453, when Ulrich Cirksema was chosen "Lord Paramount" of

* A sea-port and manufacturing town in East Friesland, with a population of 6500 inhabitants.

East Friesland, by the assembled states, and, the year succeeding, was raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, by Conrad the Fourth. This individual was, in fact, the founder of the dynasty of the Cirkse nas, from which sprung the subsequent counts and princes of East Friesland. The male branch of this sovereign family became extinct in the person of Charles Edzard, who died in 1599; but its female branch has given monarchs and princes to many a European people, as will appear in tracing the maternal descent of our present sovereign.

“Edzard’s daughter Maria, (1578—1616) married Julius Ernest, Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, in 1614, and, two years afterwards, gave birth to Maria-Catharine, who was espoused to Adolphus-Frederic I., duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1635. Their son, Adolphus-Frederic II., and grandson Adolphus-Frederic III. inherited successively, the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but leaving no male issue, Gustava Carolina, a daughter of the first of these two, brought her husband and cousin, Christian Lewis, Duke of Mecklenburg-Grabow, the inheritance of the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in the year 1735; and from this union its present princes are descended.

“On the demise of Adolphus-Frederic III., in 1752, the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Strelitz passed to his nephew, Adolphus-Frederic IV., who died unmarried, in 1794, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles-Lewis-Frederic, the father of the present Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as well as of Louisa, late Queen of Prussia, and of the present Duchess of Cumberland; which last is, consequently, a niece of Sophia-Charlotte (the mother of George the Fourth, King of England and Hanover,) she being a sister of Adolphus-Frederic IV., and, as we have now shown, a descent of Cirk, burgher of Norden, whose fellow-countrymen of the present

day have returned to the allegiance sworn in olden times to one of his princely posterity.

"Among the descendants of Maria-Catherine, grand-daughter of Count Edzard, are, the present hereditary Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brothers and sisters, the wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Queen of Bavaria, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Empress of Russia, *cum plurimis aliis*."

15.—ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

The Greek and Romish churches celebrate this day in honor of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven. On this day at Messina, they draw through the principal streets, a machine about 50 feet high, designed to represent Heaven; in the midst of which is placed a young female, personating the Virgin, with an image of Jesus in her right hand. She is surrounded with twenty-four children, representing cherubim and seraphim.

15.—1771.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. BORN.

This inimitable poet and novellist resides at *Abbotsford*, a splendid residence, built under his own direction. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*, speaking of the river Tweed, says,—“I saw this far-famed river for the first time, with the turrets of its poet's mansion immediately beyond it, and the bright foliage of his young larches reflected half-way over in its mirror.

“You cannot imagine a more lovely river; it is as clear as the purest brook you ever saw, for I could count the white pebbles as I passed, and yet it is broad and deep, and, above all, extremely rapid; and although it rises sometimes to a much greater height, it seems to fill the whole of its bed magnificently. The ford (of which I made use,) is the same from which the house takes its name, and a few minutes brought me to its gates.”



“ Ere I came to it, however, I had time to see that it is a strange fantastic structure, built in total defiance of all those rules of uniformity, to which the modern architects of Scotland are so much attached. It consists of one large tower, with several smaller ones clustering around it, all built of fine grey granite, their roofs diversified abundantly with all manner of antique chimney tops, battlements, and turrets, the windows placed here and there, with appropriate irregularity, both of dimension and position, and the spaces between or above them not unfrequently occupied with saintly niches, and chivalrous coats of arms. Altogether, it bears a close resemblance to some of our true old English manor-houses, in which the forms of religious and warlike architecture are blended together, with no ungraceful mixture.”

18.—1829.—SIR DAVID BAIRD DIED.

A distinguished officer in the British army, whose gallantry rose him from comparatively humble rank to that of a general. He served in India, Egypt, Denmark, and the Peninsula, and greatly distinguished himself in numerous engagements. He

was at the storming of Seringapatam, and was three years and a half a prisoner during the dreadful irruption of Hyder Ally into the Carnatic. He was also in the battle of Comunna with Sir John Moore, where he lost his left arm. In reward for his services he was created a baronet in 1800, and, after living a retired life during his latter years, died at Fernterre, in Perthshire, "full of years, and honours."

19. 1823.—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD BIRD, *ÆTAT.* 57.

The author of the *Farmer's Boy*, *Rural Tales*, and other pastoral poems, was born in a little cottage, close to the church of Honnington, in Suffolk, which was purchased as a barn by the grandfather of the poet, and afterwards gradually improved into a neat and comfortable habitation. It was formerly covered with thatch; but a new roof being necessary at a time when straw was scarce, the poet, to whom it had devolved, covered it with tiles, though with great reluctance, as he lamented the loss of its original simplicity.



During the harvest of 1782, or 1783, the village suffered severely by fire; the parsonage house, several cottages, and a farm-house, were reduced

to ashes, Bloomfield's cottage would have shared the same fate had not the greatest exertions been used by the neighbours.

The poet's mother then kept a school at the cottage, and retreated from the distressing scene into the fields with a clock, and the title deeds of the house in her lap, surrounded by a group of infant scholars, in full persuasion that her habitation was feeding the flames; but, contrary to her expectation, under its friendly roof, where she had long resided, she ended her days.

20.—1823.—MARCO BOZZARIS DIED.

Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the site of the ancient Plateea, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,—
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band.
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,—
God! and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well,
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible : the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave,
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time ;
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh,
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

Fitz Greene Halleck.

24.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

He was one of the twelve apostles, and one of the first disciples who came to Jesus. Our Lord paid him a great compliment when he styled him "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." It is

said he travelled as far as India to propagate the Gospel ; for Eusebius relates, that a famous philosopher and Christian, named Pantænus, desiring to imitate the apostolical zeal in propagating the faith, and travelling for that purpose as far as India, found there, among these who yet retained the knowledge of Christ, the Gospel of St. Matthew, written, as tradition asserts, by St. Bartholomew, when he preached the Gospel in that country. From thence he returned to the more northern and western parts of Asia, and preached to the people of Hieropolis ; then in Lycaonia ; and lastly, at Albania, a city upon the Caspian sea ; where his endeavours to reclaim the people from idolatry were crowned with martyrdom, by being crucified with his head downwards.

On the morning of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, through the instigation of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, the royal forces of Charles IX., in conjunction with the catholic mob, massacred, in cold blood, all the Protestants, or rather Calvinists, they could find in Paris. The work of destruction continued for several days ; and the bloody tragedy was repeated, with every circumstance of horror, in several towns throughout the provinces. This event filled Europe with amazement ; and from that time to the present, it has been a matter of controversy whether the foul deed was the result of sudden impulse, or preconcerted plot ; both protestants and catholics have expressed their belief in the latter, though Dr. Lingard and others maintain the former.

28.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

He was born of plebeian parents at Tagosta, in Africa, in 354. His mother, Monica, was a woman of exemplary piety. Though he had all the advantages of a good education, he led a very dissipated

life, and his father sent him to Carthage in the hopes of reclaiming him: here he taught rhetoric with great applause, but still continued his licentious course. His mother used every endeavour to bring him back to virtue, but her efforts were ineffectual; and she had recourse to devout prayers on his behalf. Weary of Africa, Augustine removed to Rome, where his rhetorical teaching gained him great reputation, and, in 383, he was appointed professor of rhetoric at Milan. Here he renounced his heretical notions, through hearing the sermons of St. Ambrose, and was baptised in 387. The next year he returned to Africa, and was ordained priest. He was at first the coadjutor of Valerius, bishop of Hippo, and afterwards his successor. He died in 430.

29.—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST BEHEADED.

The denomination formerly given to this day was *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptistæ*, or the Feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics; it was afterwards corrupted into *Festum Decollationis*, the festival in remembrance of his being beheaded—(See the Nativity of John the Baptist, page 259.)

29.—1829 —WILLIAM WADD DIED.

An eminent surgeon in London, and author of various professional and other works; among which are *Nugæ Canoræ*; *Nugæ Chirurgicæ*; *Mems. Maxims*, and *Memoirs*; and *Comments on Corpulency*; the last of these is an extremely amusing and popular work. Mr. Wadd's death is thus recorded in the *Literary Gazette*:—"He was making a short tour in the south of Ireland, in company with Mr. Tegart, of Pall Mall; and, after spending a few days at Killarney, was proceeding in a post-chaise to Mitchelstown, the seat of the Earl of

Kingston, about a mile and a half from Killarney. The horses, through some neglect of the driver, took head, when Mr. Wadd opened the chaise-door, and threw himself on the ground. Mr. Tegart remained in the carriage, and after being carried two miles, got safely out of it, the horses having been checked by a park-wall. On Mr. Tegart returning to the spot where Mr. Wadd had thrown himself out, he found that unfortunate gentleman quite dead, although he had imagined that he saw him on his feet after the fall.

“Mr. Wadd was a man of a cheerful disposition, and of high talents, and one much beloved and respected by all who knew him. Full of anecdote, he was a most entertaining companion, but at the same time intellectual and instructive : so that while you laughed with the wit, you never ceased to regard the man of information and science.”



Dropping Well, Knaresborough

Astronomical Occurrences,

In August, 1830.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Virgo at 7 m. after 5 in the afternoon of the 23d. of this month.

Eclipse of the Sun.

The Sun will be eclipsed on the 18th invisible at Greenwich; the following are the circumstances:—Ecliptic conjunction at 53 m. after 11 in the morning in longitude 4s. $24^{\circ} 58\frac{1}{4}'$. the moon's latitude being at that time $1^{\circ} 23\frac{1}{2}'$. south.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

Aug. 1st, Sun rises	20 m. after 4,	sets	40 m. after 7
6th,	28	4, ..	32
11th,	36	4, ..	24
16th,	45	4, ..	15
21st,	54	4, ..	6
26th,	2	5, ..	58
31st,	12	5, ..	48

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m.	s.
Sunday,	Aug. 1st, to the time by the dial add	6	0
Friday,	— 6th,	5	36
Wednesday,	— 11th,	4	57
Monday,	— 16th,	4	5
Saturday,	— 21st,	2	59
Thursday,	— 26th,	1	42
Tuesday,	— 31st,	0	15

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	4th day, at 57 m. after 12 at noon.
Last Quarter,	11th
New Moon,	18th
First Quarter,	26th

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following convenient times for observation, viz:—

Aug. 1st,	at 41 m. after 9 at night.
2nd, .. 34	10
10th, .. 47	4 in the morning.
11th, .. 41	5
12th, .. 35	6
13th, .. 31	7
14th, .. 27	8
15th, .. 22	9
24th, .. 25	4 in the afternoon.
25th, .. 9	5
26th, .. 56	5
27th, .. 44	6 in the evening.
28th, .. 34	7
29th, .. 26	8
30th, .. 20	9 at night.
31st, .. 14	10

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

Aug. 1st.—Illuminated part =	9.59117
Dark part	= 2.40883

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

EMERSIONS.

First Satellite, 16th day, 11 m. 11 s. after 10 at night.

Second Satellite, 1st .. 36 .. 17

26th .. 40 .. 1

Third Satellite, 30th .. 52 .. 47

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Aug 6th, with ϕ in Aquarius at 10 at night.

12th, .. γ in Taurus.... 10 in the morning.

12th, .. 1. 2 δ in Taurus 12 at noon.

12th, .. Aldebaran 6 in the afternoon.

19th, .. Mercury 6 in the evening.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury in his superior conjunction at half-past 8 in the evening of the 4th of this month. Mercury

and Saturn in conjunction at 6 in the morning of the 9th. Saturn in conjunction at 3 in the morning of the 15th. Mars will be stationary on the 18th.

URANUS IN OPPOSITION.

The planet Uranus will be in this favorable position for observation, at seven in the morning of the 1st of this month, forming a small triangle with β and in η Capricornus; it may be distinguished by its defined disc, and its shining with a bluish white light, as a star of the fifth magnitude. This planet was discovered by Herschel, among the small stars in the feet of Gemini; he suspected it at first to be a Comet unattended by any luminous nebulosity, on account of its great distance; it was soon ascertained by him to have a progressive motion of $2\frac{1}{4}''$ in an hour, and that it belonged to the planetary system.

This remote planet had been observed by Mayer, Le Monnier and Flamstead, and classed as a fixed star; the latter has a star in his catalogue, which corresponds with its period, and is generally believed to have been the planet Uranus.

The diurnal motion of Mercury is not satisfactorily explained on account of his nearness to the Sun, so this motion in Uranus is undetermined on account of its distance, not any spots, (by which the rotation of a planet is ascertained) being visible on his disc; it has been supposed that the axis is very little inclined to the ecliptic, and that the rotation about it, is not much less than that of Jupiter or Saturn, or 10 hours; some astronomers have also believed that a ring, similar to that of Saturn, circulates around his orb. The great southern declination in which this planet has so long pursued its way, is very unfavorable for discoveries, not merely from the shortness of the time, it is above the horizon, but from the density of the atmosphere at the

low altitude at which it passes the meridian; its elevation is now increasing, and will continue to increase, for nearly the ensuing forty years.

The primary had been discovered some time before the satellites were known to exist; when first observed, they were considered as small fixed stars, near which Uranus was passing; their situation was noted, and in the course of a month, they were ascertained to revolve about the newly discovered planet. The light of these satellites is exceedingly faint; the second is the brightest, and its orbit apparently elliptical; their magnitude is supposed to be equal to those of Jupiter; there are six satellites belonging to this remote planet; theory seems to intimate that more exist, though not discovered by our instruments; a lapse of six years occurred between the discovery of the primary, and the first observation of the second and fourth, and thirteen years before the other four satellites were seen. These satellites present anomalies in the system of secondary planets; those of Jupiter and Saturn, moving nearly in the same plane with their primaries, and in the order of the signs, while those of Uranus ascend through the shadow of the primary nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic and are retrograde in their courses; consequently Uranus has no Zodiac, nearly every part of the heavens as seen from it being intersected by some of the planetary bodies, either primary or secondary. It is conjectured that the first five satellites are retained in their orbits by the action of the equator of Uranus, and the sixth or others, if they exist, by an attraction of the interior satellites.

In the national ephemeris of this country, this planet is called the Georgian, and by a few astronomers on the continent, Herschel,—that of Uranus, however, generally prevails, in which there seems a propriety, as being more in harmony with the appellations of the other bodies of the system.

During the evenings of the spring and summer months, as the gentle twilight steals on the path, the eyes may be elevated from the carpet, to the canopy of nature, and as the gathering shades prevail, alternately admire the clustering hyacinth and the retiring Pleiades,—the tufted primrose, and the advancing Arcturus,—the tender violet, whose fragrance indicates its lowly bed, and the soft azure of the evening sky. As the season advances, and other flowers spring from the earth, and other stars gain on the heavens, we may hail the opening bud of the rose, and the bright star in the hand of the virgin,—the glowing poppy, and the red star Antares,—the graceful lily in all its varieties, and Gemma in the Northern Crown ; while the gay and infinitely diversified Aster tribe is connected with the return of the splendid train of Taurus, Orion, and their bright companions. Thus are these pleasing demonstrations of the Divine Being, which indicate so much tenderness and love, so associated with the magnificent displays of Creative power, that the mind cannot fail to perceive the same wisdom manifested, whether in the germination of a seed, and the unfolding of a flower, or in the rolling of an orb, and the support of a system.

“ All acts with Him are equal ; for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mould a dew-drop, and light up its gem.”

How beautiful is night ! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

Shelley.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O what a confluence of etherial fires,
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in the sight. *Young.*

Night is the time to watch ;
O'er oceans' dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance.
Night is the time to think ;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light. *James Montgomery.*

How calm and clear
The silent air,
How smooth and still the glassy ocean,
While stars above
Scem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion. *Dr. Percival.*

I love to gaze, at the midnight hour,
On the heavens, where all is shining ;
I feel as if some enchanting power
Around my heart were entwining :
To see the moon like a beacon fair,
When the clouds sail swiftly by ;
And the stars, like watch-lights in the air,
Illumine the northern sky.
I love to look at the silvery light
Of the sparkling gem at the Pole,
And view the others so fair and bright
That round it continually roll.
I love to picture each well-known sign
Where planets their courses urge,
And watch to see them more brightly shine,
Arrived at their topmost verge.

Matthew Henry Barker.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For August, 1830.

Heaven's sultry breath is heavy with perfume,
And summer odours, summer hues obtain ;
The forest's stationary line of gloom,
Dark and majestic, skirts the fulgent plain.
And now is langour creeping stealthily,
With unopposed, and irresistible tread
Over the frame,—The blue, religious sky,
One stainless sapphire, arches over head
With lore of love ineffable, outspread ;
Whilst health's full currents, equable and slow,
Making it adoration to respire,
Thrill through the veins in warm perceptible flow,
As if the founts of life were rising higher,
That man his Maker's praise might hymn with seraph's fire.
B. Y.

The influence of the Sun during this month brings forth fruit in great abundance, and ripens the corn for harvest time. There is much pleasure derived from agricultural pursuits at this season, and anciently persons of the greatest eminence did not think it beneath their attention. Gideon, the judge of Israel, quitted the threshing-floor to preside in the public assembly of his country. And Cincinnatus, the conqueror of the Volsci, left his plough to lead the Roman armies to battle ; and afterwards declined the rewards gained by his victories, to return to his native fields. The great General Washington found the most pleasing relaxation from public business in the management of his own estate. The Emperor of China, at the beginning of every spring, goes to plough in person, attended by the princes and grandees of his empire ; he celebrates the close of the harvest among his subjects, and creates the best farmer in his dominions a mandarin.

This is the month of harvest. "The crops usually

begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmers' employments, and unites repose and profit. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labor with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers; they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the common wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman and child, received a little present—ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.”—*Leigh Hunt.*

Harvest, however, is often retarded by partial storms :—

'Tis past mid-day—the sun withdraws his beams,
And sultry and oppressive is the air ;
While in the dark'ning south, still darker clouds
Their fearful aspect show. The reapers gaze
Silent, and trembling, on the frowning skies ;
A sudden flash the wonted signal gives,
And loud, and long, the dreadful crash is heard ;
Quicker the lightnings glance—th' increasing storm
Approaches nearer :—mute the rustics stand.
The master casts a pensive look around ;
Then upward turns his eyes ;—a look that speaks,
“ Much corn is yet abroad ; a few days more,
And all had been secure :—but, gracious heaven !
Thy will be done.” Nearer the tempest comes ;
To shun the torrents of a threat'ning cloud,
They seek the shelter of an aged oak,
Whose friendly boughs some shelter might afford,
But, ere they reach it, a tremendous flash
The knotty centre cleaves ! amaz'd, they shrink,
As o'er their heads the dread explosion bursts,
And rolls in awful majesty along.

Deep in the bosom of the hollow vale
 Affrighted Echo murmurs her reply.
 Closer the reapers crowd ; for solemn fear
 Prevails in every breast !

The gleaners fly
 With speed, and in the neighb'ring thicket hide :
 And woe to him, who, with dishonest hand,
 Has oft in secret from the sheaf purloin'd
 The tempting ear ; doubtless, for him alone
 The lightnings glare ; and on his guilty head
 The fatal bolt must fall ! Thus conscience speaks,
 While innocence itself, alarm'd, beholds
 A scene so terrible ! but the same power
 At whose command the fiery tempests rise,
 Can still them too. Then hush'd be every fear ;
 The God of harvest comes not to destroy !

Lightly the show'r descends : the thunder rolls
 On the far distant shores ; the op'ning skies
 In lovely azure glow, and all around
 The setting sun a soften'd lustre throws.
 Refreshing breezes fly across the plains,
 And dash the moisture from the drooping corn.
 'Tis mildness all,—and nature smiles again
 In sweet serenity,—then sinks to rest. *C. C. Richardson.*

Among the flowers now in bloom is the belladonna lily, (*amaryllis formosissima*,) one of the most beautiful ornaments of our gardens : when the sun shines full upon it, its deep red color sheds a lustre like gold. The first roots of this plant ever seen in Europe were procured in 1593, on board a ship which had returned from South America; by a physician at Seville. At first it was classed with the narcissus, and afterwards called *lillio narcissus*, because its flower resembled that of the lily, and its roots that of the narcissus. It was also called *flos Jacobæus*, because some imagined that they discovered in it a likeness to the badge of the knights of the order of St. James in Spain, whose founder, in the fourteenth century, could not have been acquainted with this beautiful amaryllis.

The Guernsey lily (*amaryllis Sarniensis*,) is now in flower, and its magnificence is not inferior to the

former. This plant was first brought from Japan, and was first cultivated at Paris, where it bloomed for the first time on the 7th of October, 1634. It was called the Guernsey lily, by Roy, from the following circumstance:—A ship, returning from Japan, was wrecked on the coast of Guernsey, and a number of the bulbs of this plant, which were on board, being cast on shore, took root in that sandy soil. As they soon increased and produced beautiful flowers, they were observed by the inhabitants, and some of the roots were sent by the governor's son to his friends, who were fond of cultivating plants.

The odor of a garden at this season is delightful from the combination of both fruits and flowers. It is said the fragrance of flowers depend upon the volatile oils they contain; and these oils, by their constant evaporation, surround the flower with a kind of odorous atmosphere, which, at the same time that it entices larger insects, may probably preserve the parts of fructification from the ravages of the smaller ones. Volatile oils, or odorous substances, seem particularly destructive to minute insects and animalcules which feed on the substance of vegetables: thousands of aphides may be usually seen in the stalk and leaves of the rose; but none of them are ever observed on the flower. Camphor is used to preserve the collection of nautilics. The woods which contain aromatic oils are remarked for their indestructibility, and for their exemption from the attack of insects; this is particularly the case with the cedar, rose-wood, and cypress. The gates of Constantinople, which were made of this last wood, stood entire from the time of Constantine, their founder, to that of Pope Eugene IV., a period of eleven hundred years.

Some German philosophers have made researches into the properties of oils contained in oliaginous seeds, and found them as follows:—filberts 60 per

cent, garden cresses 56 to 58, olives 50, walnuts 50, poppies 47 to 50, almonds 46, colsa 39, white mustard 36, tobacco seed 32 to 36, kernels of plums 33, white turnips 33, summer turnips 30, wood 30, hemp seed 25, fir 24, linseed 22, black mustard 18, helitrope 15, beech mast 12 to 16, grape stones 10 to 11.

The lady-bird and glow-worm will now be found in great numbers about our gardens.

TO A GLOW-WORM.

Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light, with mystic ray,
On thy path, and on my own ;

Dost thou whisper to my heart ?
“ Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man’s boasted art
With the workmanship of God.”

See ! the fire-fly in his flight
Scorning thy terrene career ;
He, the eccentric meteor bright,—
Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower ?
Fear’st thou I would’st quench thy lamp,—
Lustre of thy lonely bower ?

No !—regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before ;
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore.

Butterflies now abound, of every variety. Mr. Rennie, a most observant entomologist, observes, that “ butterflies do not, like the larger animals, increase in size as they grow older ; for every individual, from the moment that it becomes a butterfly, continues invariably of the same size from its birth till its death. Butterflies, indeed, seldom live longer than a few days, or, at most, a few weeks, and

during this time they eat little except a sip of honey: and, since this is so, it would be absurd to expect that they could increase in size. It must not, however, be understood from this that the same species will always measure or weigh precisely the same; for, though this will hold as a general rule, there are many exceptions, arising from the accidents the caterpillar may have suffered, from which an individual butterfly originated. It is only during the caterpillar state that the insect eats voraciously and grows in proportion; and if it is, during this stage of its existence, thrown upon short allowance, it cannot acquire the standard magnitude, and the butterfly will be dwarfed from the first, and may even be sometimes deficient in one or more of its wings; a circumstance which I have witnessed more than once in butterflies reared by entomologists, who sometimes forget to furnish their caterpillars with food. The same remarks, with respect to growth, apply to insects of every kind; and the fact cannot be better exemplified than in the uniformity of size in the house-fly, (*musca domestica*.) among which, scarcely one individual in a thousand, will be found to differ a hair's breadth in dimensions from its fellows.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

There is something extremely beautiful in beholding various butterflies with their painted liveries floating in the sunbeams of a fine August morning, a period when the sun emits its effulgence in all its splendour.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no longer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea,—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles,
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array ;
 Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot,
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church aisle thy way,
 As its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
 And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
 The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

“ In the middle of this month, the young goldfinch broods appear, lapwings congregate, thistle-down floats, and birds resume their spring songs: a little afterwards flies abound in windows, linnets congregate, and bulls make their shrill autumnal bellowing; and, towards the end, the beech tree turns yellow, the first symptom of approaching autumn.”

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

BY GEORGE DARLEY.

Up the dale and down the bourne,
 O'er the meadows swift we fly;
 Now we sing and now we mourn,
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the glassy, fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breaker's foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh,
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages dreaming,
Till we're at our play again.

Friendship's Offering, 1830.



SEPTEMBER.

This month bore several successive names among the Romans. The examples of Julius and Augustus probably excited their successors to this mode of signalizing their memory. Its original title was its present one from the word *septem*, seven, and *imber*, rain, as this month was the seventh in the calendar before Numa, and as it was generally the commencement of the rains. The Emperor Tiberius was offered the nomination of this month by the Senate; which, however, he declined. By Domitian, a less scrupulous claimant of honors, it was entitled Germanicus, in record of a dubious victory over the Catti, a German people near the Elbe. It was subsequently entitled Antoninus, in memory of the Emperor Antoninus Pius. By Commodus it was called Hercules, in honor of his asserted descent from Jupiter. The Emperor Tacitus was about to give it his name, when his reign was suddenly closed. The preservation of the original name may be divided between the rapidity of those changes and the popular attachment. Probably an alteration of the calendar would be among the measures most difficult to introduce into public habit. It is remarked, and not unjustly, as an evidence of the popular supremacy of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, that their names in the calendar were never disturbed or forgotten. The Saxons called this month *Gerst*, (barley,) *Monath*, and *Her fest Monath*, from the harvest.

Remarkable Days.

1.—ST. GILES.

The tutelar Saint of Edinburgh, a native of Greece, who flourished in the sixth century, and was

descended of an illustrious family. On the death of his parents, he gave all his estates to the poor; and travelled into France, where he retired into a wilderness near the conflux of the Rhone with the sea, and continued there three years. Having obtained the reputation of extraordinary sanctity, various miracles were attributed to him; and he founded a monastery in Languedoc, known long after by the name of St. Giles's. He died in the year 796.

In the reign of James II. Mr. Preston, of Gorton, whose descendants still possess an estate in the county of Edinburgh, got possession of an arm of this saint which he bequeathed to the church of Edinburgh. For this donation, the magistrates granted a charter in favor of Mr. Preston's heirs, by which the nearest heir of the name of Preston was entitled to carry it in all processions. They also obliged themselves to found an altar in the church of St. Giles's, and appoint a chaplain for celebrating an annual mass for the soul of Mr. Preston; and likewise that a tablet containing his arms, and an account of his pious donation, should be put up in the chapel.

2.—1666.—LONDON BURNT.

By the certificate of Jonas Moore and Ralph Gatrix, the surveyors appointed to examine the ruins, it appeared that the dreadful fire over-ran 373 acres of ground within the walls of London, and burnt 13,200 houses, 89 parish churches, besides chapels; and that only eleven parishes within the walls were left standing.—*Hughson*.

7.—ST. EUNERCHUS.

Eunercus, or Evortius, was bishop of Orleans, and present at the council of Valentia, A. D. 375. Very little of his life is known.

7.—1709.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D. BORN.

The city of Lichfield claims the honor of giving birth to many persons of literary celebrity, espe-

cially the great Leviathan of English literature, Dr. Johnson, who was born in the house here represented, on this day 1709, O. S. Of his ancestors



very little is known, and he himself took no delight in talking of them, for he observed to Mrs. Piozzi, "there is little pleasure in relating anecdotes of beggary."

In the twenty-sixth year of his age, Johnson commenced a school at Ediall Hall, about a mile west of Lichfield. Here he had but three scholars, one



of whom was the celebrated Garrick; he was consequently obliged to relinquish this undertaking; and at the instigation of a friend, with his pupil Garrick, resolved on trying their fortunes in the metropolis. This they did, and with what success is too well known to need our repeating.

Every relic of so great a genius is worthy preservation, and with this feeling we have given place to the above views. The first is still standing, but the school house was pulled down in 1809. There is also another object of curiosity which is often visited, from being called *Dr. Johnson's Willow*.



It stands in a field in sight of the Cathedral and the Bishop's palace, and the Doctor never visited his native place without examining his favorite tree.

8.—NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A festival of the Romish church instituted by Pope Servius about the year 695.

14.—HOLY CROSS.

This festival was first introduced by the Romish church in the year 615, on occasion of the recovery of some pieces of the cross, which Cosroes, king of Persia, took from Jerusalem when he plundered it. The Emperor Heraclius defeated him in battle, retook the relic, and carried it back to Jerusalem in triumph.

Holy Cross was formerly called Holy-rood, and from this denomination Holy-rood House, Edinburgh, derives its name.

17.—ST. LAMBERT.

Lambert, or as he is sometimes called Laudebert, was bishop of Maestricht, from which see he was expelled in 673, and retired to the monastery of Stavelo, where he remained seven years. He was afterwards restored to his bishopric, and murdered in 703, during some disturbances in the French government. In 1240 his festival was ordained to be kept on this day.

18.—GEORGE I. AND II. LANDED.

This day is recorded in the almanacks to commemorate the first landing of the house of Brunswick in this country, in the year 1714.

21.—ST. MATTHEW.

Matthew, or Levi, the apostle and evangelist, was the son of Alpheus, and of Jewish origin: probably a Galilean. Before his call to the apostleship, he was a publican, or tax-gatherer to the Romans; an office of bad repute among the Jews, on account of the covetousness of those who managed it. His office particularly consisted in gathering the customs of all merchandize that came by the sea of Galilee, and the tribute payable by passengers who went by water. Here he sat at the receipt of customs, when our Saviour called him. It is pro-

bable, that living at Capernaum, the place of Christ's usual residence, he might have some previous knowledge of him. Matthew immediately expressed his satisfaction, by entertaining our Saviour at a great dinner at his own house, whither he invited all his friends, especially those of his own profession, hoping, probably, that they might be influenced by the company and conversation of Christ. He continued with the rest of the apostles till after our Lord's ascension. For the first eight years afterwards, he preached in Judea. Then he went to propagate the gospel among the Gentiles, and chose Ethiopia as the scene of his apostolical ministry; where it is said he suffered martyrdom, though others say he suffered in Parthia, or Persia. Baronius tells us, the body of St. Matthew was transported from Ethiopia to Bethynia, and thence to Salernum in Naples, A. D. 954, where it was found in 1080, when Duke Robert built a church, dedicated to his name.

24.—1828.—REV. DR. NICHOLL DIED, ÆTAT 35.

The Rev. Alexander Nicholl, D.D. was born in Aberdeenshire, in 1793. He was educated at the College of Aberdeen, and at the early age of fifteen was sent to Oxford through the interest of Bishop Skinner. On completing his studies he took the situation of travelling tutor to a young gentleman, after which he obtained the situation of under-librarian in the Bodleian Library. There availing himself of the vast treasures of Oriental manuscripts, chiefly uncatalogued, he made himself master of the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Syrian, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and various other Eastern dialects. He drew up and published a catalogue of the manuscripts brought from the East by Dr. Clark; and undertook the herculean task of completing the general catalogue of the Oriental manuscripts in the Bod-

leian Library, amounting to more than 30,000 in number, which had been commenced more than a century before, by Uri, the celebrated Hungarian. This procured for Mr. Nicholl a splendid literary reputation throughout Europe. He had examined every great European collection of Oriental manuscripts, and chiefly corresponded in Latin; but wrote and spoke with ease and accuracy, French, Italian, German, Danish, Sweedish, and Romaic.

Through the interest of the late Earl of Liverpool, Dr. Nicholl was appointed, in 1822, to the Hebrew chair at Oxford; and he took his rank as Regius Professor, and as Canon of Christ-church, with a salary of about £2000. instead of £200. a year, which he received as under-librarian. His exertions were unremitting in his new situation; but, being of rather slight constitution, he was attacked with an inflammation in the *trachea* which carried him off suddenly, at Oxford.

26.—ST. CYPRIAN.

Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, or Cyprian, was born at Carthage, and continued a heathen till the last twelve years of his life. He was a teacher of rhetoric in his own city; and St. Jerome informs us, that he often employed it in defence of paganism. He was converted by Cacilius, a priest, about the year 246; and as a proof of the sincerity of his conversion, he composed several very able works in defence of Christianity; for which the bishop of Carthage ordained him a priest. He consigned all his goods to the poor; gave himself up entirely to devotion; and when the bishop died, in 248, was appointed to succeed him. In consequence of some severe edicts against Christianity being issued by Decius, the people insisted upon Cyprian being thrown among the lions in the amphitheatre, to avoid which, he withdrew from the city. When

the popular ferment was allayed he returned, but at length fell a martyr in the persecution under Valerian and Galienus, in 258.

26.—OLD HOLY-ROOD.

See Holy Cross, page 345.

29.—ST. MICHAEL.

The archangel, or prince of angels, who presided over the Jewish nation, as other angels did over the Gentile world. According to the Scriptures, he had an army of angels under his command, and fought with the dragon, or Saturn, and his angels; with whom he contended about the body of Moses. The Romish church celebrates three appearances of Michael: the Protestant church only one—his appearance at Colossæ, in Phrygia, to which this day is dedicated.

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, was named after the archangel. Previous to the sixth century, according to Ptolemy, it was called *Ocrinum*, but soon after the sixth century it received its present name, from the apparition of St. Michael, whose appearance, according to the monkish legends, to some hermits on this mount, occasioned the foundation of a monastery. The place where the vision sat was a craggy spot, in a dangerous situation, near the upper part of the rock, which, in the time of Carew, still bore the name of *St. Michael's Charr*; but that appellation has since been transferred to a more accessible but equally dangerous spot, on the summit of one of the angles of the chapel tower.

However little the credit that can be attached to this wild tale, it is certain that the mount became hallowed at a very early period,—that it was renowned for its sanctity, and was for a time an object of frequent pilgrimage. The superstitious veneration paid to it by the mistakenly devout, is alluded to by

Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in terms sufficiently explicit to mark its fame.

In evil hour thou leest in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them have their name :
St. Michael's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast ?

Its sacred character has also been alluded to by a philosopher, as well as a poet, of our own days.

Majestic Michael rises ; he whose brow
Is crown'd with castles, and whose rocky sides
Are clad with dusky ivy ; he whose base
Beat by the storms of ages, stands unmoved
Amidst the wreck of things—the change of time.
That base encircled by the azure waves
Was once with verdure clad ; the towering oaks
Here wav'd their branches green ; the sacred oaks,
Whose awful shades among, the Druids stray'd,
To cut the hallow'd mistletoe, and hold
High converse with their gods.

Sir Humphery Davy.

It is a very common custom to have a goose for dinner on Michaelmas day, the origin of which has been thus related :—Queen Elizabeth, in her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1589, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place ; and as the queen had much rather dine off a high-seasoned and substantial dish, than a simple *ragout* or *fricasse*, the knight thought proper to provide a pair of fine geese to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the queen had dined very heartily, she asked for half a pint of Burgundy, and drank “ Destruction to the Spanish Armada ! ” She had but that moment returned the glass to the knight, who had done the honors of the table, when the news came (as if the queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy,) that the Spa. fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took

another bumper, in order to digest the *goose* and *good news*; and was so pleased with the event, that every year after, on that day, she had the above excellent dish served up. The court made it a custom, and the people the fashion, ever since.

30.—ST. JEROME.

One of the most learned fathers of the church, the son of Eusebius, was born in 340, at Stridon, near Dalmatia. He studied at Rome, and travelled into other countries, till the year 372, when he retired into a desert in Syria. Being persecuted by Melitius's party, he was compelled to go to Jerusalem, where he still prosecuted his studies, and was ordained as a priest. In 382 he was made secretary to Pope Damasus, but afterwards retired to the monastery of Bethlehem. He died in his eightieth year, in 422.



Cheese Wring, Cornwall

Astronomical Occurrences,

In September, 1830.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Libra at 51m. after 1 of the afternoon of the 23d of this month ; his true place in the heavens is near η , a star of the third magnitude, in the left shoulder of the Virgin.

The Earth, in its annual course, on this day attains that position which enables it to receive the solar influence from pole to pole, and the days and nights are consequently equal in every region of the globe ; after this day the arch described by the Sun above the horizon will be observed sensibly to diminish, and darkness gradually to extend its reign.

The emblems of the dying year will present themselves in rapid and melancholy succession : the sickly-tinted foliage of the wood, the grove, and the garden ;—the leaf, borne from the bough with the feeblest breath, and flitting to the ground in mazy circles ;—the pensive strain of the robin, warbling forth a farewell to the parting season ;—and the moaning gale heralding the icy car of Winter : but amidst these scenes of change and desolation, the brilliant constellations of winter re-appear and pursue their unwearied and unerring courses, shining forth from their depths of immensity with unfading splendour, to cheer the gloomy nights of the northern world.—*Literary Gazette.*

Eclipse of the Sun.

The Sun will be eclipsed at 28 m. after 2 of the morning of the 17th of this month, in longitude 5 signs $23^{\circ} 39\frac{1}{4}'$; the moon's latitude at the time will

be $1^{\circ} 13\frac{1}{4}'$ N. The eclipse will not be visible to the British Isles.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

Sept. 1st, Sun rises	14 m. after 5,	sets	46 m. after 6
6th,	23	5, ..	37
11th,	33	5, ..	27
16th,	43	5, ..	17
21st,	53	5, ..	7
26th,	2	6, ..	58

Equation of Time.

When mean time is to be found from that indicated by the position of the Sun, the following quantities must be subtracted from the time as given by a good sun-dial, and the remainders will be the time required.

TABLE.

		m.	s.
Wednesday, Sept. 1st, from the time by the dial	subtract	0	3
Monday, — 6th,		1	40
Saturday, — 11th,		3	22
Thursday, — 16th,		5	6
Tuesday, — 21st,		6	51
Sunday, — 26th,		8	34

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon	2d day at 38 m. after 10 at night.
Last Quarter	9th 58 1 in the aftern.
New Moon	17th 28 2 in the morn.
First Quarter	25th 52 6

Total Eclipse of the Moon.

The moon will be totally eclipsed on the night of the 2nd of this month, the whole of which, from its commencement to its termination, will be visible to the British Isles, together with Italy, Greece, France, Spain, &c.; it will be partially visible from the western parts of Asia, to the eastern regions of America.

The following are the circumstances under which it will take place : viz.

	hrs.	min.
Beginning of the eclipse....	8	50
Beginning of total darkness	9	47½
Ecliptic opposition	10	37½
Middle	10	38
End of total darkness	11	28½
End of the eclipse	12	26

Digits eclipsed, $21^{\circ} 40\frac{1}{2}'$ from the northern side of the Earth's shadow.

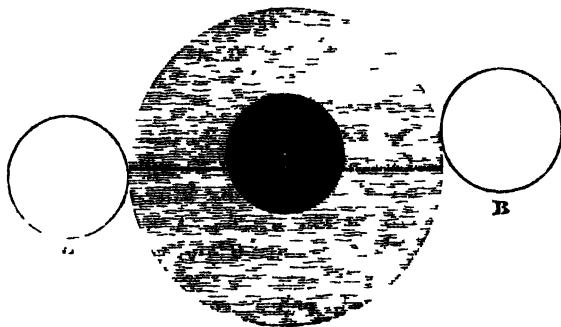
The eclipse will occur in the River of Aquarius, and commence when the moon is south-east, at an altitude of 18° above the horizon; when fully immersed in the earth's shadow, it will pursue its course through an arc of 25° of its apparent revolution totally eclipsed; it is probable, however, that it will continue visible, though with a red and dreary aspect. In some eclipses, the moon has entirely disappeared as if blotted from the face of the heavens,—this was the case in the total eclipses that occurred in the years 1601, 1620, and 1642; it will begin to emerge from this gloom about half an hour before it arrives at the meridian, and at twenty minutes after, will have entirely escaped the earth's shadow.

The shadow of the earth, into which the moon passes when eclipsed, grows less and less, till it ends in a point, which is the vertex of a cone having the earth for its base; this conical shadow varies in length according to the position of the earth in its orbit; being longest when the earth is in aphelion, and shortest when in perihelion; its mean length is about three and a half times the moon's distance from the earth; the breadth of the cone at that part where it is traversed by the moon is about three times the moon's diameter, though this also varies, for the nearer the moon is to the earth, the larger is the portion of the shadow it has to pass through.

The moon cannot continue longer in the umbra than 3 h. 57 m. 6 s. or be totally plunged into it, beyond one hour and three quarters; in the present instance the duration of the eclipse is 3 h. 36 m., and of total obscuration 1h. 40½m.; the centre of the moon will pass very near the centre of the earth's shadow, deviating from it only 2' 12" north.

All that is eclipsed beyond twelve digits, (or, as they are now more frequently called, degrees,) indicates the quantity of the shadow over the moon's diameter, measured from that edge to which it is nearest in the middle of the eclipse.

Lunar Eclipse of the 2d of September.



In the preceding diagram, the larger circle is intended to represent a section of the earth's shadow; B, the moon at the commencement of the eclipse; the dark circle near the centre, the position of the moon at the middle of the eclipse, and E, the moon when it has escaped from the Earth's shadow

About the middle of the eclipse, the moon will be in conjunction with λ in Aquarius, a star of the fourth magnitude.

Eclipses have in all ages of the world, in civilized as well as barbarous countries, been regarded with powerful interest, and considered indicative of disease or agony in the dimmed luminary; also, as the precursors of the downfall of nations, the death of princes, and violent political disasters; the crafty have availed themselves of these superstitious fears, to work upon the feelings of the weak and credulous, which proves that what is uncommon, and apparently against the course of nature, more irresistibly strikes the senses, and rouses the passions, than that which is uniform in the phenomena of the universe. The heavens never so much attract the wandering gaze, as when an unexpected comet glides majestically from constellation to constellation; the Sun is unheeded in its course unless his orb be eclipsed, or his disc covered with spots; the moon is chiefly an object of interest when her silvery orb plunges into the earth's shadow;—but no sooner does the splendid visitor disappear from the heavens, or the Sun's disc exhibit its uniform splendour, and the bright moon roll through the blue heavens unshorn of her lustre,—then, these celestial luminaries may move on in their courses unnoticed by the unthinking throng. The Christian philosopher,—he views these events with other eyes, and whether the Queen of Night shines as a crescent, or sheds from her full orb floods of glory, or when for a short space of time (as in the present eclipse,) she is disrobed of her brightness, and

“ A settling crimson stains her beauteous face.”

he still views this constant companion of our earth in its ceaseless circles round the Sun, as “ *the faithful witness in heaven.*”

O thou bright orb, whose pure and placid beams
Enchantment throws o'er nature's scenes sublime;
The Christian's course, like thine, all beautiful seems,
And brightly shines amidst the storms of time.

Calm and serene in this dark vale of tears,
 On Hope's exulting wing his spirit flies ;
 A " still small voice," his suffering spirit cheers,
 And whispers peace beyond the azure skies.
 How blest is he who hears that voice divine,
 That whispers peace when time shall be no more ;
 How blest my lot, could that sweet peace be mine,
 When this vain scene, and life's poor play are o'er.
 O thou who canst this joyful gift impart,
 Grant me thy peace, and heal my broken heart. P.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

From the passages of the Moon over the first meridian this month, the following have been selected as the most convenient for observation : viz.

Sept. 8th, at 38 m. after 4 in the morning.	
9th, .. 34	5
10th, .. 30	6
11th, .. 26	7
12th, .. 20	8
13th, .. 12	9
23rd, .. 46	4 in the afternoon.
24th, .. 34	5
25th, .. 24	6
26th, .. 16	7 in the evening.
27th, .. 9	8
28th, .. 2	9
29th, .. 56	9
30th, .. 51	10

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of Venus were discovered by Galileo, in the year 1611 ; he sent the discovery to William de Medici, to communicate it to Kepler. It was conveyed in this cypher,—“ Hæc immaturæ a me frustra leguntur, o, y ;” which, properly arranged, is—“ Cynthiæ figuras æmulator mater amorum ;” that is, “ Venus emulates the phases of the moon.”

The comparative phases at the commencement of the present month are as follows : viz.

Sept. 1st.—Illuminated part = 10.49884
Dark part..... = 1.50116

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

The following are the visible eclipses of these satellites this month : viz.

EMERSIONS.

First Satellite, 1st day, 30 m. 54 s. after 8 at night.
24th .. 46 .. 13 8
Second Satellite, 27th .. 22 .. 26 8

IMMERSION.

Third Satellite, 6th day, 34 .. 50 9 at night.

EMERSION.

Fourth Satellite, 9th day 9 .. 24 9 at night.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Fixed Stars.

Sept. 5th, with ν in Pisces at 10 at night.
7th, . μ in Cetus.... 1 in the morn.

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be stationary on the 4th of this month. Venus and Saturn in conjunction at 6 in the morning of the 13th. Venus in conjunction with Regulus in Leo at 9 in the evening of the 14th. Mercury in conjunction with Spica Virginis on the 18th at midnight ; at his greatest elongation on the 17th, and stationary on the 30th.

MARS IN OPPOSITION.

The planet Mars will be in this position of its orbit relative to the earth, at a quarter after 3 of the afternoon of the 19th of this month, near two small stars in Pisces. The situation of Mars, when in opposition, has long been of interest to the practical astronomer; next to a transit of Venus over the

Sun's disc, it is the most eligible for determining the earth's distance from the Sun, though observations of the transits of the one, and the oppositions of the other, are methods not immediate and direct. A superior planet at the time of opposition is then nearest the earth, and its apparent place in the starry heavens coincides with its *true* place, or, the observed longitude is the same as the true longitude, all calculations being referred to the Sun as the centre; the nature of the observation is, to determine with good instruments, at places in opposite hemispheres, each about 50° or 60° from the equator, the positions of the planet, relative to the nearest fixed star, at the same moment of absolute time,—the difference of these positions will furnish sufficient data, to solve the interesting problem of planetary distances, which, in the case of Mars, indicates his horizontal parallax to be $23''.6$, and consequently his distance from the Sun 144 millions of miles.

Mars is the only superior planet that exhibits a sensible deviation from a full disc; this occurs when he is in quadrature, and he then appears gibbous, being defective $\frac{1}{8}$ of his diameter; when Jupiter is similarly circumstanced, he is defective $\frac{1}{100}$ of his diameter; but this is a quantity too small to be detected by the most exquisite instruments.

The diameter of Mars varies, (as with all the other planets,) according to his distance; the angle under which his disc is sometimes seen, when in opposition, is $56''$, its least, or when in conjunction with the Sun being $19''$; when appearing under its greatest angle, it shines with a bright red light, and has been considered by many as a new star, for which it was taken in the year 1719.

There seems some physical cause, (arising probably from his atmosphere, which is believed to be very dense,) that renders the surface of this planet occasionally so very indistinct; when in opposition,

in 1828, the spots on his orb were remarkably distinct.

There are several points of resemblance between Mars and our Earth ; his daily motion, and the nature of his seasons are similar : the white spots observed about his poles are supposed to be masses of unmelted snows, in which a variation occurs, as either pole is turned towards the Sun by the planet's annual motion.

METEOR.

(Seen September 15th, 1829.)

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 15th instant, Deptford was visited by a short but violent storm of thunder and lightning : the flashes of lightning were of unusual vividness ; and the peals of thunder very loud and protracted. At two minutes and a half after four a fire-ball fell a few yards to the north of St. Paul's church,—it was accompanied by a sharp cracking explosion ; its course was from the west, and inclined to the horizon in an angle of about forty degrees ; the more condensed part of the ball, as observed at the distance of about fifty yards, was probably nine or ten minutes in diameter, of an irregular form, and reddish hue ; the color of the streams that proceeded from the upper part and sides more nearly resembled the flash of lightning with which the descent of the ball and the explosion was simultaneously attended. The storm came from the north-west, and did not continue longer than twenty minutes : about twelve minutes after the fire-ball fell, the Sun was shining clearly.—*Literary Gazette.*

Halos accompanied with Colored Shadows.

When in the neighbourhood of Candia, on the first of September, about sun-set, there was a large halo encircling the Sun, and to this succeeded a

deep glow of evening crimson. The heavens were cloudless, and the sky was serene and clear. Under such circumstances as these, it was singular that every shadow in the ship was tinted: an occurrence which generally accompanies double refraction. The shadows which fell upon the white scuttles were of azure blue; and those that fell upon the rigging and sails, to which the Sun had imparted a slight reddish tint, varied from blue to green. The sea was agitated, and did not reflect the Sun. On those portions of the sails which the Sun had tinted with the deepest red, the green predominated over the blue. A similar, and no less brilliant appearance, was observed on the 3rd of September; and in both instances there was not only no double shadow, but the Sun was surrounded by a halo.—The tint thus imparted to the shadows, must have arisen from the yellowish-grey stratum of mist, which lay between the ship and the Sun.—*Travels in Egypt, Libya, Nubia, and Dongola, between the Years 1820—1825. By Dr. C. G. Ehrenberg, and Dr. W. F. Hemprich.*



Fehnersham Church, Bedfordshire.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For September, 1830.

“How splendid all the sky! how still!
 How mild the dying gale!
 How soft the whispers of the rill,
 That wind along the vale!
 So tranquil nature's works appear,
 It seems the sabbath of the year:
 As if the summer's labour past, she chose
 This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.”

Flora is beginning to withdraw her favors from the earth; still the garden presents a cheerful appearance through the greater part of the month. Among the plants in flower is the Italian pimpernel, golden star lily, Michaelmas daisy, oval fleabane, golden and pendulous starwort, rose feverfew, amarella, harvest bell, downy helenium, and others of equal beauty.

The berries of the deadly nightshade (*atropa belladonna*;) ripen this month. This plant should not be introduced into gardens, as it is, in every part, poisonous; and, from its beautiful appearance and sweet taste of the berries, often allures children, and even grown persons, to eat them;—from which fatal consequences have often occurred. In the *New Year's Gift for 1830*, is the following sweet and affecting poem, on a real incident which fell within the writer's own knowledge.

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

A FACT.

Two lovely children went, when summer was in prime,
 Into a garden beautiful, beneath a southern clime;
 A brother and a sister—twins, and each to each most dear,
 Was not the mother of these babes beset with any fear?

And brightly shone the summer sun upon that gentle pair,
Who plucked each gaudy flower that grew in rich profusion
there ;

Or chased the idle butterflies, those fair, defenceless things,
That round them tantalizing danced upon their silken wings.

With many a flower which they had plucked, a mimic grove
they made,

But wondered, when they came again, they had so soon
decayed ;

And grieving, each the other asked, why all the roses red,
Which freshly bloomed an hour before, now drooping hung
their head ?

'Twas in that season of the year when on the blooming earth
Each flower and plant, and shrub and tree, to all their fruits
gave birth ;

But mid them all, and most exposed to catch the passing
view,

With purple flowers and berries red, the deadly nightshade
grew !

Up rose the little boy and ran, upon the bush to gaze,
And then his sister followed quick, and both were in amaze,
For berries half so beautiful they ne'er before had seen,
So forth he rashly stretched his hand among the branches
green.

" Oh, Edward ! Edward ! do not touch—remember, mother
said,

That poisonous fruit in clusters grew, though beautiful and
red ;

And that it had a tempting look, inviting to the eye,
But if a single one we eat, that we should surely die."

" O ! Charlotte, Charlotte, do you think that these can do us
harm,

Or that such pretty fruit as this need cause us such alarm ?

For surely if they poisonous are, they bitter then must be,
So I will taste a single one, and we shall quickly see !"

Then forth he stretched his little hand, and he a berry
plucked,

And to his lips he put the fruit, and in the poison sucked ;

And when he found the juice was good, he bade his sister
eat ;—

" For it is pleasant to the taste, so cooling and so sweet."

These children then the berries pulled, and of them eat their fill,
Nor did they ever dream the while, that they were doing ill :
“ ’Tis not the fruit that mother meant,” exultingly they cried,
And merry was their prattling laugh, to see their fingers dyed.

But suddenly the sister stopped, her rosy cheek grew pale :
“ Oh, brother ! brother ! hold me up, for something doth me ail ;—
I feel so weak, I cannot stand,—the trees are dancing round.
Oh, Edward ! Edward ! clasp my hand, and place me on the ground.”

He gently laid his sister down, and bitterly did cry,
And every means to ease her pain and calm her fears did try ;
But soon he felt himself turn sick, and feeble, chilly, weak,—
And, as he tottered on the grass, he bruised his sister’s cheek.

Exhausted though that infant was, upon his tender breast
He placed the little Charlotte’s head, that she might softer rest :
The hapless creature did but think his sister only slept !
And when his eyesight dimmer grew, to her he closer crept.

The evening closed upon these babes, who slept away their breath ;
And, mourning o’er his cruel task, away went grieving death :
And they who had the sacred trust, these cherubs dear to keep,
Beheld them where they quiet lay, but thought they were asleep.

When they the hapless sufferers raised from that last fond embrace,
A half-formed smile was seen to dwell upon each paly face ;
Alas ! that such twin roses fair, which morning saw in bloom,
Should wither in the sunny land, ere came the twilight gloom.

Florence.

During this month the champignon, (*campes-tris*;) or common mushroom, is found in great plenty in woods, old pastures, and at the sides of roads, in which places it generally attains great perfection. The supposed characteristics of a good mushroom are hardness and solidity, a little brownish on the top; and, when young, a thickish white skin covering the gills; the gills, for the most part, of a pink or flesh colour; the stalk also large, in proportion to the size of the cap. There is also a peculiar smell in a good mushroom, with which those who are acquainted with them cannot be deceived. Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavor and odor, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell,—a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavor in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. *The colour, figure, and texture, of these vegetables, do not, however, afford any character on which we can safely rely.* But, in general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterraneous passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery. All edible species should be thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, as this greatly lessens the injurious effects produced by the poison. When, however, this dangerous mistake has been made, vomiting should be excited immediately, and then the vegetable acids should be given, such as vinegar, lemon, or apple juice; after which, to stop the excessive bilious vomiting, an ispasmodic remedies should be exhibited. Infusion of gall nuts, oak and Peruvian bark, are recommended, as capable of neutralizing the poison. Spirit of wine and vinegar extract some part of their poison, and tanning matter decomposes the greater part of it.

As the corn harvest is generally over by the latter

end of August, the law allows partridge shooting to begin on the first of September. This well-known bird is found in every country and climate, from the frozen pole to the torrid tracks under the equator; and, by a kind provision of nature, it adapts itself to the temperature of the climate where it resides. As soon as the icy winter sets in, the partridge of Greenland, which was brown in the summer, begins to take a covering suited to the season: it is then clothed with a warm down beneath, and its outward plumage assumes the color of the snow, amidst which it seeks its food; thus doubly protected, by increase of warmth and change of color, from the inclemency of the weather, and the notice of its enemies. Partridges pair early in the spring, and, about the month of May, the female lays from fourteen to eighteen eggs, in a hole in the ground. Many interesting stories are told of their attachment to their young, and of the wonderful instinct implanted in them by the God of nature, for the support and protection of their offspring.

Herrings pay us their annual visit this month, and afford a rich harvest to the inhabitants of the eastern and western coasts.

We shall close this month with a charming domestic picture of the harvest season from the delightful pen of the poetess of Nottingham.

THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Twas when the harvest-moon came slowly up,
 Broad, red and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;
 In the hushed eve, when closed the flow'ret's cup,
 And the blue grape hung dewy on the vine,
 Forth from a porch where tendrilled plants entwine,
 Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,
 Rich voices came, telling that there were met
 Beauty and youth, and mirth, whose buoyant wings
 Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
 Gave man release from care or lured him to forget.

And as the moon rose higher in the sky,
Casting a mimic day on all around,
Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,
That cast their chequered shadows on the ground,
Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,
Like fairy revellers, in one place was seen ;
And gentle friends were slowly pacing, where
The dark, thick laurels formed a bowery screen ;
And merry children, like the moonlight fair,
With their wild, pealing laughter, filled the perfumed air.

Another hour,—and in a lighted room
Where glorious pictures lined the lofty wall,
They sate in social ease,—no brow of gloom,
No saddened, downcast eye, that might recal
Sorrowful musing, dimmed the festival.
It was in honour of a gallant youth,
Those friends were met, the friends he dearest loved,
All wishing he were there ; and well, in sooth,
Might his gray father unto tears be moved,
Listening his grateful praise,—his tears were unproved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,
Told his young sister of his travel wide,
Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,
And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride ;
Of desert isles, where savage tribes abide,
And glorious shores and regions of old fame :
Then were his trophies from all lands displayed,—
Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous fame,
High, nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,
And birds of curious note in glittering plumes arrayed.

And, in her joyful phrase, she told how he,
Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,
Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,
And cast delight and interest round his home :
Gaily she told, how sitting in that room,
When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,
He should himself, his marvellous tales relate ;—
Alas ! encircled by the Indian main,
That night beneath a tamarind tree he sate,
Heart-sick with thoughts of home, and pondering on his
fate.

The heavy sea broke thundering on the shore,
The dark, dark night had gathered in the sky,
And from the desert mountains came the roar
Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry
From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by ;
And there he lay beneath the spreading tree,
Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain
Rushed burning love, and sense of misery,
And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain
Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave
Had washed away the white bones from the shore ;
And, mourning for his son, down to the grave
Had gone the old man with his locks all hoar ;—
The household festival was held no more :
And when the harvest-moon came forth again,
O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,
Her light fell streaming through the window pane
Of that old room, where his young sister sate
With her down-drooped head, and heart all desolate.

Winter's Wreath, 1830.

OCTOBER.

This month like the preceding, bore successive titles in the Roman calendar. The senate gave it the name of *Faustinas*, in compliment to *Faustina* the wife of the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*: *Domitian* called it *Domitianus*, and *Commodus* named it *Invictus*, from the skill he displayed in the public games. Previous to these changes, however, it was called *October*, which it still retains, from the words *Octo* (eight,) and *Imber*, as it was the eighth month in the *Alban* calendar. It became the tenth in the time of *Numa*. The Saxons called it *Wynmonath*, signifying wine, or vintage.

Remarkable Days.

1.—ST. REMIGIUS,

Or *St. Remi*, a celebrated archbishop of *Rheims*, born of illustrious family, and heir to great wealth. He was raised to the see of *Rheims* about the year 460, distinguished himself by his learning and virtue, converted and baptised king *Clovis*, and died in the year 533. He was the author of a *History of Rheims*, and other works.

6.—ST. FAITH.

A virgin martyr of *Aquitain*, who suffered martyrdom under *Dacian*, about the year 290.

9.—ST. DENY,

Or *Dionysius*, the *Areopagite*, was converted to Christianity by *St. Paul*. He was one of the judges of the court of *Areopagus*, but afterwards bishop of *Athens*, where he suffered martyrdom in defence of the gospel. He is the patron saint of *France*, in

honor of his having been the first who is known to have preached the gospel in that country.

11.—OLD MICHAELMAS DAY.

Still observed in many places as the end of one year and beginning of another, in hiring servants.

13.—TRANSLATION OF KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

A festival instituted by the Romish church to commemorate the removal of the king's bones, or relics. He ascended to the throne of England in 1042, and greatly improved the laws and condition of the country.

13.—1822.—ANTONIO CANOVA DIED.

THE YOUTHFUL DAYS OF CANOVA.

By Catherine G. Gordon.

He dwelt in an elysium of bright thoughts.
 That, lavish as the vernal wealth of May,
 Woke in his gifted fancy. His world was
 A pastoral valley, bounded by the Alps,
 Whose snowy peaks, invading upper heaven,
 Woo the soft splendours of th' Italian sky.
 Unknown to him the realms that lay beyond,
 Save in romantic legend or wild song;
 Records of olden time, whence he might catch
 Glimpses of busier life. Enough for bliss
 That calm retreat, sequestered and obscure,
 Where his heart revelled in the first warm gush
 Of sympathy, unsullied by mistrust.
 Supremely blest, the young Canova saw,
 Swifter than dreams, the morn of life glide on,
 Beneath the shelter of his humble home:
 And if his ardent and aspiring gaze
 Would pierce the dim of distance, and o'erpass
 The beautiful horizon girdling in
 His circumscribed existence, Hope lay there,
 A bright Aurora, heralding the Sun.
 Unloosed by him the rude and boisterous sports
 Of thoughtless childhood; even then his mind
 Nursed in its sanctuary the expanding germ
 Of future greatness, treasuring in its depth
 A secret, incommunicable joy.

The graceful art, whose early votary
Antonio was (like Grecian youth trained up
To serve high altars,) pastime and delight,
And his soul's pure idolatry, became.
What though despondency might cast a gloom
Of transient langour o'er his dawning powers,—
Offspring of thwarted efforts, that appeared
Weak to the grand conceptions of the brain—
His genius, soaring on elastic wing,
Rose from that slight depression with a zeal
Proportionate to the exalted goal :
Visions of beauty filled his waking dreams :
Imaginations mystic glances caught
E'en then of those fair forms his hand mature
Created into perfect excellence.
To him all things thronging the path of life
Spoke in a loftier language. The perfume
Of flowerets opening to the Ausonian air,
Pour'd on his keener sense revealings rich.
The high o'erarching forest, through whose glades
The shy fawn bounded, like a shape of lightness,—
The breezy slopes, whereon the mantling vines
Hung their green garlands—Nature's myriad stores,
Exhaustless as infinity, were all
A theme of rapture and of wonderment.
Instinct with poetry, his spirit was
An instrument, amidst whose golden chords
Music lay slumbering, waiting but the touch
Of skill to bring forth her enchanting tones
In fullest harmony. How oft would he,
When o'er the woods of Asolano fell
The shades of evening, watch the roscate clouds
Floating along the distant Alpine range,
Upon whose stainless summits day-light still
Reign'd in her glory ! How oft would he gaze,
Until the emotions labouring in his breast,
With power resistless, burst forth from his lips
In some impassioned vow, that he might mount
A gilded beam of Sol's receding car,
Or sail upon the wings of fleetest winds ;
'Till, mingling with the ethereal elements,
The sense of his mortality subdued,
He might become a radiant seraph there,
The inhabitant of heaven ! Supremely blest,
In those romantic solitudes he pass'd
The years of boyhood, that in after-life
To him were tablets of memorial fond.

Yet some who looked on his sweet countenance,
 Shadowed by deep and contemplative thought,
 Had deemed the youth a prey to grief or care,
 Unwitting what a luxury of delight
 Beneath the veil of pensiveness may rest.

Literary Gazette.

17.—ST. ETHELDREDA.

She was the daughter of Annas, king of the East Angles, and born about the year 630, on the borders of Cambridgeshire. She made a vow to live in perpetual virginity, which she effected, although twice forced to marry. In 673, she founded the church and city of Ely, and died in 679, being at the time abbess of a convent founded by herself at Ely.

18.—ST. LUKE.

The evangelist and disciple of the apostles, was born at Antioch, and by profession a physician. He was particularly attached to St. Paul, and was his faithful companion in his labours and travels. He went with him to Troas in Macedonia, about the year 51, and afterwards wrote his Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostles. Of all the inspired writers his works are written in the most elegant language. He died about the year 70; but whether at Rome, or in Achaia, is uncertain.

21.—1805.—LORD NELSON DIED.

The following brief but spirited sketch of the glorious battle of Trafalgar, in which the immortal Nelson fell, is from *The Night Watch*:—

“Day-light of the 21st of October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy’s fleet.—Let that day never be forgotten!—The almost calmness that prevailed in the morning, and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous. As the British fleet was wafted by gentle winds towards their powerful enemy, the prepara-

tions for battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulkheads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire-buckets, match-tubs, shot-racks, powder-boxes, and wads, were arranged in their proper places; arm-chests lay open, and pikes, pistols and cutlasses, gleamed in every direction. The tompions were taken out of the muzzles, and there was a loud creaking of the gun-carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All was now ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot — ‘England expects every man to do his duty’ — flew at the Victory’s mast-head. Instantly an enthusiastic murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to gun, from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long-drawn fire of heavy cannon soon showed the lee division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. Bravo! Collingwood! was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation, which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which in a few short hours were to close it for ever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared throughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the affrighted wind breathed low. The stately ships which so lately sailed gaily forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wreck, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day advanced, crash

succeeding crash, of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favor of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep:—but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot of his country, was no more. Peace be to his ashes, and honor to his name!

25.—ST. CRISPIN.

This saint and his brother Crispianus, were shoemakers, and natives of Rome. Subsisting by their profession, they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Gospel. When it was discovered that they privately endeavoured to convert others to Christianity, the Governor ordered them to be beheaded, about 308.

28.—ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

St. Simon the Canaanite, so called either from the place of his birth, or from the Hebrew, *Cana*, to be zealous, which latter is most probable, from his being called *Simon Zelotes*, or the Zealot. *Luke vi. 15.* He remained with the other apostles till after Pentecost, when some suppose he visited Britain, and preached the Gospel, for which he suffered crucifixion.

St. Jude, called also Lebbaeus and Thaddæus, was the son of Joseph and brother to St. James the younger. He preached in various parts of the East and was cruelly put to death at Berytus for disproving the superstition of the Magi.

30.—HALLOWE'EN, OR ALLHALLOW EVE.

General Vallancy, speaking of Allhallow Eve, says, "On the Oidhehe Shamhna, or vigil of Samam, the peasants of Ireland assemble with sticks and clubs, going from house to house, collecting money, bread-cake, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. &c. for the feast, repeating verses in honor of the solemnity,

demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Columb Kill, desiring them to lay aside the fatted calf, and to bring forth the black sheep. The good women are employed in making the girdle cake and candles: these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the (Saman) next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray, for the departed soul of the donor. Every house abounds in the best viands they can afford. Apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold. Cabbages are torn up by the root. Hemp-seed is sown by the maidens, and they believe that, if they look, they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse. They hang a shift before the fire, on the close of the feast, and sit up all night, concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the shift. They throw a ball of yarn out of the window, and wind it on the reel within, convinced that if they repeat the Pater Noster backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his sith, or apparition. They dip for apples in a tub of water, and endeavour to bring one up in their mouth. They suspend a cord with a cross stick, with apples at one point, and candles lighted at the other; and endeavour to catch the apple, while it is in a circular motion, in the mouth. These and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain."

Astronomical Occurrences,

In October, 1830.

"The moon has risen. How glorious thro' the clouds
She sweeps her way, a bark magnificent,
Careering lonely through a silver sea.
Now the white billow hides her—now she rolls
Free thro' a sapphire depth."

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Scorpio at 7m. after 10 on the night of the 23d of this month.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every Fifth Day.

Oct. 1st, Sun rises 12 min. after 6, sets 48 min. after 5	
6th, 22 6, .. 38 5	
11th, 32 6, .. 28 5	
16th, 42 6, .. 18 5	
21st, 51 6, .. 9 5	
26th, 1 7, .. 59 4	
31st, 10 7, .. 50 4	

Equation of Time.

The apparent time, when corrected by the following numbers, will give the mean or true time: viz.

		m.	s.
Friday,	Oct. 1st, from the time by the dial <i>subtract</i>	10	13
Wednesday, ..	6th,	11	45
Monday, ..	11th,	13	7
Saturday, ..	16th,	14	17
Thursday, ..	21st,	15	12
Tuesday, ..	26th,	15	51
Sunday, ..	31st,	16	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	2nd day, at 57 m. after 7 in the morn.
Last Quarter,	8th 32 10 at night.
New Moon,	16th 31 7 in the even.
First Quarter,	24th 20 10
Full Moon,	31st 18 5 in the aftern.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following times are selected from the Moon's transits this month, as the most eligible for observation : viz.

Oct. 7th, at 33 m. after 4 in the morning.
8th, .. 30 5
9th, .. 25 6
10th, .. 18 7
11th, .. 8 8
22nd, .. 26 4 in the afternoon.
23rd, .. 15 5
24th, .. 6 6
25th, .. 57 6 in the evening.
26th, .. 49 7
27th, .. 41 8
28th, .. 34 9 at night.
29th, .. 29 10

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet is now very near the point of her greatest illumination; the following are the proportional phases.

Oct. 1st.—Illuminated part = 11.2695
Dark part..... = 0.7305

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

The following will be the only visible eclipse of these small bodies:

EMERSIONS.

First Satellite, 10th day, at 6 m. 3 s. after 7 in the even.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

Oct. 1st.—Transverse axis.. = 1.000

Conjugate axis .. = —0.186

*Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.**

Oct. 5th.	with γ in Taurus	Occultation.
6th,	.. 1 and 2 δ in Taurus		1 in the morn.
6th,	Aldebaran	Occultation.
14th,	Venus	Occultation.
23rd,	d in Sagittarius	..	6 in the even.
28th,	Mars	4 in the aftern.
30th,	γ in Pisces	7 in the even.
31st,	μ in Cetus	9

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in quadrature at a quarter past 11 of the night of the second of this month. Mercury in his inferior conjunction at three quarters past 12 of the thirteenth, Uranus stationary on the 16th, Mars on the 19th, and Mercury on the 21st. Mercury and Venus will be in conjunction at 9 in the morning of the 21st. Mercury at his greatest elongation on the 28th. Uranus in quadrature at 45 m. past 12 of the 30th.

Occultations of the Planets and Stars.

In that part of the arrangement of the “Astronomical Occurrences” of the present year, relative to the “Conjunctions of the Moon with the planets and stars,” the preference has been given to those conjunctions, which are most likely to prove occul-

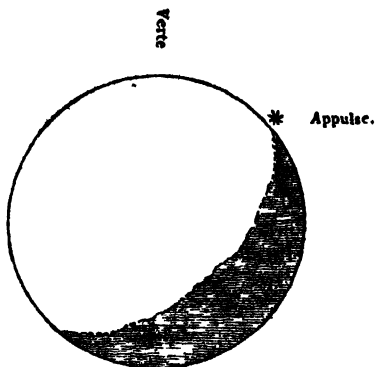
* Three conjunctions, which will prove occultations, are selected for more particular reference at the conclusion of the “Astronomical Occurrences” of the present month.

tations, the times specified being sufficiently near, to apprise the youthful astronomer of the phenomenon.

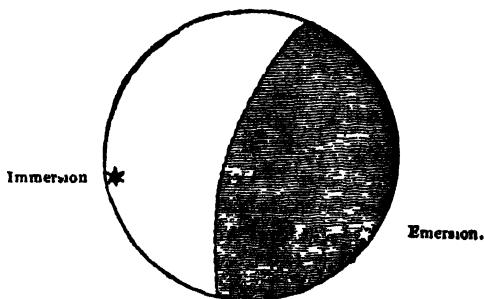
The occultations of fixed stars or planets, by the Moon, may be considered next in interest to solar and lunar eclipses; by the curious, they are always regarded as a pleasing spectacle, and by the practical astronomer carefully noted for valuable scientific purposes; for a considerable time, the beauty of the phenomenon was the only attraction, but now, the disappearance of the sparkling gem behind the Moon's broad disc is of primary importance in solving some of the most interesting problems in geography and astronomy.

These phenomena furnish the most accurate data for determining the situation of places east or west of a fixed meridian, in this respect the moon may be considered a chronometer perfect in its construction, pointing out the time at Greenwich, as accurately as though the index of the time-piece of the observatory was every where visible, and the vibrations of its pendulum heard from pole to pole. Not only is the longitude of places ascertained by these occultations, but also the true figure of the earth;—thus, at Greenwich, were the moon at an altitude of 10° above the horizon, and a star immersed $7'$ within the lunar disc, if the earth were a perfect sphere, the duration of the occultation would be seven minutes of time; but if a spheroid, with a compressure or flattening of the poles equal to $\frac{1}{330}$ th, it would be only two and a half minutes, and if the compression were $\frac{1}{300}$ th, the star would merely glance by the disc. In the conjunction of Aldebaran, on the 6th of the present month, an interesting exemplification of this circumstance will occur;—to the north of Greenwich, the star will appear to glide to the north of the Moon's limb, and will be only an *appulse*; to the southern parts of the kingdom, the star will be *occulted*.

Its appearance in the former of these circumstances will be as in the following diagram; the time of the nearest appulse within two minutes of seven on the morning of the 6th.



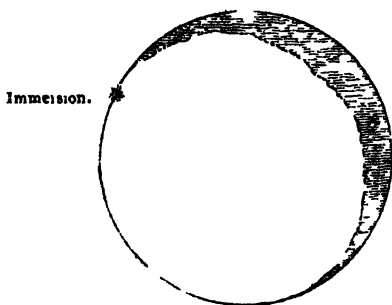
A remarkable circumstance connected with occultations, is, the seeming projection of the star on the moon's disc, at the time of immersion, and emersion, and continuing visible within it, from one or two, to eight or ten seconds of time, before it disappears; the following will suggest an idea of its nature.



Twenty instances are recorded of this singular phenomenon with Aldebaran, and three with

Regulus ; twelve other stars likewise furnish single instances of this projection ; the cause is variously attributed to,—“a lively imagination on the part of the astronomer,—a spurious disc given to the moon by the instrument of observation,—a lunar atmosphere,—irradiation, and, lastly, different refrangibilities to which the rays from the Moon and star are liable, arising from the difference of colors :” Aldebaran is a red star, but the same projection has been observed with Spica Virginis, which is one of the whitest stars in the heavens.

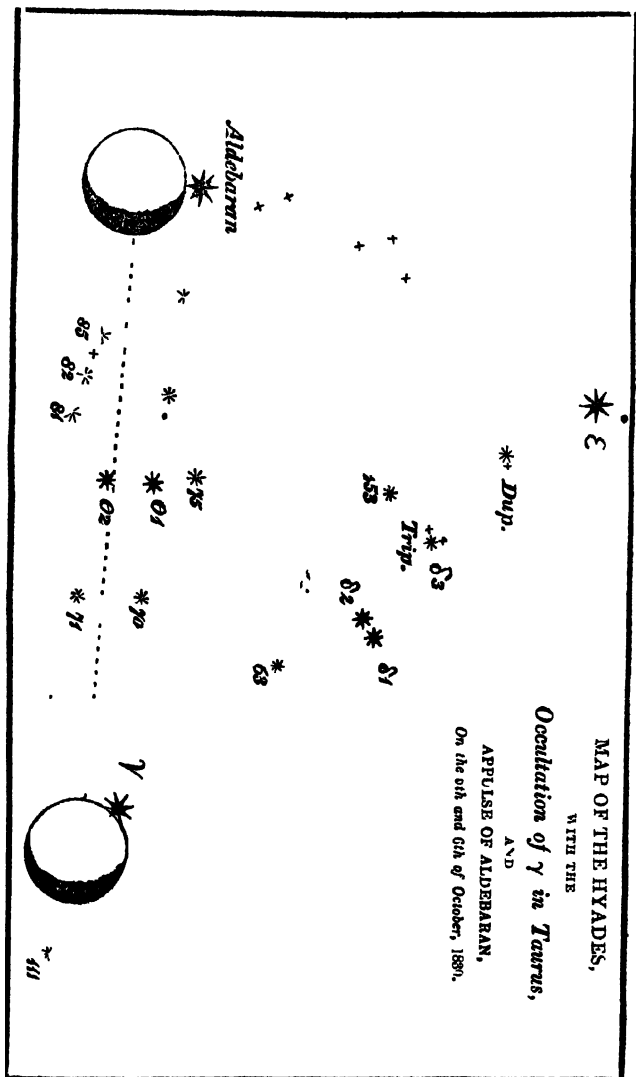
The position of the Moon's nodes in this, and the preceding year, admit of several occultations of Aldebaran ; that which occurred in August of the last year was only partially observed in this country, owing to unfavorable weather : by the foreign astronomers, Arago, Mathieu, Bouvard, and Gambart, the star was distinctly seen projected on the Moon's disc, previously to its instantaneous occultation. In October following, the circumstances were more favorable, the star just before immersion, seemed to linger, appeared reluctant to join in contact, and from two to three seconds before it vanished, was visible in the edge of the Moon's limb. though not satisfactorily seen within the disc. The following will convey an idea of its appearance.



As the Moon in the present year will occult other stars in that part of the Zodiacal constellation Taurus, called the Hyades, as well as Aldebaran, the following map will enable the student to trace the Moon's course; its path is indicated by a dotted line, and refers to the occultation of γ in Taurus, and the appulse of Aldebaran; the former will occur on the night of the 5th of the present month, —Immersion 10 h. 16 m. Emersion 10 h. 52 m.; the latter as previously stated on the morning of the 6th. The Moon will pass over other stars in moving from γ to Aldebaran.

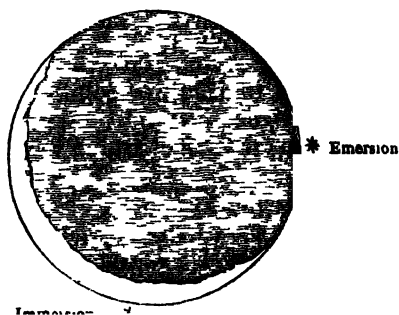
Aldebaran is a double star, the two of which it is composed being "extremely unequal" in magnitude; the smallest is of a dusky colour, and $1' 27''.7$ from the largest; Aldebaran has a proper annual motion of $50''.204$ in longitude, and $-0''.317$ of latitude. 3δ in Taurus is a triple star; the smallest two are "excessively unequal" to the largest; the largest is white, another red, and the smallest dusky; their distance from the largest is $1' 3'' 18''$; their distance from each other $1' 30''$.

Aldebaran is of the first magnitude; γ and ϵ of the third; $1. 2 \delta$ of the fourth; $1. 2 \theta$ of the fifth; 63. 71. 75. 81. &c., of smaller magnitudes.



OCCULTATION OF VENUS.

This beautiful planet will be occulted on the morning of the 15th of this month; the immersion will take place, a few minutes after the Moon has risen, and Venus will re-appear at 46 m. past 5. The following diagram will shew the position of the Moon, at the time, and the points of immersion and emersion.



A similar appearance of projection on the disc has occurred with this planet, as well as with Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus; in some instances the planets have been seen with elongated discs, when in contact with the Moon's limb.

PLANETARY OCCULTATIONS.

The occultation or eclipse of a fixed star by a planet, or of one planet by another, is a phenomenon of very rare occurrence; some instances have, however, been recorded. October 11th, 27! years before the Christian Era, Timochares observed η in the south wing of the Virgin, eclipsed by Venus. In the year 241 B. C. a star in Cancer was occulted

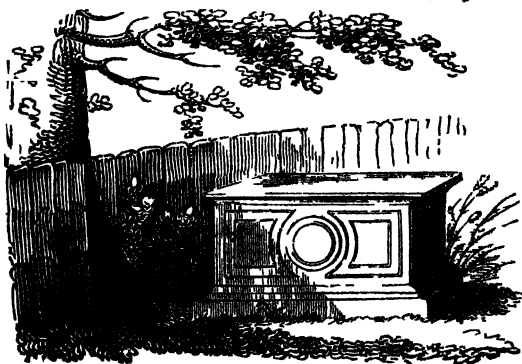
by Jupiter. 9th January, 1501 A. D. Mars eclipsed Jupiter. 3d October, 1590, Venus eclipsed Mars. In 1574 and 1598, Venus occulted Regulus in Leo. In 1672, Mars passed over one of the stars in Aquarius. December 19th, 1633, Jupiter occulted a star in the feet of the twins, and the same planet eclipsed the bright star Castor in Gemini, 22d November, 1716; the middle of the eclipse occurred 55 m. after 7 in the morning. May 17th, 1737, Mercury was eclipsed by Venus. Comets in their advance to, and retreat from, the sun, frequently eclipse the stars, which are, however, distinctly seen through their tails; the Comet of Encke in passing over the various stars in its course could not be said either to occult or eclipse them, as even telescopic stars were distinctly seen through the pellucid nebulous matter of which it seems wholly composed.

We would recommend our young friends who may feel anxious to witness any predicted celestial occurrence, not to be too sanguine in their anticipations; the experience of astronomers occasionally presents a very mortifying catalogue of disappointments; the results of long, and laborious calculations have in many instances been rendered unavailing by an unfavorable state of the atmosphere, which frequently interposes an impenetrable veil, between the watchful eye of the observer, and the long looked for phenomenon. Some remarkable instances of disappointment are on record:—that of the transit of Venus across the Sun's disc in 1761, to which the scientific world had directed their attention for 130 years; on the morning of its occurrence the clouds intercepted a view of its commencement in some places, and totally obscured it in others, to the great mortification of some of those who had undertaken expensive voyages to observe this rare phenomenon in distant countries.

A Russian astronomer travelled over a considerable portion of the northern parts of Asia to obtain a view of a transit of Mercury, but was ultimately disappointed by the state of the atmosphere. Captain Franklin, in one of his Northern Expeditions, looked forward with considerable interest to the occurrence of a solar eclipse; but when the period arrived, the clouds prevented the conjunction from being visible. In 1826, a French astronomer calculated that a comet would pass over the Sun's disc; and expresses were sent to various scientific societies in Europe, to inform them of the circumstance; but in no instance was there a cloudless sky to afford an opportunity for observing so singular a spectacle.

How beautiful it is! though on the air
 There is the stillness of a coming storm,
 And on the sky its darkness. On the west
 Like a rebellious multitude, the clouds
 Are gathered in huge masses; but the moon,
 Like the young queen, unconscious, brightens still
 A little clear blue space, though rapidly
 Her comrades, the sweet stars, sink one by one,
 Lost in the spreading vapours

"The Ancestress," by L. E. L



Dr. Halley's Tomb.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For October, 1830.

" I at my window sit, and see
Autumn his russet fingers lay
On every leaf of every tree ;
I call, but Summer will not stay.

She flies—the boasting goddess flies—
And, pointing where the espaliers shoot,
' Deserve my parting gift,' she cries—
' I take the leaves, but not the fruit.'

Let me the parting gift improve,
And emulate the just reply,
As life's short seasons swift remove,
Ere fixed in Winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigour, now decline—
The pride of Summer's splendid day ;
Leaves with the stem must now resign—
The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair Virtue's fruit remain,
Though Summer with my leaves be fled ;
Then, not despised, I'll not complain,
But cherish Autumn in her stead."

The month of October assumes the soberness of autumn. There is an eventide in the day, an hour when the sun retires, when the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of repose and silence.

AN AUTUMNAL EVE.

Sunk are the winds that late swept hill and shore,
The raging billows cease their wild loud dash,
Above no longer bursts the thunder-crash,
And the big rain descends to earth no more :
Clear is heaven's face, and sweetly in the west
The sun hangs o'er the hush'd hill's purple top ;
The bird that sought its nest, with lively hop
Again peeps forth, and warbles him to rest ;

The hawthorn blossoms scent the cool fresh air ;
And general nature, ere day breathes his last,
Wears loveliest smiles in guerdon for the past.
Thus oft life's first hours, sorrow, ills, and care,
Wrap in dark gloom, then sudden flee away,
And leave all bright and blest our closing day.

Literary Gazette.

A modern writer says :—" The great business of nature, during this month, seems to be the depositing of seeds in the earth ; this done, the plant either perishes down to the root, or, if it be a shrub, casts its leaves. To the perfecting of its seeds, and preservation of them from the inconstancy of the elements or the destruction of inclement seasons, all the other parts of the flowers tend ; and so wonderfully is this effected in an endless variety of expedients, that out of the many thousand plants which cover the earth, not a single species, perhaps, has been lost since the creation. The care too, with which seeds when perfected are dispersed abroad, can never be enough admired. How beautiful the feathered arrowy seed of the thistle, and others of the syngenesia class, by which they are enabled to float in the air, and colonize themselves away from the parent plant, covering the earth with beauty—even creating a soil where before there was none, and making flowers spring up in the barren waste ! It is wonderful also how long many kinds of seeds by the help of their integuments, and perhaps of their oil, stand out against decay. A grain of mustard-seed has been known to lie in the earth for a hundred years, and as soon as it had acquired a favourable situation, to shoot as vigorously as if it had been just gathered from the plant."

About this period commences " the fall of the leaf," and the ground is strewn with dead and withering leaves.

The leaves are falling from the poplar trees ;
And through their skeleton branches I behold
Glimpses of clear blue day-light. Thus, methinks,
As one by one the joys of life decay,
Withered or prematurely snapped, the eye
Of age contemplates, with a clearer ken,
The opening vault of immortality
O'er-arching earth and time.

About this period the winter birds arrive. Dr. Forster, speaking of their migration at this season, says :—" Woodcocks have now arrived. In the autumn and setting in of winter they keep dropping in from the Baltic singly, or in pairs, till December. They instinctively land in the night, or in the dark misty weather, for they are never seen to arrive, but are frequently discovered the next morning in any ditch which affords them shelter, after the extraordinary fatigue occasioned by the adverse gales which they often have to encounter in their aerial voyage. They do not remain near the shores longer than a day, when they are sufficiently recruited to proceed inland, and they visit the very same haunts which they left the preceding season. In temperate weather they retire to mossy moors, and high bleak mountainous parts ; but as soon as the frost sets in, and the snows begin to fall, they seek lower and warmer situations, with boggy grounds and springs, and little oozing mossy rills, which are rarely frozen, where they shelter in close bushes of holly and furze, and the brakes of woody glens, or in dells which are covered with under-wood : here they remain concealed during the day, and remove to different haunts and feed only in the night. From the beginning of March to the end of that month, or sometimes to the middle of April, they all keep drawing towards the coast, and avail themselves of the first fair winds to return to their

native woods. The snipe, *scolopax gallinago*, also comes now, and inhabits similar situations. It is migratory, and met with in all countries : like the woodcock, it shuns the extremes of heat and cold, by keeping on the black moors in summer, and seeking the shelter of the valleys in winter. In unfrozen boggy places, runners from springs, or any open streamlets of water, they are often found in considerable numbers."

Swallows, martins, plovers, and other birds which arrived in the spring, assemble in vast numbers on the coast awaiting favourable weather, preparatory to their flight. It is generally believed that all swallows visiting this country land on the coast of Suffolk, particularly in the neighbourhood of Southwold. Gardner, in his *Tour through Great Britain*, speaking of Southwold says :—"I was in this place about the beginning of October, and lodging in a house that looked into the church-yard, I observed in the evening an unusual multitude of swallows, sitting on the leads of the church, and covering the tops of several houses round about. This led me to enquire what was the meaning of such a prodigious number of swallows sitting there. I was answered, that this was the season when the swallows, their food failing here, begin to leave us, and return to the country, wherever it be, from whence they came ; and that this being the nearest land to the opposite coast, and the wind contrary, they were waiting for a gale, and might be said to be wind-bound. This was more evident to me, when in the morning I found the wind had come about to the north-west in the night, and there was not one swallow to be seen. This passing and re-passing of swallows is observed no where so much as on this eastern coast, namely from above Harwich to Wintertonness in Norfolk. We know nothing of them any farther north ; the passage of

the sea being, as I suppose, too broad from Flam-borough Head, and the shore of Holderness in Yorkshire."

The herring fishery at this season is a great source of profit to the inhabitants of some parts of the coast. Mr. Shoberl in his description of Suffolk, says:—"The principal part of the commerce of Lowestoft is derived from the herring fishery. The season commences about the middle of September, and lasts till about the middle of November. The boats stand out to sea, to the distance of about thirteen leagues north-east of Lowestoft, in order to meet the shoals of herrings coming from the north. Having reached the fishing ground in the evening, the proper time for fishing, they shoot out their nets, extending about 2200 yards in length and eight in depth; which by means of small casks, called bowls, fastened on one side, are made to swim in a position perpendicular to the surface of the water. If the quantity of fish caught in one night amounts to no more than a few thousands, they are salted, and the vessels, if they meet with no better success, continue on the fishing ground two or three nights longer, salting the fish as they are caught. Sometimes when the quantity taken is very small, they will continue on the ground a week or more, but in general the fish are landed every two or three days, and sometimes oftener, when they are very successful. As soon as the herrings are brought on shore, they are carried to the fish-houses, where they are salted, and laid on the floors in heaps about two feet deep. After they have remained in this state about fifty hours they are put into baskets, and plunged into water to wash the salt from them. Wooden spits, about four feet long, are then run through the gills of as many of the fish as they will hold, and fixed at proper distances in the upper part of the house, as

high as the top of the roof. A number of small wood fires, according to the size of the place, are now kindled upon the floor, and by the smoke ascending from them, the herrings are cured. After the fish have hung in this manner about seven days, the fires are extinguished for two days, that the oil and fat may drip from them. The fires are then rekindled, and after two more such drippings, they are kept continually burning until the fish are completely cured. This operation requires a longer or a shorter time, according as they are designed for exportation, or for home consumption. The herrings having hung a proper time, are packed in barrels containing 800 or 1000 each, and shipped for market.

“The number of boats annually employed at Lowestoft in this fishery for many years, previously to 1781, was about 33, and the quantity of herrings caught averaged 21 lasts (each last containing 10,000 herrings) to a boat. After that time, owing to the war with the Dutch and other powers, the number of boats engaged in the herring fishery rather diminished; but the bounties granted by an act passed in 1786, for the encouragement of the fisheries, gave new vigour to this valuable branch of industry, so that only three years afterwards, the boats fitted out by the town amounted to forty-four. Each of these boats, which are built here, carries about 40 tons, and requires eleven men. In 1802 something more than 30 boats gained £30,000, the price of the fish cured, a larger sum than had ever before been made in one season; and in the following year, they earned in six months £10,000 by mackarel, exclusively of the other fish caught during that period.”

Field-spiders, commonly called gossamers, are now seen covering the grass with their shining threads and floating in the air. Vipers, snakes,

and other reptiles, retire to their winter quarters, where they remain in a state of torpor until the spring breezes recall them to animation.

We shall let the poet close our month with a few

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

These are the days, when sadness reigns,
And calls her gloomy thoughts around ;
Coldly the sun beams on the plains,
The withered leaves are on the ground :
Shadows are gathering o'er the earth,
The beauty of the spring is gone ;
The flowers that blush'd at summer's birth,
Have bloomed and perished every one :
Like budding hopes of youth, they grew—and died ;
O'er life's crushed flowers, how oft has memory sighed !

These are the days, when nature's voice
Chimes with a melancholy tone ;
The birds of summer bade rejoice,
To brighter, kindlier skies have flown ;
Their melody no longer floats,
In melting softness, on the ear :
Hark ! to those mournful, plaintive notes,
Murmuring around the dying year :
They come, like music o'er the peaceful deep,
When waves are still, and winds are hushed to sleep.

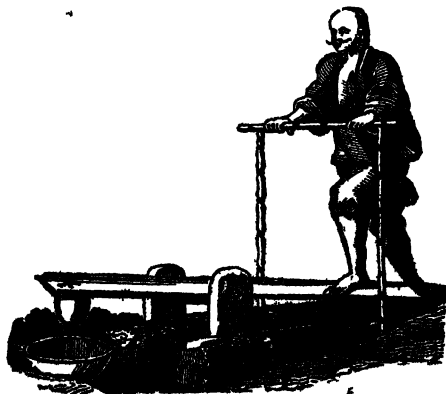
These are the days, these are the days,
Which come with a deep thrilling spell,
And in the heart emotions raise,
That cling to scenes remembered well ;
The " sear and yellow leaf " recalls
Visions that long have sunk to rest ;
There's not a flower that blighted falls,
But thrills a chord within the breast :
O that the heart could lose these memories,
E'en as the bloom forsakes each flower that dies.

These are the days, when joys long dead
Come forth from out their silent tomb ;
They throng upon the heart, and shed
Remembrance of their early bloom :

The friends once prized, we clasp again ;
 The one adored, cleaves to our breast ;
 Ah ! 'tis a thought of bliss, and pain
 Awhile is lulled, and sinks to rest :
 Brief—brief—the fond illusion, as the beam
 That lights from winter skies the cold, dark stream.

These are the days, these are the days
 That have a moral in each hour ;
 As coldly bright are morning rays,
 As beams of hope from worldly power :
 Friendship is warm as noon-tide heat,
 While fortune's sunny smiles are bright ;
 Its beams before earth's sorrows fleet,
 As twilight yields to shades of night.
 Chill, round the heart is twined joy's blighted wreath,
 As night-dews fall upon the blasted heath.

These are the days when fancy takes
 The captive thoughts to future scenes ;
 From pleasure's dream the soul awakes,
 To know the reed on which it leans :
 Time passes with a noiseless flight,
 And bears a lesson on its wing ;
 It flies to meet a fearful night,
 Whose slumbers deep no dreams can bring :
 Chcerless and dark, life's winter sinks in gloom—
 Faith points to spring, where flowers immortal bloom !



Chinese Rice Bruising Machine.

NOVEMBER.

This month is derived from *Novem* (nine) and *Imber*. The Emperor Commodus attempted, but unsuccessfully, to change the name of this month. The Senate had once proposed to give it the name of the Emperor Tiberius, who was born in it. But he declined this servility, observing with a jest, "What might be their embarrassment should there be *thirteen* Cæsars?" The Saxons termed November the *Wint*, (wind) *Monath*, or Blot (blood,) from the custom of slaughtering the winter's provision at this season.

Remarkable Days.

1.—ALL SAINTS.

A festival designed to celebrate the commemoration of all those saints who have no particular days allotted to them separately in the calendar.

2.—ALL SOULS.

A festival instituted in the year 998, by the western churches, to pray for the deceased souls suffering the expiatory flames of purgatory.



A new church dedicated to *All Souls*, was completed in 1824, in *Langham Place*; *Regent Street*, London.

5.—KING WILLIAM LANDED.

This day is observed in commemoration of the glorious revolution of 1688, when King William first landed in this country. In the almanacks it stands for the 4th day, but this is an error: the king wished to land then, but adverse winds prevented his effecting it till the *fifth* day.

5.—POWDER PLOT.

This day is celebrated in the church of England in commemoration of the discovery of the plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up the Parliament house.

6.—ST. LEONARD.

A French nobleman of the court of Clovis I., whose piety and goodness raised him to the bishopric of Limosin. He died about the year 559.

8.—1828.—THOMAS BEWICK DIED, ÆTAT. 76.

A justly celebrated wood engraver, born at Ovingham, in Northumberland, on the 12th of April, 1753. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Beilby, a copper plate engraver, at Newcastle, who was employed by Dr. Hutton to engrave the diagrams for his work on Mensuration; these he advised the Doctor to have engraved on wood and gave the task to his apprentice, which he executed in so satisfactory a manner, that it obtained him several other works of a similar nature. He sedulously pursued his art till he carried it to a greater height of excellence than it had hitherto arrived at in this country. In 1793, he published his *History of Quadrupeds*, which soon extended his fame throughout the kingdom. In 1797, appeared his *British Birds*; and at the time of his death he was

engaged in illustrating a *History of Fishes*. His Quadrupeds and Birds went through several editions and are universally considered the most correct delineations of natural history that ever appeared.

9.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The day of the Lord Mayor taking upon the office was formerly considered as a grand gala day; the cavalcade by water and land was magnificent; and on many occasions, the royal family have graced the entertainment with their presence. This stately pomp has, however, very considerably diminished; the Lord Mayor, upon the death of the king, is said to be the prime person of England; for Sir Robert Lee, then Lord Mayor, was the first subscribing witness, when James I. was invited to take upon himself the government.—*Hughson*.

9.—1828.—GEORGE PEARSON M. D. DIED, *ÆTAT.* 77.

A physician of great eminence, a celebrated chemist, senior physician to St. George's Hospital, and a fellow of the Royal Society, born at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, in 1751. He was the author of a number of papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and also of *Observations and Experiments on the Buxton Waters; An Enquiry concerning the Cow Pox: Experiments on the Potato Root, &c. &c.*

11.—ST. MARTIN.

He was born in Lower Hungary, about 316. After being in the army, he was made an exorcist by St. Hilary, and worked many miracles. In 371 he was made bishop of Tours, and after a life of great zeal, piety, and meekness, died in 397.

13.—ST. BRITUS.

Britus, or Brice, was born at Tours, and becoming a monk under St. Martin, succeeded him in the see of that city. He died in 444.

15.—ST. MACHUTUS.

Machutus, or Malo, was born in Britain and received his education in Ireland,—in which country he was offered a bishopric, but declined it. Going afterwards to Brittainy, he was induced to accept the see of that city, being the first who filled that place. He died in the year 565.

17.—ST. HUGH.

Hugh, prior of Witham, commonly called St. Hugh Burgundus, was consecrated bishop of Lincoln, September 21, 1186. His piety and austere life obtained him universal esteem while living, and canonization after his death.

20.—EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR.

St. Edmund was the last titular king of East Anglia. In 867, the Danes invaded the East Angles and was opposed by king Edmund, who being taken prisoner, fell a victim to his enemies' barbarity. He was tied to a tree and shot to death with arrows, in 870. The place of his death was called St. Edmund's Bury, and Canute built a stately church over his grave.

22.—ST. CECILIA.

A Roman lady who converted her husband Valerian, and her brother Tibertius to the Christian faith, for which all three suffered martyrdom, about the year 230.

23.—ST. CLEMENT.

He was converted by St. Peter, and was afterwards a follower and coadjutor of the apostle Paul. He is mentioned in the *Phillipians*, chap. iv. ver. 3. He was one of the first bishops of Rome. Some say he died a natural death, others contend that he suffered martyrdom, by being thrown into the sea with an anchor round his neck.

23.—OLD MARTINMAS-DAY.

This was quarter day among the ancients, at the period when the year commenced with the month of March.

25.—ST. CATHERINE.

A native of Alexandria, converted to Christianity about the year 305; which afterwards professing, she was sentenced to a torturing death by the Emperor Maxentius.

25.—2348.—B. C.—THE DELUGE.

According to the most experienced chronologists the deluge commenced this day 2348 years before Christ, and in the year 1656 of the world.

THE ARCTIC DOVE.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

Ride on:—the ark, majestic, and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
On Ararat! The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds.
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,—
But wither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She prest it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on ! In lonely flight
 She flies from dawn till dark ;
 And now, amid the gloom of night,
 Comes weary to the ark.
 Oh ! let me in, she seems to say,
 For long and lone hath been my way ;
 Oh ! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
 And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
 She sent it forth again out of the ark ;
 Again it came at ev'ning fall, and lo,
 An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
 And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
 And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
 Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
 She sent it forth once more, and watch'd its flight,
 Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven :
 Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
 Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell :

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
 And greet the morning ray ;
 For lo ! the sun shines bright above,
 And night and storm are pass'd away.
 No longer drooping, here confined,
 In this cold prison dwell ;
 Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare-thee-well.

Oh ! beautiful and gentle dove,
 Thy welcome sad will be,
 When thou shalt hear no voice of love
 In murmurs from the leafy tree :
 Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
 From this cold prison cell ;
 Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare-thee-well.

29.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

Advent denotes the coming of our Saviour, and Advent Sunday is always the fourth Sunday before Christmas, and the nearest Sunday to St. Andrew's day.

30.—ST. ANDREW.

This apostle, the younger brother of Simon Peter, was born at Bethsaida, in Galilee. He was a disciple of John the Baptist, and followed Jesus upon the testimony given of him by the Baptist. He travelled to Scythia and the neighbouring countries to propagate the Gospel, but at Patræ, in Achaia, in endeavouring to convert the pro-consul Ægeas, he was by order of that governor scourged and crucified.

St. Andrew is the patron Saint of Scotland, and the anniversary of the Order of the Thistle is celebrated on this day.



Rood House, Heilinstadt.

Astronomical Occurrences,

In November, 1830.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

“ The Sun

Scarce spreads thro’ ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as cloathed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.”

The Sun enters Sagittarius at 37 m. after 6 on the 22d of this month.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

Nov. 1st, Sun rises 12 m. after 7, sets 48 m. after 4	
6th, 20 7, .. 40 4	
11th, 29 7, .. 31 4	
16th, 37 7, .. 23 4	
21st, 45 7, .. 15 4	
26th, 51 7, .. 9 4	

Equation of Time.

To find the mean or true time from that indicated by a good sun-dial, subtract the following quantities from apparent time, viz.

TABLE.

		m.	s.
Monday,	Nov. 1st, from the time by the dial subtract	16	15
Saturday,	— 6th,	16	12
Thursday,	— 11th,	15	49
Tuesday,	— 16th,	15	4
Sunday,	— 21st,	13	58
Friday,	— 26th,	12	32

M m 3

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	7th day,	at 53 m.	after 10 morning.
New Moon,	15th 55 1 afternoon.
First Quarter,	23d 44 11 morning.
Full Moon,	30th 8 3

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the meridian at the following convenient times for observation, viz:—

Nov. 5th,	at 20 m.	after 4 in the morning.
6th,	.. 15 5
7th,	.. 7 6
8th,	.. 56 6
9th,	.. 43 7
10th,	.. 27 8
11th,	.. 10 9
21st,	.. 50 4 in the afternoon.
22d,	.. 40 5
23d,	.. 30 6
24th,	.. 20 7 in the evening.
25th,	.. 11 8
26th,	.. 4 9
27th,	.. 59 9
28th,	.. 56 10 at night.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The planet Venus will this month pass from Virgo, through Libra, into Scorpio, but too near the Sun for satisfactory observation. The following are its proportional phases:

Nov. 1st.—Illuminated part	= 11.740
Dark part = 0.260

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

EMERSIONS.

First Satellite,	18th day,	40 m.	3 s.	after 5 evening.
Second Satellite,	23d	.. 19	.. 7 5

IMMERSIONS.

Third Satellite, 24th day, 40 m. 45 s. after 5 evening.

Fourth Satellite, 15th .. 8 .. 14 6

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Nov. 10th, with σ in Leo.... at 1 in the morning.

25th, .. Mars 12 noon.

29th, .. γ in Taurus .. 9 in the evening.

30th, .. Aldebaran.... 3 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury and Venus will be in conjunction at 2 in the morning of the 22d of this month. Saturn will be in quadrature on the 24th at 6 in the morning.

THE ENCKE COMET.

“ These æreal racers, O how swift !
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string !
Spirit alone can distance their career,
Orb above orb ascending.”

Towards the latter end of the year 1828, the public mind was much occupied by many strange accounts of the appearance of comets; the planet Venus then shining brightly as a morning star, was mistaken for one; the nebula in Andromeda, which is indistinctly seen by the naked eye, was repeatedly pointed out as another; and “ the luminous arch” referred to in the last volume of *Time’s Telescope*, was by several considered to be the train of a retreating comet.

This feeling, it is highly probable, originated in the uncommon interest that had been excited by the anticipation of the return of “ the comet of Encke,” which was then anxiously looked for from every observatory in Europe; the interest evinced in the present instance was considerably increased, its course in the heavens being peculiarly favourable

for observation in the northern hemisphere; it was seen from several of the observatories on the continent, early in October, but not satisfactorily from the British Isles till the middle of November. When first observed, it was near the head of Cassiopeia; by the end of October it had passed through the Square of Pegasus, and was advancing towards Delphinus and Aquila, near which was its situation on the 21st of December; it soon after became invisible from its proximity to the evening twilight.

The following description of its appearance as seen from Deptford, is from the "Literary Gazette."

"The comet, concerning which so much interest was excited some time since, having re-appeared, as predicted by Professor Encke, and pursued its course in the track, and at the times calculated, has now escaped from the penetrating power of the telescope, and is mingling its mysterious cloud-like form with the solar beams.

"The following is a summary of the observations made during its appearance :

"When first observed, its light was considerably inferior to that in the nebula of Andromeda; when again compared with it after an interval of a few days, the inequality had considerably diminished; and as it approached the Sun, before the Moon interrupted the observations on its increasing light, the brilliancy of the nebula (abstracting the central part,) was but very slightly inferior to that of the comet. On a former return of this body, it had been described as appearing like the nebula in the head of Aquarius: on comparing these, the concentration of light was observed to be greater in the nebula than in the comet, but the diffused nebulosity in the former much inferior in brightness to that in the latter; a condensation of the nebulous matter was constantly observed towards the north

of the centre, which might be considered a nucleus or otherwise, according to the various definitions of the term as applied to these bodies. December 9 d. 5 h. 5 m., it was distinctly seen in the twilight notwithstanding the Moon was at that time immediately below the comet.

“ Scarcely an evening passed without evidences of its pellucid nature, very small stars being seen through it, conveying the idea of a star-like nucleus. It was remarked, that these stars appeared larger when behind the comet, than when escaped from its nebulosity. Dec. 1 d. 5 h. 15 m. its course was traced by means of a double star, which at this time was enveloped by the southern part of the coma. The comet passed over it obliquely, and at 7 h. 35 m. the star appeared to the east, and quite clear of it.

“ The northern limb was better defined than the southern: in the latter direction the nebulosity seemed more diluted, with occasionally an apparent radiation, but no appearance of a tail: its figure was circular, approaching to an oval. December 11 d. 6 h. the diameter a little less than six minutes.”

This comet was first observed in 1786; it was seen again in the years 1795 and 1805; no idea, however, had been formed that it was the same body; its identity was not discovered till the year 1819, and its orbit computed by Professor Encke; he ascertained the largest axis of its orbit to be a little smaller than that of the Asteroid Vesta; that in its aphelion, it is midway between the orbits of the small planets and Jupiter; at its perihelion, passes within the orbit of Mercury; that its greatest distance is twelve times its least distance, and its period about 1203 days, completing its revolution in something less time than the Asteroids.

At its return in 1822 it was invisible in this hemisphere, but re-discovered by M. Rumker at Paramatta, New South Wales. In 1825 it was

recognized in both hemispheres, and in the return, more especially noticed, of 1828, it was visible from early in October to beyond the middle of December; it passed its perihelion on the 10th of January, 1829, and its aphelion in August of the present year, 1830; it is now returning to the Sun with its velocity daily augmenting, again to revisit these lower regions early in 1832.

Formerly these bodies were supposed not to be numerous, and only appearing at long intervals of time, but superior instruments in the hands of vigilant observers have penetrated dark regions hitherto unexplored, and unfolded many of the vast arcana of the universe; the heavens are now found to be replete with cometary bodies, that the more splendid, as that of 1680 and 1811, are few in number when compared with those which like the Encke comet—dim, shadowy, unsubstantial things, are discovered only by an accidental position of the telescope, when in search of other objects,—flitting like faint vapours in the field of view, yet moving onward as with conscious importance, to swell the harmony of the celestial spheres.

The most striking peculiarity of the Encke comet is the shortness of its period, ($3\frac{1}{4}$ years) forming a remarkable contrast with that of 1811, the periodical time of which, as determined by the following celebrated astronomers, is :—

Calendrelli....	3056 years.
Bessel.....	3383
Lemaur	4237
Ferrer	3757

The Encke crossing the Earth's orbit sixty times in the course of a century, the other when it approached the Sun in 1811 returning from a voyage of awful length through the vast fields of space, the duration of which was not measured by the circles of centuries, but by thousands of years,

yet through the whole of its wondrous course, the solar influences,—the chain by which it was restrained preventing its wandering off into the regions of space. It is supposed that even this comet (1811) is not the most remote belonging to this system, or its period the most extended; one, that appeared in 1763, has assigned to it the astonishing period of 7734 years, but if the calculations of La Place are correct, that the limits of the solar system extend a hundred million times the earth's distance from the Sun, there is ample room for mightier movements than these referred to, and still to leave a vast void existing between the attraction of any neighbouring systems.

THE COMET.

O'er the blue heavens, majestic and alone,
He treads, as treads a monarch to his throne;
Darkness her leaden sceptre lifts in vain,
Crushed and consumed beneath his fiery wain;
And Night's swarth cheeks, pained by his glaring eye,
Blush like Aurora's, as he passes by.
See how the countless hosts of heaven turn pale!
The blood-red cheek of Mars begins to fail;
Bright Berenice's shining locks grow dim;
Orion changes as he looks on him;
And the stern Gorgon on his brightness rests
Her stony eyes, and lowers her snaky crests!
In breathless wonder hushed, the starry choir
Listen in silence to his one bold lyre;
Save when it's lingering echoes they prolong,
And tell to distant worlds the wondrous song!
And what that song, whose numbers fill the ears
With admiration of surrounding spheres?
"Honour and adoration, power and praise,
To Him who tracks the Comet's pathless ways;
Who to the Stars has their bright courses given,
And to the Sun appoints his place in Heaven;
And rears for Man a mansion more sublime,—
Not built with hands, nor doomed to stoop to Time;
Whose strong foundations, unimpaired shall stay,
When Suns, and Stars, and Worlds, and all things pass
away."

Henry Neele.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For November, 1830.

'Twas autumn's stormy hour,
The wild winds murmured in the yellow wood ;
The sere leaves, rustling in the naked bower,
Were whirled in eddies to the mountain flood ;
Dark clouds enthralled the west ; an orb of blood,
The red sun, pierced the hazy atmosphere ;
And torrent murmurs broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I marked the deepening gloom that shrouds the fading year.

The ruffled lake heaved wildly ; near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree,
Shed in the violent north wind's restless war
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea ;
Pale, withered leaves ! once to the breezes free,
They waved in spring and summer's golden prime ;
Now, even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee !
Weak, trembling on the boughs in autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chilled by the touch of time.

I looked again ; and fast the dying sun
Was fading in the melancholy west,
Sending his fitful gleams through clouds of dun,
O'er nature's desolate and dreary breast ;
He lit the dew-drop's cold and frozen rest,
That slept on yellow leaves the woods among ;
The seared earth's flowers that did the glades invest,
Had perished, and were buried where they sprung,
While the wild autumn wind their mournful requiem sung !
WILLIS G. CLARK.

Autumnal appearances are increasing, and occasional gales of wind and interchanges of nipping frost hasten the approaching winter. The following passage seems to allude to the wintry garb of nature:—"The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and withered away; Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruit." Isaiah, xxiii. 9.

Soon shall we be compelled to exclaim with the poet, in reference to this, generally speaking, gloomy season,

“ That time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
On those wild boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruined quires, where late the sweet bird sang.”

November, however, has its bright as well as its dark side. “ It is now,” observes a pleasing writer, “ that the labourer is about to enjoy a temporary mitigation of the season’s toil. His little store of winter provision having been hardly earned, and safely lodged, his countenance brightens and his heart warms, with the anticipation of winter comforts. As the day shortens, and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew by a closer and more lengthened converse: the father is now once more in the midst of his family; the child is now once more on the knee of his parent; and she, in whose comfort his heart is principally interested, is again permitted, by the privileges of the season, to increase and participate his happiness. It is now that the husbandman is repaid for his former risk and anxiety—that, having waited patiently for the coming harvest, he builds up his sheaves, loads his waggons, and replenishes his barns.” It is now that men of study and literary pursuit are admonished of the best season suited for the pursuits of literature, and the snug fire-side in an arm chair, during a long winter’s evening, with an entertaining book, is a pleasure by no means to be despised. There is something too, very pleasing in the festivals which are now approaching, and which preserve the recollection of olden time.—
Dr. Forster.

Of this season the *Magazine of Natural History* says:—“ Notwithstanding the two ensuing months

are the waning dreary portion of the year, there are many incidents which attract the attention of the observer of nature. Though the trees have lost, or are losing, their honors, and vegetation has generally made a pause, the rural scene is not destitute of interest.

“*Birds*.—The migrating songsters are all fled; but other visitors, driven from the north by a severe winter, appear in our neighbourhood. These are the different species of the genus *Scolopax*, woodcock, snipe, &c.; and it often happens that, in inland level countries, several species of the genus *Falco* are seen only in the winter months. At this season, larks are congregated, and roost closely together on the ground; where, for want of larger game, they often become a prey to the night-prowling fox; chaffinches, and other small birds, congregate and roost together in thick hedges; trout repair to their spawning places; and, if it is open weather, snails and some insects are in motion.”

Another cotemporary says:—“Those who have attended to the habits of the hearth cricket (*Gryllus domesticus*,) know that it passes the hottest part of the summer in sunny situations, concealed in the crevices of walls, and heaps of rubbish. It quits its summer abode about the end of August, and fixes its residence by the fire side of the kitchen or cottage, where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as other insects are in the dog-days. Thus do the comforts of a warm hearth afford the cricket a safe refuge, not from death, but from temporary torpidity; which it can support for a long time, when deprived by accident of artificial warmth. If a colony of crickets, for example, be deprived, in winter, of the usual warmth of the fire round which they are established for some weeks, they will all disappear into their holes, or hiding places; but no sooner is the fire re-lit, and warmth diffused, than

the crickets again begin to bestir themselves, and shake off their torpor."

This is the month which Bishop Warburton, in a letter to his friend Hurd, called—"the dreadful month of November, when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil." At times we have clear and fine weather, but the generality of this month partakes of a foggy or cloudy atmosphere.

THE CLOUDS.

BY MARY ANN BROWN.

The clouds, the clouds! they are beautiful
 When they sleep on the soft blue sky,
 As if the sun to rest could lull
 Their snowy company;
 And as the wind springs up, they start
 And career o'er the azure plain;
 And before the course of the breezes dart
 To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds, the clouds! how change their forms,
 With every passing breath;
 And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
 And now they look cold as death.
 Oh! often and often have I escaped
 From the stir of the noisy crowd,
 And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
 On the face of a passing cloud!

The clouds, the clouds! round the sun at night
 They come like a band of slaves,
 Who are only bright in their master's light,
 And each in his glory laves.
 Oh, they are lovely—lovely then!
 Whilst the heaven around them glows;
 Now touched with a purple or amber stain,
 And now with the hue of a rose.

The clouds, the clouds! in the star-lit sky,
 How they fly on the light wind's wings!
 Now resting an instant, then glancing
 In their fickle wanderings;

Now they hide the deep blue firmament,
Now it sheds its folds between,
As if a silver veil were rent
From the jewell'd brow of a queen.

The clouds, the clouds ! they are as the lid
To the lightning's flashing eye ;
And in their fleecy rolls lie hid
The thunder's majesty.
Oh ! how their warring is proclaimed
By the shrill blast's battle song ;
And the tempest's deadliest shafts are aimed
From the midst of the dark cloud's throng.

The clouds, the clouds !—My childish days
Are past—my heart is old ;
But here and there a feeling stays
That never will grow cold :
And the love of nature is one of these
That Times's wave never shrouds,
And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
In watching the passing clouds.



DECEMBER.

The name of this month is derived from *Decem*, (ten) and *Imber*. Romulus assigned it 30 days, Numa reduced it to 29, and Julius Cæsar increased it to 31. In the reign of Commodus, this month was called, by way of flattery, *Amazonius*, in honor of a courtesan whom that prince passionately loved, and had got painted like an Amazon; but this name died with that tyrant. It was called by the Saxons, *Aerra Geola*, or *Guili*, as expressive of the Sun's retiring course.

Remarkable Days.

4.—1828.—LORD LIVERPOOL DIED, *ÆTAT.* 58.

The Right Hon. Robert Banks Jenkinson, the family name of this illustrious statesman, was born June 7, 1770, and was the only child of the first Lord Liverpool. He was educated at the Charter-house, and afterwards entered at Christ-church college, Oxford, where he formed an intimacy with Mr. Canning. In 1789, he was in Paris, at the time when the Bastile was destroyed; and was an eye witness to many of the excesses of the revolution: important information upon which he conveyed to Mr. Pitt. In 1790, he was elected M. P. for Rye, but being in his minority, he could not take his seat till the following year. In 1793, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of India; In 1794, he was made Commander of the Cinque Ports Cavalry; and in 1796, he was appointed Master of the Mint, made a Privy Coun-

cellor, and named one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations. On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, in 1804, he succeeded Lord Grenville as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and when Mr. Pitt returned to office, in 1804, on the renewal of the war, he quitted the Foreign for the Home office.

In 1806, Mr. Jenkinson was raised to the House of Lords by the title of Baron Hawkesbury, and on the death of his father in 1809, he became Earl of Liverpool: shortly after he was appointed Lord High Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1812, on the death of Mr. Perceval, the Prince Regent placed him at the head of the ministry; this important situation he filled with equal credit to himself and to the country until 1827, when ill health compelled him to resign the premiership, and Mr. Canning succeeded him. His lordship died at Coombe Wood, in Surry, and was buried in the family vault at Hawkesbury, in Gloucestershire.

6.—ST. NICHOLAS.

Nicholas was made bishop of Myra, in Lycia, by Constantine the Great, and died about the year 392. He was remarkable in his infancy for piety and knowledge of the Scriptures.

8.—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

The first who particularly noticed the worship of the Virgin, was the bishop of Antioch in the fifth century, who appointed her name to be called upon in the prayers of the church. About the year 480, Peter Tullo, a monk of Constantinople introduced the name of the Virgin Mary in the public prayers. It was first introduced in this country by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet came safe to shore on this day, after being in a storm.

11.—1828.—JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, M.P. DIED,
ÆTAT. 72.

Mr. Curwen, the brother of Edward Christian, well known as the editor of Blackstone's Commentaries, was born in July 1756. His family name was Christian, but in 1790, he took the name of his second wife, and by the king's sign manual became John Christian Curwen. He commenced his parliamentary career, in 1786, when he was returned to Parliament for Carlisle, for which city he was returned at seven elections. He was, from connection and principle, a steady opposition member. He took an active part in the debates on the property tax, and on the game and corn laws; and made some attempts to reform the poor laws. As an electioneering orator he was perhaps unrivalled; he spoke to the passions and feelings, and rarely failed in making all the impression he desired. He was passionately fond of rural pursuits, and obtained several gold medals from the Society of Arts, for improvements in planting and agriculture.

13.—ST. LUCY.

A lady of Syracuse, who preferring a religious single life to marriage, gave away all her fortune to the poor. She was murdered for professing Christianity, by order of Peschasius a heathen judge, in the year 305.

16.—O SAPIENTIA.

This day is so called from the beginning of an anthem in the service of the Latin church, which used to be sung for the honor of Christ's Advent, from this day till Christmas Eve.

21.—ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

This saint, whilst propagating the Gospel in India, provoked the indignation of the Bramins, who caused the people to throw stones and darts at him till he died, about the year 73.

22.—1828.—DR. WOLLASTON, F.R.S. DIED, *ÆTAT.* 62.

William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society, was the son of the Rev. F. Wollaston, and born at Chislehurst, in Kent, August 6, 1766. He was educated at Cambridge, and made M.D. in 1793. On his arrival in London he put up for the situation of physician to St. George's Hospital, but without obtaining his desire. From that period he devoted his time almost exclusively to experimental chemistry. In 1793, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1806 was chosen second secretary. His communications to the *Philosophical Transactions* were very numerous, and on a variety of chemical and geological subjects.

“‘Dr. Wollaston,’ says Dr. Thomson, ‘possesses an uncommon neatness of hand, and has invented a very ingenious method of determining the properties and constituents of very minute quantities of matter. This is attended with several great advantages; it requires but very little apparatus, and therefore the experiments may be performed in almost any situation; it saves a great deal of time and a great deal of expense; while the numerous discoveries of Dr. Wollaston demonstrate the precision of which his method is susceptible.’ It may be added, that the laboratory of Dr. Wollaston, small as it was, proved more profitable to his purse than has usually been the case with experimental philosophers. His discovery of the malleability of platinum, it has been asserted, alone produced about £30,000. Among the delicate instruments, which he was accustomed to make in a remarkably neat manner, was a sliding rule of chemical equivalents, which is exceedingly useful to the practical chemist. He also constructed a galvanic battery of such small dimensions, that it was contained in a thimble. By inserting platina wire in silver, and when at a great heat drawing out both together, and afterwards separating them by dissolving away the silver with nitrous acid, he produced some wire of platina of so diminutive a diameter, as to be very much finer than any hair, and almost imperceptible to the naked eye.”

A short time before his death, he presented to the Royal Society £1000 funded stock, the interest of

which is to be employed towards the encouragement of experiments.

25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

This festival was first observed about the time of the Emperor Commodus, in the second century. It is intended to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Saviour.

The amiable Washington Irving says :—" Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heart-felt associations. There is a tone of sacred and solemn feeling, that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men."

At this season of the year it is very common for wandering musicians to perambulate the streets during the night, disturbing the rest of the inhabitants, for which they expect a gratuity on "boxing day." The following is a verbatim copy of a printed bill left by a party of these nuisances and sleep-breakers.

" To the ladies and gentlemen residing in Brunswick, Tavistock, and Euston-squares, Burton-crescent, and neighbourhood. Ladies and Gentlemen,—With sensible recollections of by-gone patronage, your Wandering Melodists, the Christmas Waits, beg to offer their best compliments on the approaching festival. The band on this occasion, as heretofore, has been numerous and select, and trust to merit that liberal diffusion of favors which has enlivened

our homes and cheered our hearts for a series of years. We trust our sprightly notes of melody, awaking sweet Echo on the dull ear of Night, has stole on your gentle slumbers, and again lulled you to repose with the soothing *candenza* of the lullaby.

“M. Putnam and J. Lawless, *violins*, 6, Swinton-Place, Bagnigge Wells Road, and 33, Middlesex Street, Somers Town; J. Sawyer, Clarionet, 25, Hertford Street, Somers Town; E. Smith, *Double Bass*, 16, Little Coram Street; J. Smith, *Violoncello*; T. Shambler; *Flute*, 7, Swinton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road.

“Having redeemed our pledge, we shall have the honour of paying our personal respects in the holy-day week. In respectfully taking our leave, we beg to remind you, that as some who are pretenders to the Magic Wand of Apollo, would attempt to impose on your liberality, and defraud us of your favours, it may be necessary to say, that we will produce a book with a printed label, containing our names, instruments, and addresses as above.”

26.—ST. STEPHEN.

The first deacon chosen by the apostles and the first martyr to the Christian faith. He was stoned to death in the year 33, as is related in the *Acts of the Apostles*, Chap. vii.

27.—ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. (See page 220.)

28.—INNOCENTS.

This is sometimes called Childermas-day, and was instituted as a festival to celebrate the slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod, as mentioned by St. Matthew.

31.—ST. SILVESTER.

A bishop of Rome, who succeeded Miltiades in 314. He was the author of many of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish church, and died in 334.

Astronomical Occurrences,

In December, 1830.

What *Architect* could build such vast masses, and such an innumerable company of them too, as I have shown the heavens do contain? What *Mathematician* could so exactly adjust their distances? What *Mechanic* so nicely adapt their motions—so well contrive their figures, as in the very best manner may serve to their own conservation and benefit, and the convenience of the other globes also? What *Naturalist*—what *Philosopher* could impregnate every globe with a thing of that absolute necessity to its conservation as that of gravity is? What *Optician*—what *Chemist*, could ever have hit upon such a noble apparatus for light and heat, as the Sun, the Moon, and the stars, are?—could amass together such a pile of fire as the Sun is?—could appoint such lights as the Moon and other secondaries are? None certainly could do these things but GOD.—*Derham's Astro-Theology.*

Solar Phenomena..

The Sun enters Capricornus at 8 m. after 7 on the morning of the 22d., according to the fixed zodiac; his true place among the stars is in the bow of Sagittarius, it being 2230 years since the solstitial colure passed through the two stars in the head of the Goat. The whole of the antarctic circle is this day in the enlightened hemisphere, and the arctic regions immersed in the deepest gloom of their long and dreary night of winter.

At the end of the month, and the verge of the year, the earth in its annual course will arrive at that point of its orbit in which it makes its nearest approach to the Sun, or be in perihelion; the visual angle of the Sun will be $32' 34''.16$ or $1' 3''.16$

greater, than when the Earth is in aphelion; its motion also will be swiftest, because more powerfully attracted; the space described in 24 hours, will be $1^{\circ} 1' 9''.94$, or $3' 58''.46$ in excess, than when in the opposite point of its course. The unequal motion of the earth in its annual path, occasions the following variations in the times elapsing between the equinoxes and solstices:—

From the Vernal Equinox to the Summer Solstice.

92 d. 21 h. 44 m. 28 s.

From the Summer Solstice to the Autumnal Equinox.

93 d. 13 h. 34 m. 47 s.

From the Autumnal Equinox to the Winter Solstice.

89 d. 16 h. 47 m. 20 s.

From the Winter Solstice to the Vernal Equinox.

89 d. 1 h. 42 m. 23 s.

from which it appears that the earth moves fastest from the winter solstice to the winter equinox, and slowest from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox; also, that the Sun continues 7d. 16h. 49m. 32s. longer in the northern signs, than in the southern, consequently, the regions near the pole, have more light, than any other on the surface of the Earth.

Notwithstanding the greater proximity of the Earth to the Sun, at the vernal solstice, the temperature is not increased; for, exclusive of the short stay of the Sun above the horizon, the same quantity of parallel rays, now falling perpendicularly to the tropic of Capricorn, are received in these latitudes on a very oblique plane, the spaces between which are greater, and diffused over a larger surface, than where these rays fall vertically; and having a larger portion of the atmosphere to pass through, than in the summer, a considerable quantity are consequently reflected back, and never reach the Earth.

Table of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth day.

Dec. 1st, Sun rises	56 m. after 7,	sets	4 m. after 4
6th,	1	8, ..	59
11th,	5	8, ..	55
16th,	7		53
21st,	7	8,	53
26th,	7	8,	53
31st,	5	8,	55

Equation of Time.

Apparent time, or that which is shewn by a good sun-dial, requires the following numbers to be applied to it, to give that which ought to be indicated by a well-regulated clock at the same instant :

Table of the Equation of Time for every fifth day.

		m.	s.
Wednesday, Dec. 1st, from the time by the dial	subtract	10	49
Monday, — 6th,		8	49
Saturday, — 11th,		6	35
Thursday, — 16th,		4	12
Tuesday, — 21st,		1	43
Sunday, — 26th, to the time by the dial	add.	0	46
Friday, — 31st,		3	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	7th day at 16 m. after	3 in the morn.
New Moon,	15th 19	8
First Quarter,	22d 42	10 in the even.
Full Moon	29th 2	2 in the aftern.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon are selected as most favorable for observation, viz. :—

Dec. 5th, at 43 m. after 4 in the morning.

6th, ..	31	5
7th, ..	17	6
8th, ..	0	7
9th, ..	43	7
10th, ..	25	8
11th, ..	7	9

20th, .. 16	4 in the afternoon.
21st, .. 5	5
22d, .. 54	5
23d, .. 44	6 in the evening,
24th, . 35	7
25th, .. 29	8
26th, .. 25	9 at night.
27th, 24	10

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

Dec. 1st.—Illuminated part = 11.9614

Dark part..... = 0.0386

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

Jupiter is this month too near the Sun to admit of any of these being visible.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Fixed Stars.

Dec. 5th, with Regulus in Leo at 7 in the even.

12th, . γ in Libra 8

25th, .. μ in Cetus 5 in the aftern.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at 4 in the morning of the 4th of this month. Saturn will be stationary on the 12th. Venus in her superior conjunction at 4 in the morning of the 21st. Mars in conjunction with ϵ in Pisces at 2 in the afternoon of the 29th.

THE EXPECTED COMETS.

The comets of Encke and Biela will return in the year 1832, both having assigned to them, by some of the continental philosophers, the direful task of causing the destruction of this world; the calculation relative to the first of these is by Olbers, of Bremen, who founds his assertion on a basis which, though reaching through immense periods of time, is capable of the strictest demonstration; the result of his

investigation will only appear chimerical to those who are unacquainted with the resources of mathematical skill. He computes that in 88,000 years, the Encke comet will approach as near the earth as our Moon; in four millions of years, within 7,700 geographical miles, when, if its mass be equal to that of the earth, its attraction will raise the waters of the ocean above the highest mountains in Europe, excepting Mont Blanc; and after a lapse of 219 millions of years, the earth and comet will come in contact, and, according to their quantities of matter, and points of collision or contact, will be the future course of this earth relative to the other bodies of the system.

The comet of *Biela* will be visible near Gemini in October, and pass its perihelion the 27th of November, in the year 1832, but no apprehension need be entertained of any contact, for though it will in that year approach within 14,000 leagues of the earth's orbit, it will occur when our planet is in a distant part of its course; this comet is of the same nebulous nature as the Encke, and its period is 2461 days.

THE COMET OF HALLEY.

In the "Astronomical Occurrences" for February and March, in T. T. for last year a very particular account was given of this comet. The return of the comet in 1759 verified Dr. Halley's prediction, though when it shook its tresses over the heavens in that year, the great astronomer whose name it bears was then reposing in his simple but illustrious tomb, beneath the shade of the elm and yew, in the church-yard of Lee, a beautiful village near Blackheath, in Kent. (*See View, Page 375.*)

This comet is expected to be visible about the latter end of the year 1834, and to pass its perihelion 16th March, 1835.

The Naturalist's Diary,

For December, 1830.

Autumn's sear'd leaf is on the ground,
 And chilly dews are spread around.
 And the winds beget a harsher sound,
 And say bright Autumn's gone.
 The rose hath lost its sweet perfume,
 And those, once bright, hath ceas'd to bloom :
 All beauty wanes to its dreary tomb,
 The frosted hills among.
 The waving of the yellow corn,
 The curtains of the lark's abode,
 From off this earth is closely shorn ;
 Its earth-hid nest is open show'd
 To the careless passer by.
 The sky in darker clouds is clad,
 And dimly shines the once bright sun,
 And earth's array'd in looks more sad—
 All tell that Autumn's race is run ;
 And loudly the harsh winds sigh.
 Old winter's cloak of snowy down
 O'er this green earth again is thrown ;
 'Tis crested with his icy frown
 To last till Spring comes nigh.
 When sun and earth again is seen,
 Each in its summer gold and green,
 And beauty looks as it ne'er had been
 Crush'd by old Winter's sigh.

LADIES' POCKET MAGAZINE.

The withered leaf, the deserted fields, the icy atmosphere and the grateful fire, all proclaim the coming winter, which may be now considered as having set in; and we have often violent winds about this time; which sweep off the few remaining leaves from the trees, and, with the exception of a few oaks and beeches, leave the woods and forests nothing but a naked assemblage of bare boughs. These afford but poor shelter to the feathered tribe that remain with us through this season; among

the most conspicuous of which, are the chirping sparrow, and timid gentle robin, who in the dreary gloominess of winter still cheers us with his song.

Holly and missletoe are in great request at this season. A late writer has remarked, that "the singularity of the growth and form of the missletoe brought it into repute among the Druids, for the purposes of mystical superstition, and its use has thence been continued many centuries afterwards—so difficult it is to eradicate any thing of this kind from the minds of the people when once it is fairly rooted. It was long thought to be impossible to propagate this plant. In the natural state, the seeds are said to be dropped by the missel thrush, which feeds on the berries. Lately, however, it has been successfully propagated, by causing the bruised berries, which are very viscid, to adhere to the bark of such fruit trees as have been found most congenial to their growth. Upon the bark of these the seeds readily germinate and take root."

Winter, however, does not come so sharply upon us as in some parts of the world. The poet Metastasio, in one of his letters written during a residence at Vienna, thus finely describes the instantaneous change of climate in that country.—"Within these few days the Teutonic winter has unexpectedly appeared, with all his magnificent train, and without the least precursor to announce his arrival. All is covered with snow. The rivers, as well as lakes, were instantly frozen in a solid manner; and the cold blown from the seven neighbouring hills is so subtle and penetrating, that we cannot exclude it from our warmest apartment. But notwithstanding all this unforeseen and violent change of nature, I still find much amusement here, having been more formed for Arcadian tranquillity than the bustle and magnificence of courts. I am pleased with the silent concord of all existence; the roving

about in search of well known paths, fields, bushes, pastoral borders, and every known object, of which, though the fall of snow has changed the colouring, yet the design is still faithfully preserved. I reflect with sentiments of gratitude, that the friendly forest, which by its shade but lately defended me from the burning rays of the sun, now affords me materials for combating the extreme fury of the season. I laugh at winter with all its horrors, which I see without feeling, having it in our power to compose an artificial spring in our apartments at pleasure; but by an impulse of self-love, what pleases me more is, the finding out, that, compared with other seasons, winter has still its conveniences, beauties, and advantages."

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

From the Spanish of Luis Baylon, by Mr. Lockhart.

Hark, friends, it strikes:—the year's last hour:

A solemn sound to hear:

Come, fill the cup, and let us pour

Our blessing on the parting year.

The years that were, the dim the gray,

Receive this night, with choral hymn,

A sister shade as lost as they,

And soon to be as gray and dim.

Fill high: she brought us both of weal and wo,

And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round

Old Time pursues his way:

Groves bud and blossom, and the ground

Expects in peace her yellow prey:

The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,

Together fall, together lie;

And undistinguished in the tomb,

Howe'er they lived, are all that die.

Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,

To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear

Since round this board we met

To welcome in the infant year,

Whose star hath now for ever set!

Alas ! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in sadness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers ! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear ;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not : being is not breath ;
'Tis fate that friends must part ;
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from nature's rule ;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule ;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.



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